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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INDEPENDENCE DAY SPECIAL

THE FBI FILES ON LENNON

NME'S MURDER INVESTIGATION CONTINUES

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
BOB DYLAN
ALTERED STATES

IT'S THE CREOLE THING

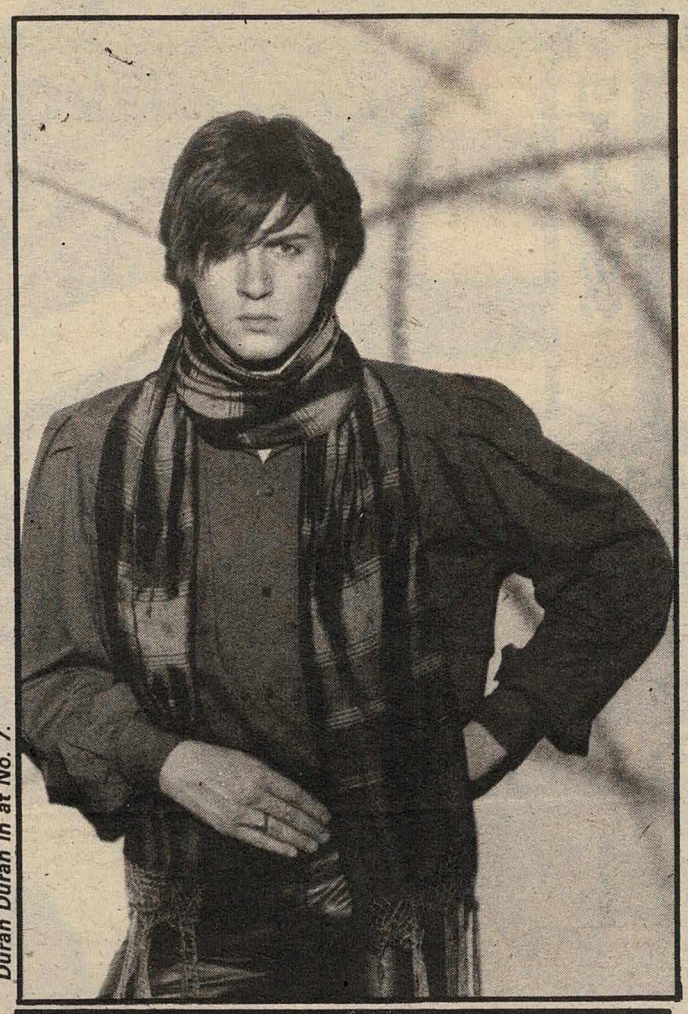
GETTING FRUITY WITH THE KID, COATI & THE COCONUTS

READING FESTIVAL OFFER

If the rap fits. . . August Darnell alias Kid Creole states his independence/Pic: Joseph Stevens

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**ONE DAY IN YOUR LIFE**	**Michael Jackson (Motown)**	5	1
2	9	GHOST TOWN	Specials (2-Tone)	2	2
3	2	BEING WITH YOU	Smokey Robinson (Motown)	7	1
4	6	GOING BACK TO OUR ROOTS	Odyssey (RCA)	5	4
5	5	TEDDY BEAR	Red Sovine (Starday)	3	5
6	18	BODY TALK	Imagination (R&B)	2	6
7	(—)	CAN CAN	Bad Manners (Magnet)	1	7
8	4	ALL STOOD STILL	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	4	4
9	3	MORE THAN IN LOVE	Kate Robbins (RCA)	5	2
10	12	MEMORY	Elaine Page (Polydor)	3	10
11	7	HOW 'BOUT US	Champaigne (CBS)	6	5
12	14	PIECE OF THE ACTION	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	3	12
13	8	WILL YOU	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	5	6
14	24	THROW AWAY THE KEY	Linx (Chrysalis)	5	14
15	30	NO WOMAN NO CRY	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	2	15
16	—	RAZZAMATAZZ	Quincy Jones (A&M)	1	16
17	26	TAKE IT TO THE TOP	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	3	17
18	17	IF LEAVING ME	Phil Collins (Virgin)	4	17
19	—	WIKKA WRAP	Evasions (Groove)	1	19
20	—	WORDY RAPPINGHOOD	Tom Tom Club (Island)	1	20
21	13	STAND AND DELIVER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	9	15
22	23	DANCING ON THE FLOOR	Third World (CBS)	2	22
23	10	I WANT TO BE FREE	Toyah (Safari)	7	6
24	21	TOO DRUNK TO FUCK	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)	5	15
25	28	DOORS OF YOUR HEART	The Beat (Go Feet)	2	25
26	—	PRETTY IN PINK	Psychedelic Furs (CBS)	1	26
27	15	THEME FROM CHARIOTS OF FIRE	Vangelis (Polydor)	7	10
28	16	SPELLBOUND	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	5	14
29	19	DON'T LET IT PASS	UB40 (Dep Int)	6	12
30	—	CAN'T HAPPEN HERE	Rainbow (Polydor)	1	30



Duran Duran in at No. 7.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	5	**PRESENT ARMS**	**UB40 (Dep Int)**	4	1
2	13	NO SLEEP 'TIL HAMMERSMITH	Motorhead (Bronze)	2	13
3	1	STARS ON 45	Starsound (CBS)	7	1
4	3	DISCO DAZE AND DISCO NIGHTS	Various (Ronco)	6	3
5	2	ANTHEM	Toyah (Safari)	5	1
6	19	JUJU	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	2	19
7	—	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	1	7
8	11	FACE VALUE	Phil Collins (Virgin)	14	2
9	6	CHARIOTS OF FIRE	Vangelis (Polydor)	9	6
10	15	HI INFIDELITY	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	9	9
11	4	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	32	1
12	8	MAGNETIC FIELDS	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	4	8
13	22	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	5	11
14	23	BEING WITH YOU	Smokey Robinson (Motown)	2	23
15	—	BAD FOR GOOD	Jim Steinman (Epic)	6	9
16	16	THEMES	Various (K-Tel)	5	10
17	9	VIENNA	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	17	2
18	14	LONG DISTANCE VOYAGER	Moody Blues (Threshold)	6	8
19	7	THIS OLD HOUSE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	12	3
20	26	MAKIN' MOVIES	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	24	3
21	—	2,000,000 VOICES	Angelic Upstarts (Zonophone)	1	21
22	27	KILIMANJARO	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	7	19
22	—	TALK, TALK, TALK	Psychedelic Furs (CBS)	3	8
24	—	EASTSIDE STORY	Squeeze (A&M)	5	17
25	21	WHAT'S THIS FOR	Killing Joke (Mercury)	3	21
26	10	WHA'PPEN?	The Beat (Go-Feet)	8	2
27	—	MADE IN AMERICA	Carpenters (A&M)	1	27
28	16	THE RIVER	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	14	4
29	—	POLECATS ARE GO	Polecats (Mercury)	1	29
30	18	PLAYING WITH A DIFFERENT SEX	Au Pairs (Human)	5	10

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1 (1) **Too Drunk To Fuck** — Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
2 (2) **New Life** — Depeche Mode (Mute)
3 (4) **Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag** — Pigbag (Y)
4 (3) **I Want To Be Free** — Toyah (Safari)
5 (6) **Forget The Dawn** — Wah! (Eternal)
6 (5) **Don't Let It Pass** — UB40 (Dep Int)
7 (14) **Wikka Wrap** — The Evasions (Groove)
8 (7) **The Resurrection EP** — Vice Squad (Riot City)
9 (8) **Go For Gold** — Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
10 (19) **Dole Age** — Talisman (Recreational)
11 (10) **Number 11** — Dead Or Alive (Inevitable)
12 (9) **Our Swimmer** — Wire (Rough Trade)
13 (—) **Kites** — The Associates (Situation 2)
14 (18) **Teddy Bear** — Red Sovine (Starday)
15 (15) **Candy Skin** — Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
16 (13) **Hobby For The Day** — Wall (Fresh)
17 (12) **Charm** — Positive Noise (Static)
18 (16) **Rebecca's Room** — Wasted Youth (Bridge House)
19 (—) **Dogs Of War** — The Exploited (Secret)
20 (11) **Why** — Discharge (Clay)
21 (—) **Poison Takes A Hold** — Play Dead (Fresh)
22 (21) **Slates** — The Fall (Rough Trade)
23 (20) **Rebel Without A Brain** — Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
24 (22) **Four Hours** — Clock DVA (Fetish)
25 (25) **Demystification** — Zounds (Rough Trade)
26 (27) **Storage Case** — Drowning Craze (Situation)
27 (23) **Chance Meeting** — Josef K (Postcard)
28 (—) **Neu Smell** — Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
29 (17) **Nagasaki Nightmare** — Crass (Crass)
30 (—) **Survival** — Red Beat (Manic Machine)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1 (1) **Present Arms** — UB40 (Dep International)
2 (2) **Playing With A Different Sex** — Au Pairs (Human)
3 (3) **Anthem** — Toyah (Safari)
4 (4) **Punks Not Dead** — The Exploited (Secret)
5 (5) **Odyshape** — Raincoats (Rough Trade)
6 (7) **Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables** — Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
7 (6) **Heart of Darkness** — Positive Noise (Statik)
8 (11) **Provisionally Titled Singing Fish** — Colin Newman (4AD)
9 (10) **To Each** — A Certain Ratio (Factory)
10 (—) **Penis Envy** — Crass (Crass)
11 (12) **He Who Dares Wins** — Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
12 (8) **Signing Off** — UB40 (Graduate)
13 (12) **Closer** — Joy Division (Factory)
14 (18) **Mesh And Lace** — Modern English (4AD)
15 (15) **Dirk Wears White Sox** — Adam & The Ants (Do-it)
16 (9) **Lubricate Your Living Room** — Fire Engines (Accessory)
17 (23) **Kangeroo?** — Red Crayola (Rough Trade)
18 (26) **Live** — Misty (People Unite)
19 (17) **Stations Of The Crass** — Crass (Crass)
20 (24) **Prayers On Fire** — Birthday Party (4AD)
21 (20) **Concrete** — 999 (Albion)
22 (16) **Unknown Pleasures** — Joy Division (Factory)
23 (21) **Live At The Lyceum** — Cabaret Voltaire Tape (Rough Tapes)
24 (25) **In The Flat Field** — Bauhaus (4AD)
25 (22) **Sheep Farming In Barnet** — Toyah (Safari)
26 (19) **Inflammable Material** — Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade)
27 (14) **Toyah Toyah Toyah** — Toyah (Safari)
28 (—) **390 Degrees of Simulated Stereo** — Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
29 (29) **Blue Meaning** — Toyah (Safari)
30 (30) **The Ultimate Action** — The Action (Edsel)

REGGAE

1 **Wide Awake In A Dream** — Johnny Clarke (Third World)
2 **To The Foundation** — Dennis Brown (Music Work)
3 **Hopelessly** — Carol Thompson (SNG)
4 **Cant Pop No Style** — Hugh Mandell (Greensleeves)
5 **Jah Is Watching You** — Lack Sley Castell (Negus Roots)
6 **Love A Dub** — Ranking Dread (Greensleeves)
7 **All Night Jamming** — Soulwell Radics (Dread At The Controls)
8 **Let Me Go** — Norman Star Collins (Venture)
9 **Dole Age** — Talisman (Sports)
10 **I've Got To Let Him Know** — Loreen Pinky (Mass Media Music)

Chart by Bonaparte Records, Pentonville Road, London N1

FUNK

12" singles

1 **I'm In Love** — Evelyn King (RCA)
2 **On The Beat** — B B & Q (Capitol)
3 **Nice & Soft** — Wish (Perspective)
4 **Razzamatazz** — Quincy Jones (A&M)
5 **Back To My Roots** — Odyssey (RCA)
6 **Can You Handle It (re-mixed version)** — Sharon Redd (Prelude)
7 **Pull To The Bumper** — Grace Jones (Island)
8 **Cino De Mayo** — War (L.A.)
9 **Shake It Up Tonight*** — Cheryl Lynn (Columbia)
10 **Out Come The Freaks** — Was (Not Was) (Ze)

* Denotes import

Chart by Tim Palmer, Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, London W.1.

INTERNATIONAL

NEW ZEALAND

LPs

This Last Week			
1	(1)	**Faith**	Cure (CBS)
2	(2)	**Waita**	Split Enz (Polygram)
3	(3)	**Reveries**	Richard Clayderman (WEA)
4	(6)	**Face Value**	Phil Collins (Atlantic)
5	(8)	**Arc Of A Diver**	Steve Winwood (Island)
6	(5)	**Making Movies**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)
7	(—)	**Icehouse**	Flowers (Festival)
8	(4)	**Classics By Candlelight**	Gheorghe Zamfir (Philips)
9	(—)	**Swing Shift**	Cold Chisel (WEA)
10	(10)	**Being With You**	Smokey Robinson (Motown)

Courtesy Record Publications/Billboard

SWEDEN

SINGLES

This Last Week			
1	(1)	**Koppavavisa**	Bengt Pegefelt (Masmedia/Goodwill)
2	(2)	**Kids In America**	Kim Wilde (Rak)
3	(5)	**Hubba Hubba Zoot Zoot**	(Caramba (Trash/Polar)
4	(3)	**Making Your Mind Up**	Bucks Fizz (RCA)
5	(4)	**In The Air Tonight**	Phil Collins (Atlantic)
6	(6)	**Isadora**	Isadora Juice (RCA)
7	(—)	**Bette Davis Eyes**	Kim Carnes (EMI America)
8	(7)	**Vienna**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)
9	(10)	**Sensuella Isabella**	Tomas Ledin (Polar)
10	(—)	**Stockholm**	Pugh Rogefeldt (EMI)

Courtesy GLF/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **You To Me Are Everything** — Real Thing (Pye International)
2 **Young Hearts Run Free** — Candi Staton (Warner Bros)
3 **You Just Might See Me Cry** — Our Kid (Polydor)
4 **Let's Stick Together** — Bryan Ferry (Island)
5 **Tonight's The Night** — Rod Stewart (Riva)
6 **Silly Love Songs** — Wings (Parlophone)
7 **The Boys Are Back In Town** — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)
8 **Leader Of The Pack** — Shangri Las (Charly)
9 **Combine Harvester** — Wurzels (EMI)
10 **Jolene** — Dolly Parton (RCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep** — Middle Of The Road (RCA)
2 **Co-Co** — Sweet (RCA)
3 **Don't Let It Die** — Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
4 **Banner Man** — Blue Mink (Regal Zonophone)
5 **He's Gonna Step On You Again** — John Kongos (Fly)
6 **Lady Rose** — Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
7 **I'm Gonna Run Away From You** — Tami Lynn (Mojo)
8 **Just My Imagination** — Temptations (Tamla Motown)
9 **I Don't Blame You At All** — Smokey Robinson (Tamla Motown)
10 **I Did What I Did For Maria** — Tony Christie (MCA)

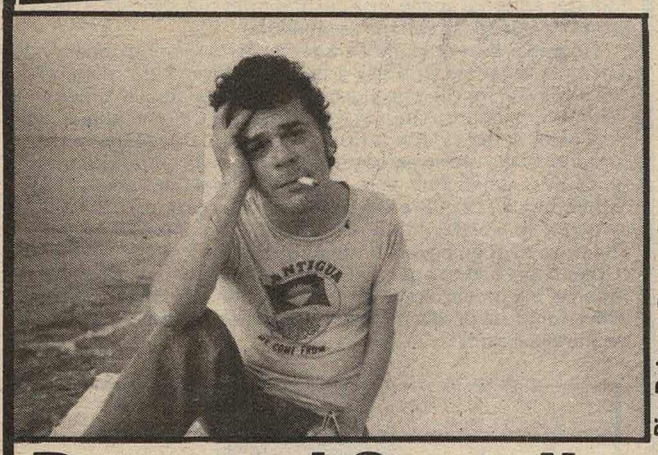
FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Sunny Afternoon** — Kinks (Pye)
2 **Nobody Needs Your Love** — Gene Pitney (Stateside)
3 **Bus Stop** — The Hollies (Parlophone)
4 **Paperback Writer** — Beatles (Parlophone)
5 **River Deep — Mountain High** — Ike and Tina Turner (London)
6 **Strangers In The Night** — Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
7 **Get Away** — Georgie Fame (Columbia)
8 **Hideaway** — Dave Dee Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (Fontana)
9 **I Couldn't Live Without Your Love** — Petula Clark (Pye)
10 **When A Man Loves A Woman** — Percy Sledge (Atlantic)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Runaway** — Del Shannon (London)
2 **Temptation** — Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
3 **Hello Mary Lou** — Ricky Nelson (London)
4 **A Girl Like You** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5 **Pasadena** — Temperance Seven (Parlophone)
6 **Half Way To Paradise** — Billy Fury (Decca)
7 **Surrender** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
8 **But I Do** — Clarence Henry (Pye Int.)
9 **Well I Ask You** — Eden Kane (Decca)
10 **Runnin' Scared** — Roy Orbison (London)

Major Tours



Pic: Roberta Bayley

Dury and Costello headline massive slog on the Tyne

IAN DURY and ELVIS COSTELLO will co-headline the opening day of the first 'Rock On The Tyne' festival, an ambitious two-day event to be staged at the Gateshead International Stadium over August Bank Holiday weekend (Saturday and Sunday, 29–30), as a Northern rival to the traditional Reading Festival. It will be the first time Dury and Costello have appeared on the same bill with their own bands, The Blockheads and The Attractions respectively, since the very first Stiff package tour.

Also appearing on the Saturday are U2, about whom Bruce Springsteen raved when he caught their set in London recently — plus Pauline Murray & The Invisible Girls, Doll By Doll and Huang Chung. Special guests are The Polecats.

The Sunday bill ranges from heavy metal to folk-rock, and is headed by Rory Gallagher. The rest of the line-up — together with full details of ticket price, booking arrangements and facilities — can be found in Tour News on page 32.

The festival is the biggest ever staged in the North-East, one of the most densely populated catchment areas in the country, but — apart from concerts at Newcastle City Hall — a region starved of major events of this kind. It's expected to draw an audience from Scotland to Yorkshire, and beyond — and the promoters intend to make it a regular annual event.

● Ian Dury's new single 'Spasticus Autisticus', recorded by Jamaica and his first since leaving Stiff, is now set for July 24 release by Polydor.

GIRLSCHOOL have now been confirmed as the headliners of the opening night of the three-day Reading Festival — Friday, August 28, the first time an all-girl group have topped at the event. Their recent UK tour was one of the most successful of the year so far, and, due to heavy demand, was twice extended.

As reported last week, the other bill-toppers are Gillan (Saturday) and The Kinks (Sunday). For the rest of this week's additional bookings, see the Tour News section on page 32. And turn to page 19 for a special offer, exclusive to *NME*, enabling readers — by using the coupon provided — to purchase weekend tickets at £13.50 (including parking and camping), which is £1 below the face value.

THE SPECIALS have lined up another one-off concert, their fourth this summer. Unlike the others it's indoors and not a benefit. It's on Friday, July 24, at Liverpool Royal Court Theatre, with Night Doctor supporting. All tickets are £3, and they are available only from the theatre box-office.

BLACK UHURU have added a date in Manchester to their British tour schedule and they've switched the venue of their Birmingham concert because of heavy ticket demand to the Bingley Hall, though the date of July 10 remains unchanged. The extra gig is at Manchester Mayflower on July 11.

Island release a new Uhuru single this weekend, titled 'Sponji Reggae'. It's taken from their hit album 'Red'.

THE PROFESSIONALS — alias Paul Cook and Steve Jones, plus guitarist Ray McVeigh and bassist Paul Myers — have cancelled their debut tour, scheduled to begin this weekend. Although their dates hadn't been announced in the press, several of the 11 venues involved had advertised the gigs and sold tickets.

Virgin Records, released the band's date sheet last week — only to follow it on Monday with the news that the entire outing was off. "I don't know why it's been scrapped — their management haven't offered any explanation," commented a plaintive Virgin spokesman.

MORE TOUR NEWS PAGE 32

THE LENNON MURDER

THE CIA's ZOMBIE KILLERS

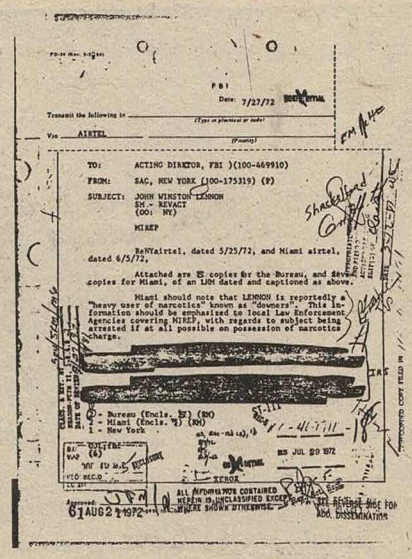
LAST WEEK, *NME* looked at Mark Chapman's upbringing and his possible connection with the right-wing 'born-again' religious cults who teach that rock'n'roll is the devil's music.

In the second part of our investigation into John Lennon's murder, we turn our attention to the American intelligence agencies, the FBI and the CIA.

The FBI have released 82 heavily-censored documents on their harassment of the Lennons in the early '70s — documents which disclose that government objections to the Lennons were of a far more political nature than previously admitted. 199 other documents are still being withheld from public scrutiny. We ask why.

Even more alarming are CIA documents which reveal the agency's attempts to create unwitting assassins through a drugs-and-hypnosis programme. Was Mark Chapman such a CIA "zombie killer"?

Finally, we speak to Dennis Clarke, the scientologist who talked to Chapman just before he left Hawaii and who thinks Chapman was the perpetrator of a bizarre series of phone-calls and assaults on the Scientology HQ — perhaps a last, frightening glimpse into Chapman's state of mind before he set out to murder Lennon.



FBI

Date: 7/27/72

Transmit the following in _____ (Type in plaintext or code)

Via AIRTEL (Priority)

TO: ACTING DIRECTOR, FBI)(100-469910)

FROM: SAC, NEW YORK (100-175319) (P)

SUBJECT: JOHN WINSTON LENNON
SM - REVACT
(OO: NY)
MIREP

Re Miairtel, dated 5/25/72, and Miami airtel, dated 6/5/72,

Attached are [illegible] copies for the Bureau, and seven copies for Miami, of an LHM dated and captioned as above.

Miami should note that LENNON is reportedly a "heavy user of narcotics" known as "downers". This information should be emphasized to local Law Enforcement Agencies covering MIREP, with regards to subject being arrested if at all possible on possession of narcotics charge.

2 - Bureau (Encls. 5) (RM)
2 - Miami (Encls. 4) (RM)
1 - New York

NY FILE NO. 100-175319

REC-0

[illegible]

Approved: [illegible] Sent _____ M Per _____

XEROX

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SEE REVERSE SIDE FOR Add. DISSEMINATION

61 AUG 2 1972

RS JUL 29 1972

Please turn to page 6 for this week's instalment.

Branson to start London mag as Time Out stays out

June 26 - July 2. No 6

NOT...

FREE! DONATIONS WELCOME

Your guide to Film, Theatre, Sport, TV and London life from the sacked staff of Time Out.

GATEWAYS TO WIMBLEDON

TIME OUT DISPUTE:

WHERE VULTURES DARE

THE STAFF of London's weekly news, arts and events listing *Time Out* are now entering the eighth week of their attempt to regain the jobs from which the magazine's founder/publisher Tony Elliott sacked them on May 20 *(Thrills* 30.5.81).

Since May 29, the staff have collectively written, published and distributed their own broadsheet, which in four issues has grown from a four-page A4 document to an 8-page, *NME*-size tabloid featuring an increasing number of ads (many in support of the staff's cause: equal pay for all non-management jobs on *Time Out)* and editorial which has included a few notable news scoops.

One was a round-up of new publications whose debuts coincided with *Time Out's* demise and who obviously hope to clean up the absent mag's market *(Time Out* boasts an annual turnover of £3 million). Most interesting of the projected competition is the periodical planned by Virgin supremo Richard Branson and friend Mike Carter: *Event.*

Branson himself was unavailable for comment at presstime, but trusty aide-de-camp Al Clark assured *Thrills* that *"Event* is a magazine which may or may not be called that and which may or may not happen. Its orientation would depend on who worked for it."

As recruiting efforts so far have stretched from the rock and fashion press through the freesheets to ex-*Now!* contributors, it is indeed impossible to predict the 'tone' of the putative *Event.* It *would* carry listings, though, says Clark, "and its function would be to reflect life in London. It wouldn't be for Richard to establish any editorial policy though — it would be for an editor to do that."

At *Time Out's* official offices in Southampton St, freelancers maintain a picket line, passing out copies of the broadsheet and soliciting donations on behalf of the sacked 64. Upstairs, SHOWSEC showbiz security men maintain the 24-hour vigil they have undertaken since the staff's earlier decision to occupy the premises (ended when Elliott had them evicted).

But there appears to be little activity within the offices. One reason is perhaps because although Elliott owns the title (the broadsheet which began life as *Not Time Out* had to be changed to *Not . . .* when Elliott issued yet another writ against use of his copyright titles), he is prevented from publishing a *Time Out* thanks to an NGA blacking order. This was issued in support of the NUJ/NGA/SOGAT chapel to which his sacked staff belong.

One occasion on which Elliott and Branson have met occured last year — when Branson apparently attempted to persuade Elliott to *sell* him *Time Out,* which does at least confirm Clark's assertion that Branson's interest in "publishing the periodical" is a long-held one: "Richard has been about to start magazines of one sort or another for about four years but they never got past the vague idea stage."

Despite negotiations between Elliott and the 64 he sacked being presided over by the government's conciliatory body ACAS, talks broke down again last week.

Such treatment hasn't dulled the fervour of the *'Not . . .* staff

Continues over

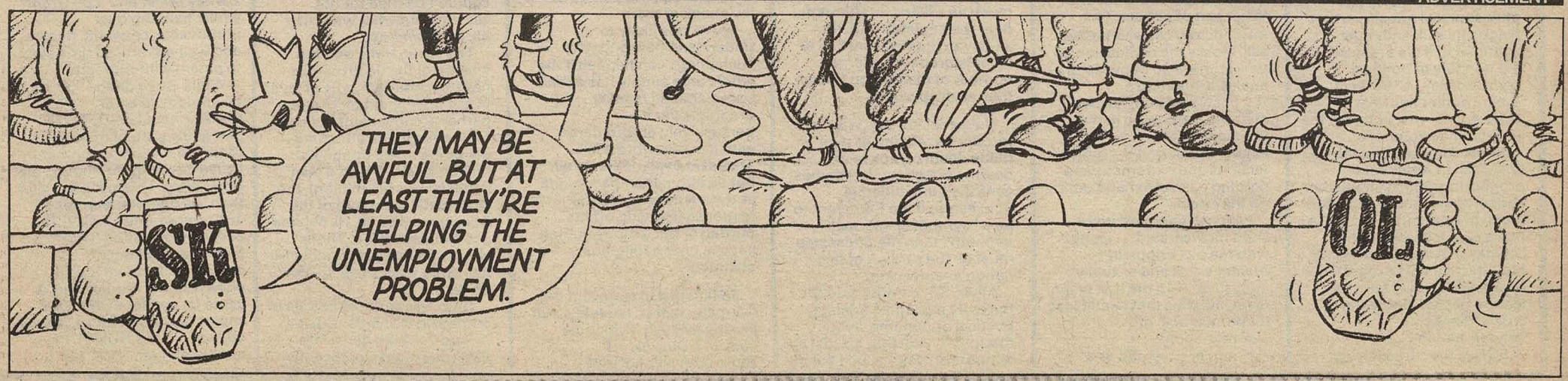
Basement 5 split

BASEMENT 5 have broken up because they felt that their "original concept and motivation were exhausted". The band had recently left Island Records, who released their first album '1965–1980' and its dub counterpart 'Basement 5 In Dub', and matters came to a head when guitarist JR failed to show up for a gig at London's Venue last month — though they were still able to play, enlisting the aid of a friend Geoff Hurst, who had come along to watch.

Now Hurst will join the other three members — Dennis Morris (vocals), Leo (bass) and M (drums) — in their farewell gig at Aylesbury Civic Centre this Saturday (4) with Doll By Doll and Manufactured Romance, as part of the town's annual carnival. Morris, M and Hurst are now busy cooking up a new project, while Leo and JR are "considering their futures", but whatever surfaces won't be under the Basement 5 banner.

THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT



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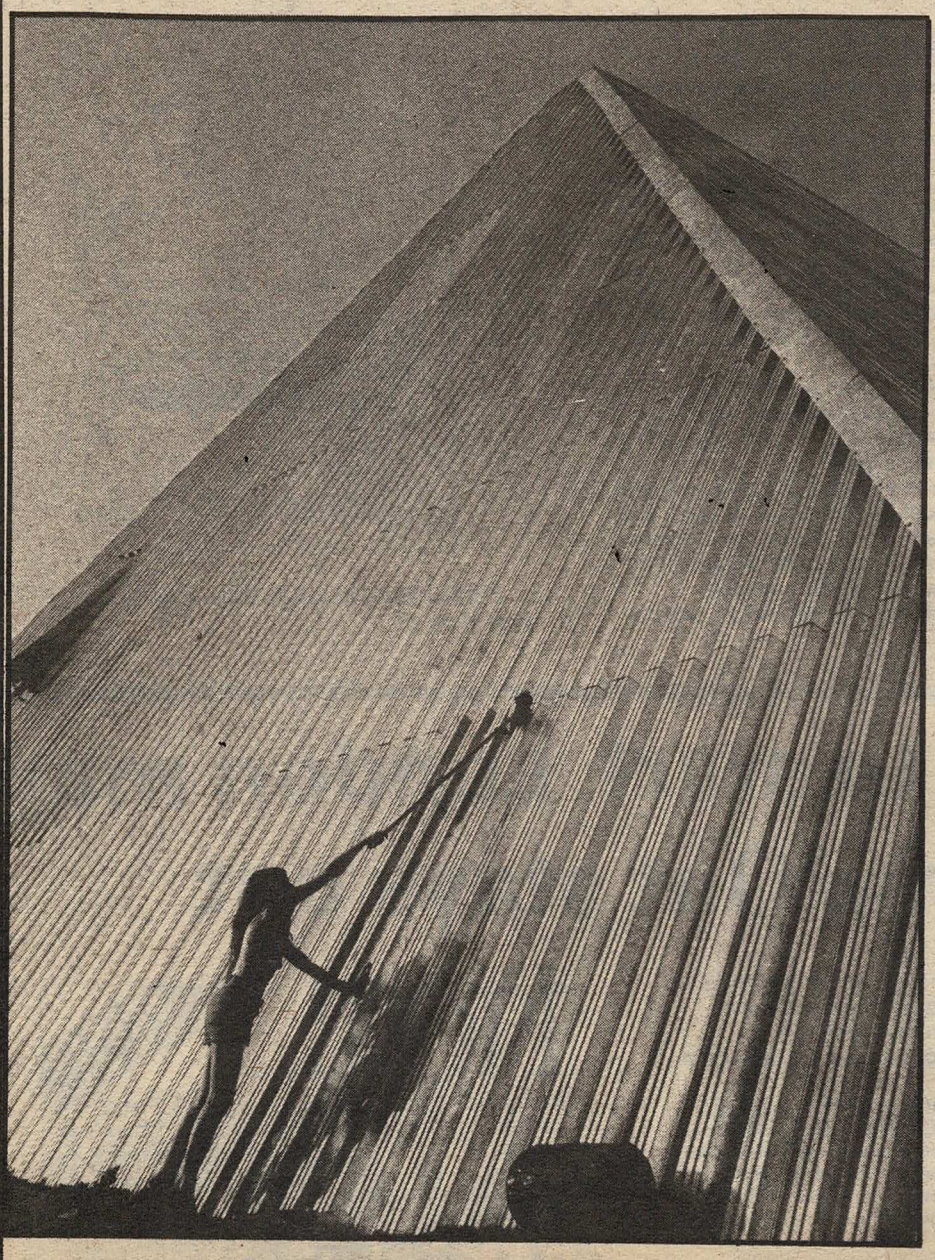
The Super Strength Secret Drug Sussex Uni Acid Bust Baby



Pic: Peter Anderson

A SQUAD of Task Force officers operating a routine search of visitors to the Pilton (Glastonbury) pop festival last weekend stopped a van and uncovered a bottle of a liquid drug said to be far stronger than LSD.

Following this fortunate (or unfortunate) find, drug squad officers from the Avon and Somerset area immediately launched a swoop on the drug source, allegedly Sussex University chemical laboratories, which they promptly dismantled.

Of the four people arrested in the van, one is a student of Sussex and one person works in the lab itself. The identity of the other two persons is not yet known.

The drug has so far baffled forensic officers in Sussex and Somerset, although it may well be a liquid, concentrated form of LSD. The substance has not been named as yet but initial reports in West Country papers that the bottle had a street value of £500,000 and that the police had succeeded in uncovering a £5 million drug ring cannot possibly be substantiated.

Indeed the Bristol Police liaison officer, no stranger to this kind of type of investigation after Operation Julie told NME *that it would be some time before forensic experts could pass judgment on the nature of the liquid. If it really is a new sort of hallucinogenic then its exact value will be impossible to ascertain.*

In all, fifty people were arrested during the Pilton festival.

B. LOTTER

FULL GLASTONBURY REPORT PAGE 42

A young druid cleans the pyramid stage at Glastonbury prior to sharpening his razor blades.

BRANSON

From previous page

to continue providing the service they have given London for 12 years. Working from a one-room basement, the broadsheet they produce is now attracting more ads, wider distribution and greater editorial space. The current print run (almost 40,000) will soon be upped, as will the pagination.

No one is keener to encourage the team than the independent theatres, cinemas, and arts groups who have heretofore relied on *Time Out* for their profits or their very existence. Stephen Woolley, joint proprietor of the new Scala Cinema (due to open in a week at the old Kings Cross Cinema) is one of them. His original Scala premises were lost at the peak of the cinema's success — when they were sold to National Car Parks by none other than Richard Branson. "Without the support of *Time Out,*" Woolley told *NME,* "it's more difficult for all independent cinemas to open newer, 'untested' movies. The Screen On The Green have had to open *Excalibur* — the first time they've had to open a 'big movie' since they refurbished. And the Everyman is now doing seven-day runs of films which have already opened in the West End."

CYNTHIA ROSE

JUST CAN'T get enough of chic'lil Chica? Find your yearnings for Yellow Magic Orchestra manoeuvring in the dark? What you need may be *Yellow Pages,* a glossy-covered Japanese fanzine, edited and published by Haruko Minakami of top japanese mag *Music Life.* This astutely-timid 60-page mag is in English and its brief is to export the Nipponese new wave (plus a catalogue of other 'contemporary' Japanese music movements, such as jazz, fusion and funk). Included are artists from Sheena and the Rokkets, ARB, Anarchy, Friction, YMO, Plastics, and No-Comments to the 'ten top bands' who are each given a biog, plus Japan's David Sylvian playing interviewer to a fellow obsessive dresser. The price is in English, too: £1 over the counter at London's Great Wall Club on Monday evenings, or mail order via six 20p stamps sent to: *Yellow Pages,* PO Box 11, Seijyo Yubinkyoko, Setagaya, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo, Japan. As their JVC ad says: "Roaring guitar, wild vocals, and shouted words attack the adult world." Can you afford to miss out?

THIS SATURDAY, July 4th, sees the Anti-Nazi League and Rock Against Racism's march to their Northern Carnival Against Racism. The stroll sets off from Woodhouse Moor in Leeds at 11am and participants will be entertained along the way by a selection of bands playing from floats: The Mekons, Alien Kulture, Another Colour, Dodcean and a number of local groups. Once the rallied marchers reach their destination in Potter Newton Park, they will be able to enjoy a free open-air concert headlined by the Au Pairs, Specials, and Misty. There will also be stands and stalls of all sorts — offering pamphlets, badges, literature, and food and liquid refreshment. Be there if you can.

CYNTHIA ROSE

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?

IAN PENMAN assesses SS and gets catty about comedy.

DANGEROUS VISIONS

SS 1923-1945: Hitler feeds history to the dogs.

SS 1923-1945 (ITV), produced and directed by Andrew Mollo, took what might indiscreetly be referred to as cliched material and wrought a masterpiece of historical archaeology - unearthing new features and structures from what was thought to be familiar ground. The dark side of *Private Schulz.*

On its way to certain conclusions about what the (Waffen) SS were or were not responsible for towards the close of WWII, Mollo opened up all the sore moral and philosophical questions that plague us still, and must continue to if we are to avoid the dangers of political complacency. A *World In Action* earlier this year exposed (for me, anyway) the frightening extent of a national comeback by the Ku Klux Klan in America (a programme which should be shown again, and again, with much greater publicity) and a more recent **Credo** (ITV, Sundays) brought out a quiet but effective little programme on Europe's 'new' fascists, lest we get too righteous in cross-Atlantic condemnation . . .

SS had the same jarring quality as these two, compounded of a series of outrageous statements delivered by the 'upstanding' right wing citizenry, and the evidence which contradicted their placid claims.

SS opened with footage from the present day: a speech being given by Hubert Meyer, a former Waffen SS officer, is interrupted by the shouted and spluttering rhetoric of an hysterical Anti Nazi League stormtrooper. To what end? What sort of politics, this introductory clip seemed to ask, blocks the confession of past crime — to deny history, analysis, *learning?*

It answered with its own analysis, beginning in the Germany of the early '30s where, unnervingly, "radical factions and extremes were fighting each other and police on the streets".

Political 'enemies' were soon incarcerated — along with the old, crippled, mentally sick and sexually 'defective' — in the first step of an initiative that would lead to the later acts of extermination.

Himmler emerged as a much more chilling figure than Hitler, a farmer by training who had a "breeding obsession". When the SS started out, as Hitler's elite bodyguard, potential recruits were rejected if they had so much as a filling — although, near the depleted end, the all-Aryan dream army had to be bolstered with a large number of the foreign bodies they so despised.

Newsreel footage was as terribly transfixing as ever — of the death camps or of deathly marches, Nazi bodies contorted into hideous goosestep; if the SS meant to be a "symbol of national strength" then the goosestep must be the symbol of the nation's repression.

An ex-SS member said of the early measures against political opponents, "you thought to yourself, it's just a temporary thing"; such banal quotes, ridiculed further by the translator's awkward voiceover (in the end, they all sounded like Michael Elphick) do not, I think, in any way reduce the enormity of the crimes which lies behind or lay ahead of them.

We're less likely to understand how and why such things can happen if the whole area simply has a thick vomit-stained blanket dragged over it — persuasively embroidered with just one word, EVIL. That's no explanation at all, but an altogether inadequate and even transcendental response (shoving off the burden of our grubby human psyche onto a religious abstract).

SS finished in a present day Germany that is, laudably, still picking away at its ignoble past. In a Dusseldorf courtroom a handful of defeated OAPs were still being tried for the inhuman orders they carried out — and often embellished — in the extermination camps: an incongruous picture. The courtroom system is obviously not equipped to deal with crimes of such enormity and complexity — ultimately, no 'answers' will be found in an atmosphere that hinges around individual innocence or guilt.

Another ex-SS man put it differently — "I couldn't say, *Right gentlemen, let's put an end to this.*" The case was recounted of one man who *did* refuse to participate in an ordered massacre — and nothing very severe in the way of punishment came his way: although he could be court martialled for disobeying a superior, he couldn't be tried for not carrying out what was, after all, a *criminal* act.

The name Hitler and the spectre of the death camps have become symbols of 'evil' in our time and they're also, perhaps, convenient hold-alls for the *forgotten* atrocities — the Boers in the Congo (30 million killed), Stalin's own death camps (20 million), the systematic massacre of the Aboriginal people, Hiroshima . . . there are more. There should be more reminders like *SS*, more voices like Andrew Mollo's.

Onto less serious matters of crime and atonement. The dictatorial *Bilko* had a late Saturday night slot recently, and adoption should be considered — unless, like Len and Rita, it's too late in the day — if this week's first instalment of the new BBC1 post-**Pebble** (*what* a tatty programme!) **Mill** option was anything to go by. **House Calls** is set — like concrete — in a hospital, and stars — like a law suit — Lynne Redgrave, ex-*M.A.S.H.* man Wayne Rodgers and the bespectacled one of the declined and fallen *Rhoda*'s sister's two boyfriends (got that?). It is, forcibly, twaddle. The gags were not so much telegraphed as electronically paged. The dubbed audience mirth sounded like someone's forgotten running bathwater.

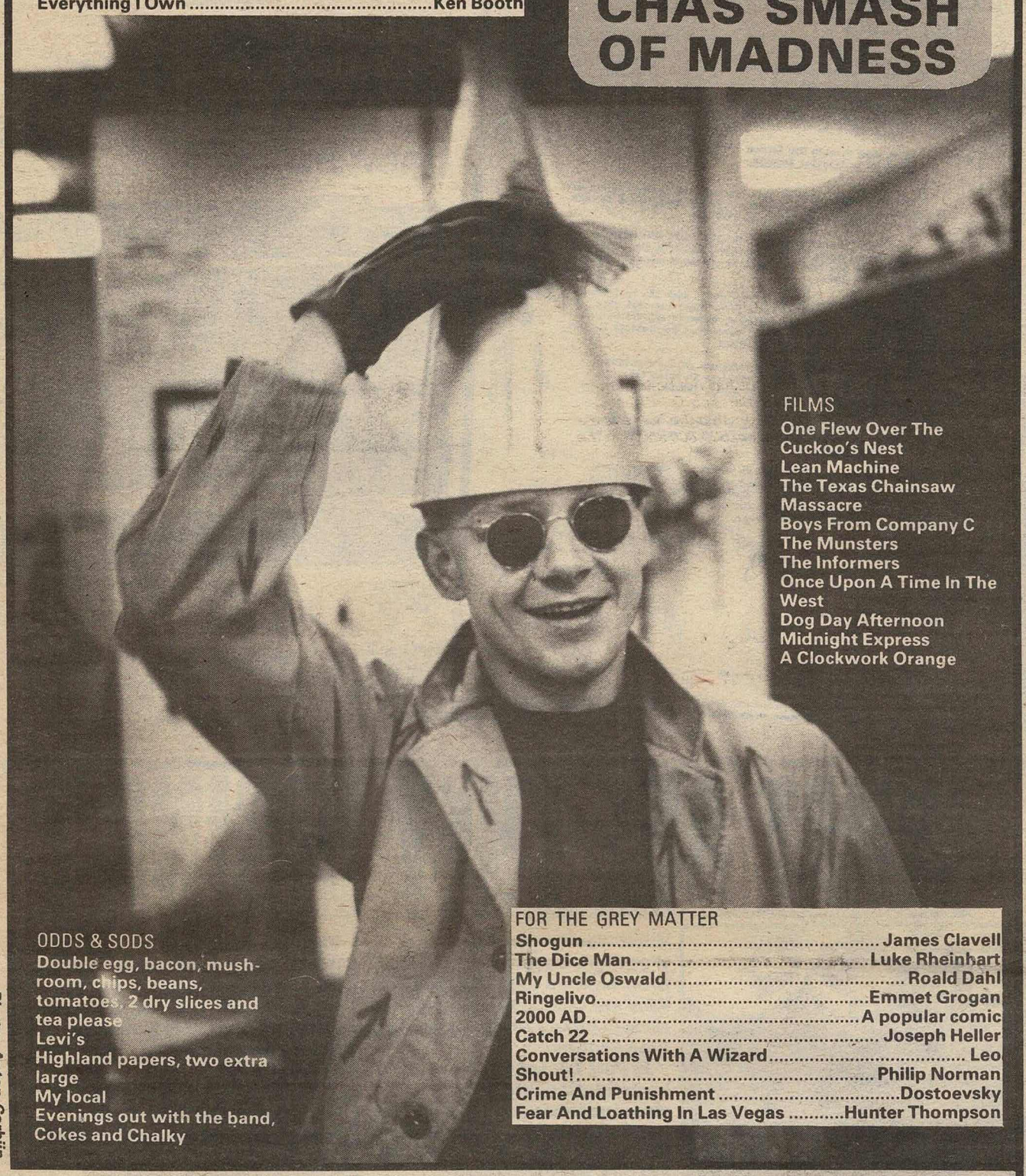
I know I go on about this, but WHY OH WHY do BBC and ITV disrespectfully shuffle around gems like *Bilko, Taxi, Barney Miller* and *Lou Grant* whilst handing over immovable, constant, decent and well-advertised time slots to patently inferior fare?

While we're on the subject, an apology to actor Christopher LLOYD, *Taxi*'s Jim and a guru of mine, who for some reason or another I called Christopher Hudson the other week. I blame it, as I said then, on our temperamental and temporarily blank VCR — as McLuhan would have it, a fault in my memory extension. Incidentally, in answer to my request I have yet to be proffered any VHS copies of Orson Welles' *Touch Of Evil* . . . HEY HUUUUP! Look lively! etc.

RECORDS
Real Fun ..... Tenpole Tudor
Family Entertainment ..... The Undertones
Bop-Bop-Da-Doo-Bop ..... Blue Williams
Help Me Somebody ..... Brian Eno/David Byrne
Pretty Green ..... The Jam
Big City ..... Dandy Livingstone
Where Did Our Love Go? ..... The Supremes
Tomorrow Never Knows ..... The Beatles
Green Shirt ..... Elvis Costello
International Jet Set ..... The Specials
Everything I Own ..... Ken Booth

Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER

CHAS SMASH OF MADNESS



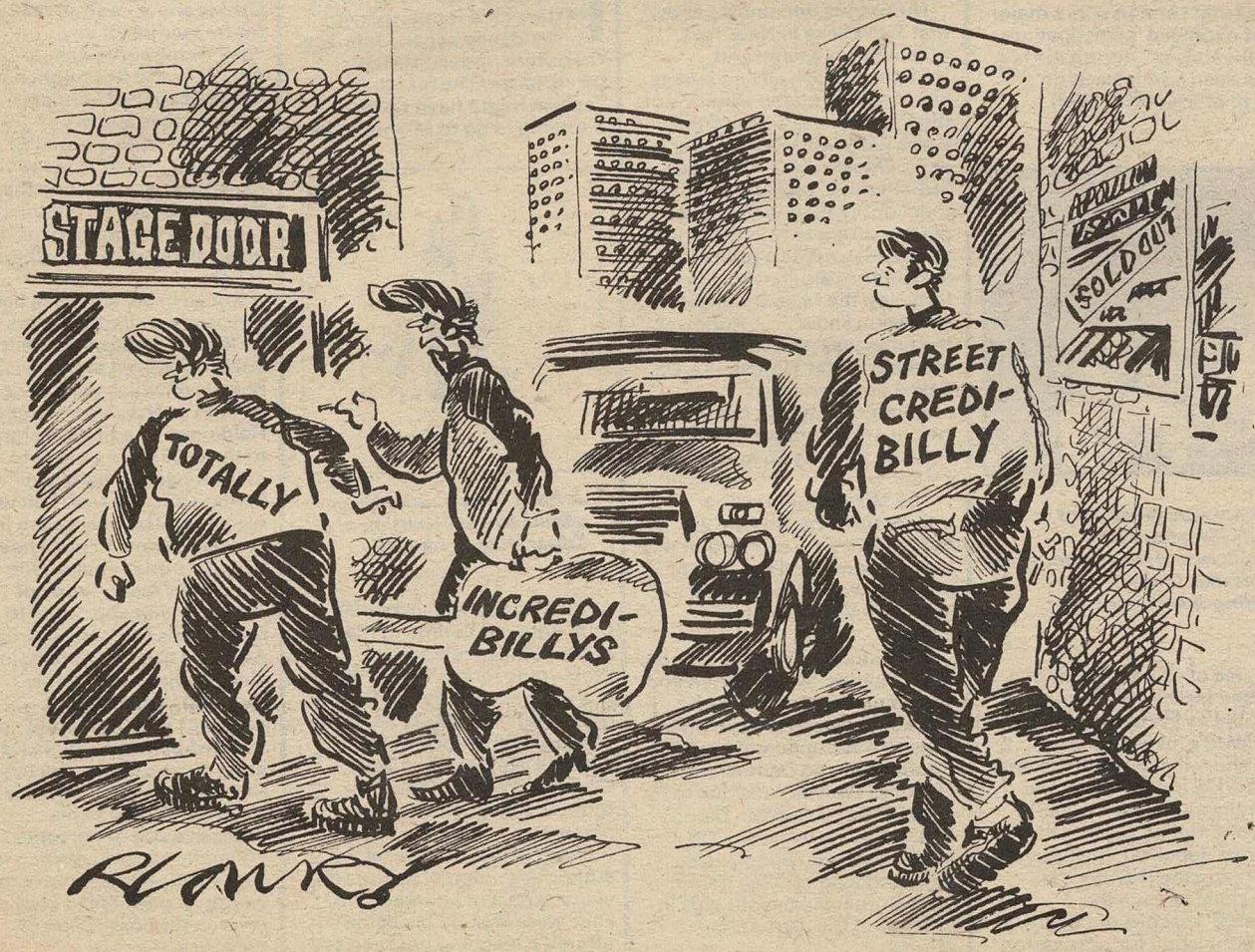
FILMS
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest
Lean Machine
The Texas Chainsaw Massacre
Boys From Company C
The Munsters
The Informers
Once Upon A Time In The West
Dog Day Afternoon
Midnight Express
A Clockwork Orange

ODDS & SODS
Double egg, bacon, mushroom, chips, beans, tomatoes, 2 dry slices and tea please
Levi's
Highland papers, two extra large
My local
Evenings out with the band, Cokes and Chalky

FOR THE GREY MATTER
Shogun ..... James Clavell
The Dice Man ..... Luke Rheinhart
My Uncle Oswald ..... Roald Dahl
Ringelivo ..... Emmet Grogan
2000 AD ..... A popular comic
Catch 22 ..... Joseph Heller
Conversations With A Wizard ..... Leo
Shout! ..... Philip Norman
Crime And Punishment ..... Dostoevsky
Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas ..... Hunter Thompson

Photo: Anton Corbijn

Lowry



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THE LENNON MURDER 2

BY JOHN MICHAEL

THERE IS growing speculation in America that the judge's acceptance of Mark David Chapman's "Guilty" plea constitutes a 'cover-up'.

Chapman claims that God talked to him in his cell and told him to plead guilty. His lawyer, Jonathan Marks, after attempting to initiate another psychiatric 'competence test', now says that he is virtually unable to have any meaningful dialogue with his client, who is to undergo more psychiatric tests conducted by the prison authorities between now and August 24th, when he is due to be sentenced.

Reports by the doctors who test Chapman will be submitted to the court some time before that date — reports that will help the judge decide whether he should get a sentence of 15 years, 25 years or life.

They could also conclude that Chapman was, after all, not competent to plead at all, in which case he will be confined to a secure mental institution until it is determined that he is no longer a danger to himself or others.

How neat and tidy! No need to look any further. No need to dig any deeper. These are the comments of those who sadly asked *"why"* the morning after the shooting, and who now are saying cynically "How convenient".

Chapman's past life, though superficially looked at by 'feature writers' on limited budgets, will not now be publicly scrutinised in the way that a trial would have allowed. There will be no detailed analysis of the various influences on Chapman over the past ten to 15 years — the friends he made, the girls he loved or the heroes, other than Lennon, that at one time or another he looked up to for inspiration.

Lennon is dead. Chapman is guilty. He'll probably get 'Life'. End of story. *NME* repeats, "How Convenient".

But ask "How convenient for *whom*?". . . and that's where the fun starts.

The late '60s and early '70s were times when thinking and feeling people began to look at all aspects of life in an 'Holistic' — all-is-one — context. Attempting to look at 'the whole picture' and finding a place for everything in the scheme of things. The late '70s and early '80s seem to be marked by the predominence of 'conspiracy theories' which portray every significant event as part of some paranoid '1984' scenario.

The Lennon murder appears to be the current focus of attention for many researchers, increasingly more of whom are tending to see it as part of some ongoing evil plan by various would-be despots.

Nothing could be more unlikely! the sensible thinker may say. Yet just a passing glance at some of the documents that have been collected by NME over the months since Lennon's killing are enough to make the most sceptical observer look more than twice.

Interest was stimulated by the appearance all over New York of posters claiming that Lennon's killing was part of a pattern of assassinations, the victims of which were 'counter-culture' leaders. The poster, put out by those calling themselves the Assassination Information Committee, also claimed that Chapman was "a probable CIA mind control subject programmed with a combination of hypnosis and hypnotic drugs".

Other infamous assassins like Sirhan Sirhan — who is said to have killed Robert Kennedy — are mentioned in the same communique. Similarities between the two killings are central to many of the speculative scenerios gaining credence in investigative circles.

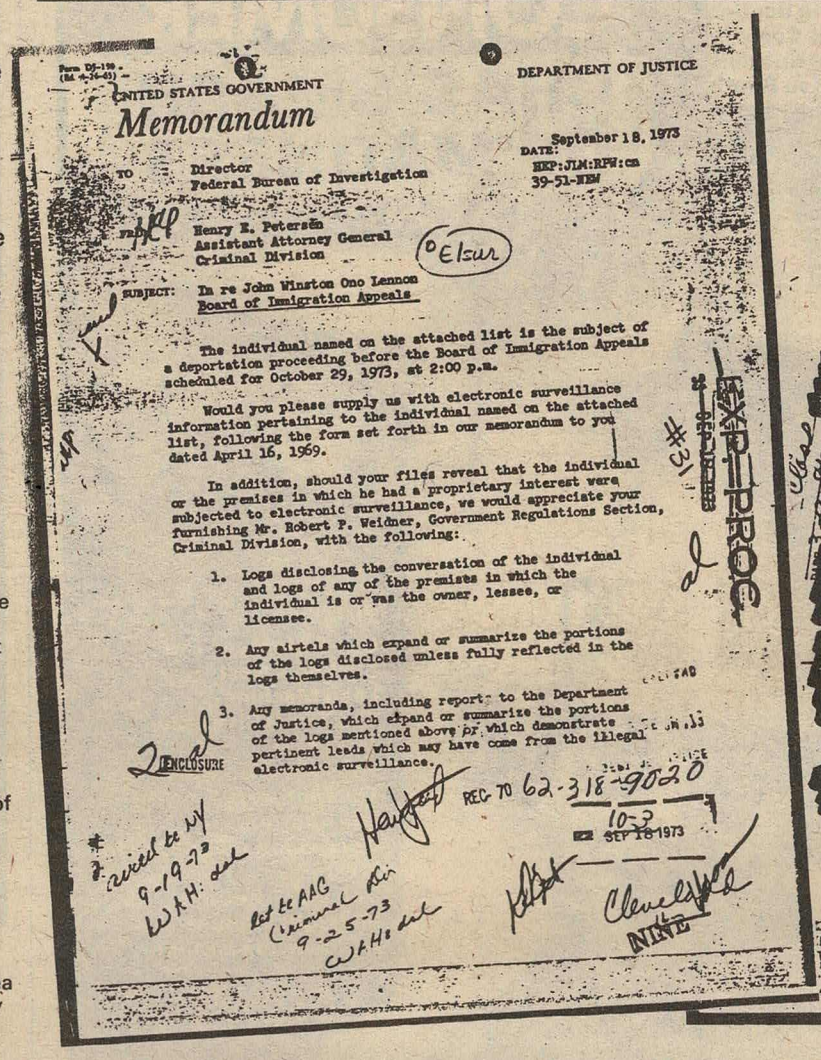
Dr. Bernard Diamond — said to have been the first psychiatrist to have examined Chapman — is the 'bogeyman' in most of these theories. But considering that he was also the major defence psychiatrist for Sirhan Sirhan, and as an expert hypnotist had hypnotised Sirhan Sirhan many times during his 'psychiatric investigation' of the possible motives for the RFK killing, it is no surprise that he figures prominently in the suspicions of most 'assassination freaks".

Many claim that Diamond was instrumental in blocking any meaningful investigation into Sirhan's background. The same people ask if Diamond might not have similarly affected Chapman's 'guilty' plea for the same reasons. Certainly he had access to both killers, and possibly was alone with both at various times during his investigations. There is much speculation that Diamond's opportunities to have 'influenced' both these killers to plead, or testify in such a way as to 'help' avoid any detailed investigations into their backgrounds, remain at the 'source' of the truth surrounding both.

NME contacted Mae Brussell in California. The woman regarded by many as 'the Queen of Conspiracy', Mae puts out a weekly radio programme called 'Worldwatchers International' in which she concentrates on the news that no-one sees fit to print. Her files on political assassinations are second to none, and her uncanny ability to keep her finger on the pulse of suspicious current events means that she receives more 'intelligence feedback' from listeners throughout the world (tapes of the programme are sold everywhere) than most intelligence agents feed back to their respective HQs. Mae has a lot to say about almost everyone attached to the Chapman case, but her major comment — "With all the competent psychiatrists in New York, why was Sirhan's controversial psychiatrist — Dr. Bernard Diamond — called to see Chapman all the way from California?" sums up the case of those who feel that the questions so far asked barely scratch the surface of the mystery surrounding Lennon's killing.

AS 82 DOCUMENTS ARE RELEASED, 199 ARE STILL HELD.

THE FBI JOHN LENNON FILES



Form DJ-159 (Rev. 4-30-69)

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Memorandum

TO: Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation

DATE: September 18, 1973

FROM: Henry E. Petersen, Assistant Attorney General, Criminal Division

HEP:JLM:RFW:cm
39-51-NEW

SUBJECT: In re John Winston Ono Lennon
Board of Immigration Appeals

The individual named on the attached list is the subject of a deportation proceeding before the Board of Immigration Appeals scheduled for October 29, 1973, at 2:00 p.m.

Would you please supply us with electronic surveillance information pertaining to the individual named on the attached list, following the form set forth in our memorandum to you dated April 16, 1969.

In addition, should your files reveal that the individual or the premises in which he had a proprietary interest were subjected to electronic surveillance, we would appreciate your furnishing Mr. Robert P. Weidner, Government Regulations Section, Criminal Division, with the following:

1. Logs disclosing the conversation of the individual and logs of any of the premises in which the individual is or was the owner, lessee, or licensee.
2. Any airtels which expand or summarize the portions of the logs disclosed unless fully reflected in the logs themselves.
3. Any memoranda, including reports to the Department of Justice, which expand or summarize the portions of the logs mentioned above or which demonstrate pertinent leads which may have come from the illegal electronic surveillance.

2 Enclosure

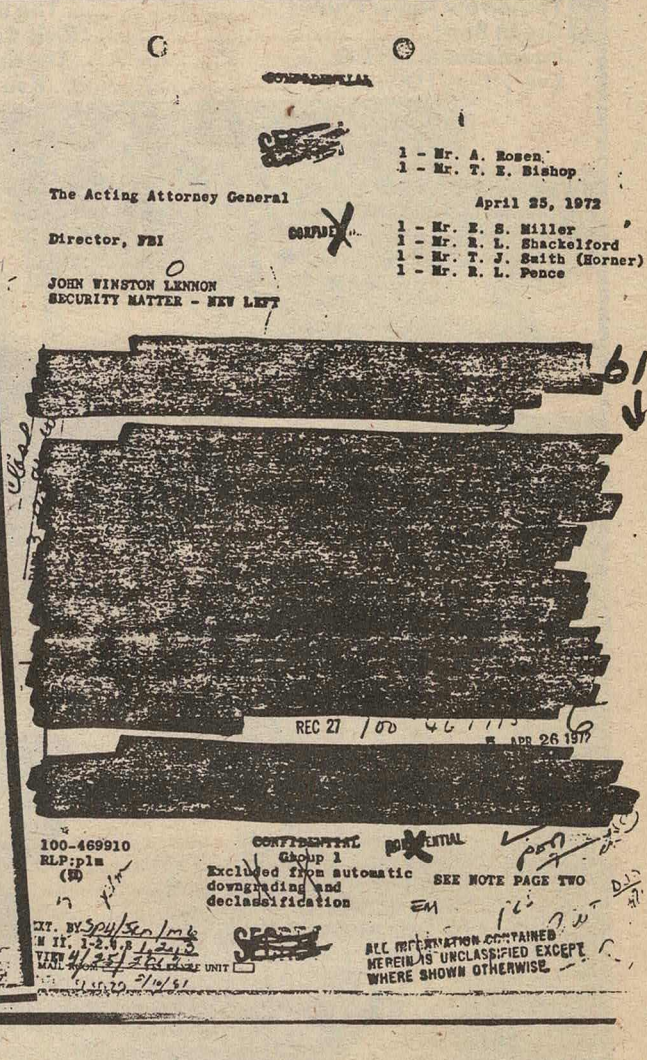
REC-70 62-318-9020

SEP 18 1973

EXPEDITE PROC

Elzur

Cleveland



1 - Mr. A. Rosen
1 - Mr. T. E. Bishop

The Acting Attorney General

April 25, 1972

Director, FBI

1 - Mr. E. S. Miller
1 - Mr. R. L. Shackelford
1 - Mr. T. J. Smith (Horner)
1 - Mr. R. L. Pence

JOHN WINSTON LENNON
SECURITY MATTER - NEW LEFT

REC 27

APR 26 1972

100-469910
RLP:pln
(11)

Excluded from automatic downgrading and declassification

SEE NOTE PAGE TWO

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED EXCEPT WHERE SHOWN OTHERWISE

WHAT ARE THEY HIDING?

What was Project Artichoke? Was Mark Chapman programmed to kill by the CIA? Why are the FBI refusing to release nearly 200 documents on the Lennons?

In Part Two of *NME's* investigation into the circumstances surrounding the murder of John Lennon by Mark David Chapman, we look at the FBI files on government harassment of the Lennons; examine various CIA experiments to create unwitting, hypnotised assassins; and talk to the scientologist who was the victim of Chapman's strange behaviour just prior to the Lennon killing.

Next week, *NME* looks at Chapman's psychological background — the doctors who have treated him and the mental hospital course he took in Hawaii.

WAS LENNON the subject of official Govt. surveillance and harassment? And, if so, was he the target of those concerned with maintaining the 'status quo'. Could his return to public life have been a reason for 'concern' amongst those who kept him under close scrutiny almost a decade ago?

The files that the FBI kept on Lennon were recently released under the US Freedom Of Information Act (FOIA) to ex-Yippee A. J. Weberman.

Out of 281 documents that were reviewed by the FBI only 82 were finally released. Most of them were so heavily censored that the phrase 'freedom of information' seems nothing more than a joke. Even so, what has been released shows that Lennon was a major target of official 'investigation' of 'subversives', during the last Republican administration's term of office (1968-1976).

John gets his green card to stay in the USA after FBI surveillance of the Lennons had left his files under 'pending-inactive' status.

Copies of all the documents released by the FBI were made available by Weberman to help with *NME*'s investigations. They show that around the time that the US Immigration and Naturalisation Service (INS) were attempting to have the Lennons deported, the issues motivating the INS were far more political than the 'declared' reasons of Lennon's 1968 conviction for possession of marijuana in London.

Numerous documents show that FBI offices in New York, Washington, Miami and Houston, Texas, all had agents either following the Lennons or digging into the backgrounds of those with whom they were seen. One document headed 'Confidential' dealt with the fact that "during Lennon and his wife's current stay in the United States they made a public appearance along with Jerry Rubin on the Mike Douglas television show . . ." Rubin, at the time, was a prominent member of the Yippies — a US based dope-oriented revolutionary group some of whom once outraged David Frost by lighting up joints on his TV show.

The Mike Douglas show appearance was on Feb. 22, 1972, and it now seems that this may have marked the start of the official campaign to get John and Yoko out of the country.

A number of different groups, from Yippies, Weathermen and the Rainbow People's Party, were suspected of planning to organise disruption of both the Republican and Democratic National Conventions due to be held in Miami and San Diego later on in the year. The FBI suspected that Lennon was planning to attend the demos and to organise benefit gigs in support of the disruption efforts.

FROM MARCH 1972, when the battle for permanent residency began, John and Yoko were under constant surveillance. The fear that Lennon might have been planning to go to Miami for the

John & Yoko's nude cover attracted the attention of J. Edgar Hoover himself.

August Republican National Convention is central to many of the FBI files released to Weberman, one of which shows in a memo to the acting Director dated 30th August, 1972, that a case agent travelled to Miami with the Weatherman Task Group he had infiltrated in order to see if Lennon was present.

Other of the files reveal the authorities' interest in any and every aspect of Lennon's life. Files were kept on his being offered a teaching post at New York University, for instance. Others show internal requests for transcripts of any "electronic surveillance" that the FBI or the INS might have initiated against Lennon.

Some files show communications from FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover explaining to someone that they could take no action regarding the photo of John and Yoko nude on an album cover.

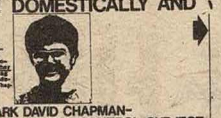
But all in all, what has been released so far also shows that by the early autumn, after much surveillance of Lennon — the reports of which were sent even as high as Nixon's adviser H. R. Haldeman — agents assigned to the case were unable to find any connection between Lennon and the New Left worth watching. The only cause for concern seems to have been Lennon's drug habits. One document read: "Irony of subject being appointed to President's Council on Drug Abuse, if true, is overwhelming since subject is currently reported heavy user of narcotics and frequently avoided by even Rennie Davis and Jerry Rubin, convicted Chicago Seven Conspiracy trial defendants, due to his excessive use of narcotics."

Agents were advised to make special efforts to determine if it was at all possible to bust Lennon for possession of narcotics.

ONCE AGAIN WE ASK:

WAS CHAPMAN A PROGRAMMED ASSASSIN?

APITALISM! DOMESTICALLY AND



WATCH THE UNFOLDING COVERTRON CHARADE:

Don't still hope to channel anger onto Chapman as the "lone assassin who just happened" with similar "programmed" CIA-type "mind control" to "take out" Lennon. Also or groups who curse Chapman in court etc.

MARK DAVID CHAPMAN—
A PROBABLE C.I.A. MIND CONTROL SUBJECT PROGRAMMED WITH A COMBINATION OF HYPNOSIS & HYPNOTIC DRUGS ACTING UPON A PRIOR PREDISPOSED BELIEF PATTERN (IN AN ALREADY PARTIALLY MOTIVATED HIGHLY SUGGESTIBLE INDIVIDUAL) SIMILAR TO SIRHAN SIRHAN AND MANY OTHERS!

THE PRECISE TECHNIQUES OF MIND CONTROL ARE KNOWN AND CLEARLY DESCRIBED IN DETAIL IN THE BOOK THE CONTROL OF CANDY JONES by DONALD BAIN wit DR. HERBERT SPIEGEL AND LONG JOHN NEBEL, PLAYBOY PRESS, 197

The book The Control of Candy Jones explicitly describes the CIA's programming of a famous NY model who was living 5250 hotel, radio commentator and amateur hypnotist who detailed her and partially deprogrammed her under hypnosis after he married her. Candy Jones describes how she was manipulated through hypnosis & hypnotic drugs to become a programmed assassin.

WITHIN A month of Lennon's murder, *NME* received a three-page communique from the untraceable Alternative Information Service (AIS) claiming that Chapman worked for a secret intelligence group aligned to the US Naval and Air Forces. It claimed he was just a 'tool' of the military and that he was deployed to kill Lennon because they feared that Lennon's return to public musical life might also signal his intended return to political life.

His anti-war convictions might have strengthened and matured during the past decade and the AIS communique claimed that the military establishment feared he might become active in opposing the resurgence of cold-war hysteria that would guarantee them greatly expanded defence spending budgets expected under the incoming Reagan administration.

NME looked at other 'theories' concerning Chapman that were rife at the time and at every turn came across the concept of "Programmed Assassins".

As mentioned in our 10/1/81 article "Was Lennon Shot To Order?" the US Navy and Airforce Intelligence sections have carried out 'mind control' experiments since at least the late 1940s. Known at various stages of its existence as Project Bluebird, Project Artichoke and then MK Ultra, MK Delta and MK Naomi, and each having a multitude of sub-projects, the programme is officially admitted to have ended in the late 1960s. CIA representatives testifying before congressional committees have assured the enquirer that the experiments were inconclusive, showed negative results and were indeed stopped in the late '60s.

Investigators of military 'mind control' efforts tend to agree with that — though they generally go on to say that while the experimental phase has ended the 'operation' phase has only just begun. CIA documents obtained by *NME* from the Scientology-sponsored Citizens Commission on Human Rights (CCHR) who petitioned for them under the US FOI Act, indicate that there is more truth behind the apparently paranoid allegations of 'zombie assassins' than most would give credit to at first.

The two characteristically censored CIA documents dealing with the subject matter of Project Artichoke reproduced below, show that in the early '50s US Intelligence Agencies were attempting to discover whether or not it was possible to influence a person to commit an assassination of a targeted individual upon command. The methods explored are clearly concerned with a combination of hypnosis and mind-bending drugs, designed to produce an obedient and oblivious 'programmed assassin'.

It is now generally accepted that the experiments were conducted with the use of mental hospital patients, university research facilities, and on both military and civilian prisoners. As the documents show most of these guinea pigs would have been 'unwitting' — knowing nothing about their part in such tests.

As *NME* reported in January, occasional slip-ups have occurred which have greatly embarrassed the US authorities, like the case of Lt. Cdr. Thomas Narut. While at a Nato conference in Oslo in July 1975 he stupidly admitted to Peter Watson of the *Sunday Times* that the US Naval Intelligence had taken murderers from prisons, conditioned them as political assassins and placed them in embassies around the world.

He claimed at the time that he was personally involved with such programmes, but later said that he was only talking 'theoretically' — while US Naval spokesmen in London referred to the Commander's "personal problems".

NME's own enquiries over the months since Lennon's death have led time and again to other researchers who point to Hawaii as one of the major centres of military-directed 'mind control' research. The fact that Chapman was 'treated' on at least two separate occasions at the prestige Castle Memorial Hospital in Honolulu after suicide attempts, has only served to fuel the arguments of those who have been researching the 'programmed assassin' experiments.

Much is currently being made of the bizarre coincidence that has allowed Dr Bernard Diamond — the psychiatrist who hypnotised Sirhan Sirhan many times — to make similar psychiatric tests on Chapman. Speculation is increasing as to whether or not Diamond might have hypnotised Chapman during his efforts to determine if Chapman was competant to stand trial.

There are some investigators who claim that the purpose of Diamond's access to Chapman was to ensure that his 'programming' was securely hidden behind a series of post-hypnotic blocks, impenetrable except to those with the correct 'keywords'.

AS LUDICROUS as this may seem, there is a multitude of evidence available indicating that the US military has made much use of these techniques over the past 30 to 40 years. The best documented case is that of '40s pin-up girl Candy Jones, who around 1960 was contacted by a Dr Gilbert Jensen and asked to do 'patriotic' work for the CIA. She was told that now and again she would be called upon to deliver envelopes to certain military personnel at various locations around the world. But the mysterious Dr. Jensen who saw her often, insisted that she needed regular doses of 'vitamins' — which Candy allowed to be administered against the advice of her normal doctor who couldn't understand why Jensen was injecting her intravenously (in the vein) instead of the usual intra-muscular method (in the flesh).

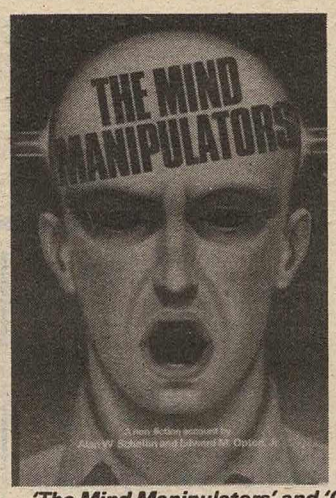
It now seems that the 'vitamins' were probably some hypnotic drug like Thorazine, used by Jensen to get to the deeper layers of Candy's mind. The real military messages were hidden behind a succession of post-hypnotic blocks, accessible only to those with the 'keywords'. Candy had often wondered why her contacts were uninterested in the envelopes she was led to believe contained the messages she was delivering.

It was only after her marriage to John Nebel in 1973 that the truth began to emerge. One night, as her husband tried some light hypnotic-oriented relaxation techniques on Candy, he discovered how she'd been hypnotised by Jensen, and over the following months emerged her true mission for the CIA and US military: missions which were proof of 'operational' mind control deployment during the period that CIA officials testified on oath to Congress that such programmes were experimental only, and had reached unsuccessful conclusions.

If this is so then should we look closer at allegations that Chapman was hypnotically programmed to shoot John Lennon? Again, *NME* contacted Mae Brussell in California. Her first comments were a mixture of anger and frustration. "How come people always fall for this crap?" she asked despairingly when requested to comment on the judge's acceptance of Chapman's 'conversations with God in my cell'-inspired guilty plea.

"Diamond did the same sort of thing to Sirhan," she told us, "He hypnotised him and convinced him that he had acted alone." Like *NME*, Mae feels that the opportunity to have closely studied Chapman's background has now been denied to the public, as Chapman will no longer be news until his August 24th sentencing.

But her 15 years of research and file-building, focussing at various times on the killings of everyone from JFK, RFK, Martin Luther King, Salvadore Allende, attempted killings of George Wallace, President Ford and others, through the 'untimely' deaths of every rock musician from Jim Morrison, Brian Jones and Jimi Hendrix to John Lennon, has led her to advise all investigators to mourn the missed opportunity of publicly scrutinising the mysterious Dr. Bernard Diamond.



THE CIA'S PLOT AGAINST AMERICA
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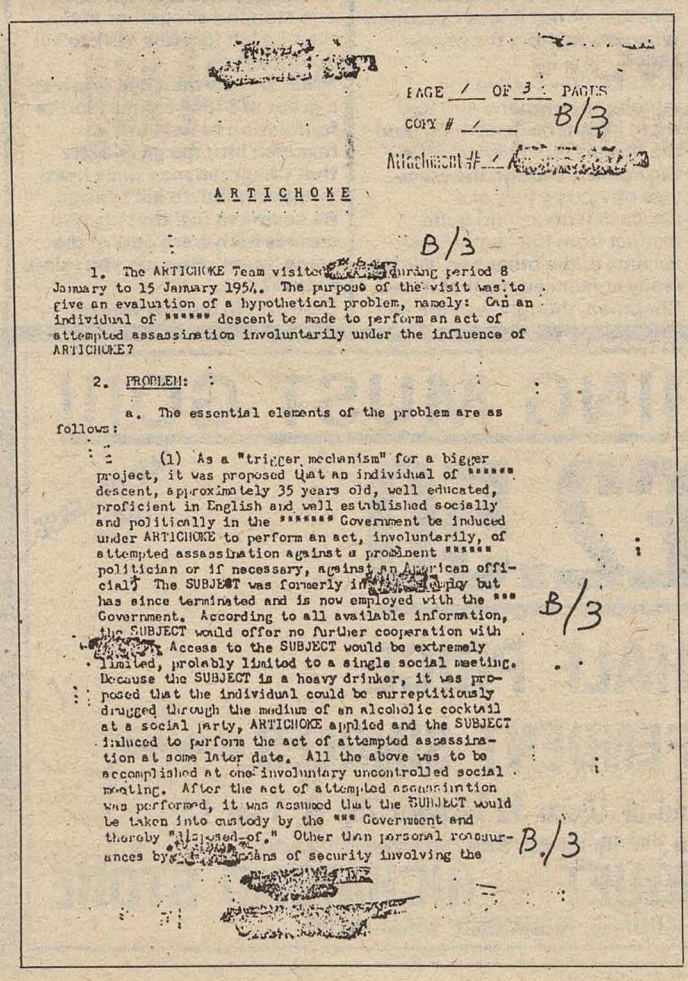
'The Mind Manipulators' and 'Operation Mind Control' books which detail the history of CIA experiments into mind control and programming people to kill through drugs and hypnosis.



PAGE 1 OF 3 PAGES
COPY # 1 B/3
Attachment # 1

ARTICHOKE

B/3

1. The ARTICHOKE Team visited [redacted] during period 8 January to 15 January 1954. The purpose of the visit was to give an evaluation of a hypothetical problem, namely: Can an individual of [redacted] descent be made to perform an act of attempted assassination involuntarily under the influence of ARTICHOKE?

2. PROBLEM:

a. The essential elements of the problem are as follows:

(1) As a "trigger mechanism" for a bigger project, it was proposed that an individual of [redacted] descent, approximately 35 years old, well educated, proficient in English and well established socially and politically in the [redacted] Government be induced under ARTICHOKE to perform an act, involuntarily, of attempted assassination against a prominent [redacted] politician or if necessary, against an American official. The SUBJECT was formerly in [redacted] employ but has since terminated and is now employed with the [redacted] Government. According to all available information, the SUBJECT would offer no further cooperation with [redacted]. Access to the SUBJECT would be extremely limited, probably limited to a single social meeting. Because the SUBJECT is a heavy drinker, it was proposed that the individual could be surreptitiously drugged through the medium of an alcoholic cocktail at a social party, ARTICHOKE applied and the SUBJECT induced to perform the act of attempted assassination at some later date. All the above was to be accomplished at one involuntary uncontrolled social meeting. After the act of attempted assassination was performed, it was assumed that the SUBJECT would be taken into custody by the [redacted] Government and thereby "disposed-of." Other than personal reassurances by [redacted] means of security involving the

B/3

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CIA documents that give details of projects 'Artichoke', 'Bluebird', MK Ultra, and MK Delta, and now released under the Freedom Of Information Act.

WAS A SCIENTOLOGIST CHAPMAN'S FIRST TARGET?

ANOTHER RESEARCHER contacted by *NME* is Long Island psychiatrist Dr. Nathaniel Lehrman — who in January this year received a $1000 grant from the Florida based Kaltenborn Foundation to look into the possibility that Chapman might have been 'programmed' to kill Lennon. He claims that the 'insanity defence' which Chapman's lawyer and psychiatrist (Diamond) advised him to plead, is often used to cover up assassination conspiracies.

He cited numerous instances of 'convenient use' of the insanity plea by obviously sane and guilty killers — a plea which often gets the killers back out on the streets after only 18 months or so.

He gave *NME* examples of what he feels constitutes 'official harassment' directed against opponents of psychiatric procedures — civilian and military — in the US. But he mentioned in particular the case of Dennis Clarke, the Co-ordinator of the Scientology-sponsored CCHR in Honolulu, Hawaii.

Dr. Lehrman told us that Clarke was the driving force behind the CCHR-initiated campaign of legislation in Hawaii guaranteeing 'mental patients rights'. Clarke worked from the Scientology HQ in Honolulu which was directly opposite the building where Mark David Chapman had a job as a security guard. In the few years prior to his meeting Chapman, Clarke had co-ordinated the campaign that finally resulted in laws being passed in the state of Hawaii allowing mental patients to refuse electric-shock and drug treatments.

Interestingly the preceding enquiry was chaired by Dr Mee Lee, the Director of Mental Health for the state of Hawaii — the same man who set up the psychiatric programme that Chapman went through at the Castle Memorial Hospital, where Mee Lee still attends some patients. Mee Lee, along with another doctor who has periodic work connections with Castle Memorial Hospital, Dr Marvitt, were amongst the leading opponents of the 'mental patients rights' campaign.

Chapman: the security guard who hyperventilated.

It is said that Mee Lee knew Chapman, and that this association is the key to understanding Chapman's recorded period of direct attacks on Hawaiian Scientologists in general, and Dennis Clarke in particular.

A transcript of a telephone interview with Dennis Clarke on June 23rd, 1981 appears below. . .

NME: Dennis, I've just talked to Long Island psychiatrist, Dr Nathaniel Lerhman, who tells me that while he's pleased that Chapman's guilty plea has been accepted, he feels that instead of more psychiatric tests, enquiries should be made into the identities of his co-conspitators. He claims that "He hypnotised him and convinced him that he had acted alone." Like NME, Mae feels that the opportunity to have closely studied Chapman's background has now been denied to the public, as Chapman will no longer be news until his August 24th sentencing.

But her 15 years of research and file-building, focussing at various times on the killings of everyone from JFK, RFK, Martin Luther King, Salvadore Allende, attempted killings of George Wallace, President Ford and others, through the 'untimely' deaths of every rock musician from Jim Morrison, Brian Jones and Jimi Hendrix to John Lennon, has led her to advise all investigators to mourn the missed opportunity of publicly scrutinising the mysterious Dr. Bernard Diamond.

"I don't think it was Mark who pulled the trigger — maybe his body but not his mind," says David C Moore, a YMCA official who worked with Chapman.
— Source: NEWSWEEK 22.12.80

Chapman was part of an organised group who 'terrorised' yourself and other Scientologists. Is this true?
CLARKE: Let me say right from the start that I don't altogether share Dr Lehrman's view that they were *organised* as such, but Chapman and his two friends did give us concern during the few months immediately preceding the Lennon killing.

Perhaps I should start at the beginning. One day last September I saw Chapman on the roof of the building where he worked as a security guard, chasing some intruders, who escaped over a balcony and back into the building. Soon the place was surrounded by police, but the intruders — just kids really — appeared at the front entrance. They are said to have asked the cops what was happening, at the same time telling the cops that the place was dangerous, and that some guy was on the roof recently throwing bottles. The cops told them to get out of the way, or whatever, and proceeded to raid the building. The kids got into their yellow VW and drove off. So I went down and across the street to tell the police what I'd seen. I was explaining the description of one of them to these officers when Chapman hysterically interrupted saying "See. See. That's the one. See, see I told you. He was climbing over the balcony." Chapman was really hyperventilating. It left an impression on me.
NME: When did you meet him next?
CLARKE: We'd been getting complaints from some of the girls working here that Chapman and two of his friends were always shouting abuse at them as they passed. And that the 'macho' remarks were getting worse as time went on. One day my sister again told me of Chapman's continual verbal insults against her and so I decided to go and talk with him. He remembered me and was polite and apologised about my sister.

I asked him if he had anything against Scientologists and he said he hadn't. Then I told him of the work that was done with old people and underprivileged kids and he seemed receptive enough, but when I talked about CCHR and our campaign to win 'mental patients rights' he changed. He became fidgety and then when I tried to explain our opposition to the 'insanity defence' he got more hostile and eventually broke off the discussion and left . . . It was about a week later that I got the first death threats.
NME: Are these the ones reported in *Newsweek* last December? The ones where Chapman is said to have whispered 'Bang. Bang. You're dead'?
CLARKE: Yes. I used to get them sometimes 30 or 40 times a day. But there were other incidents also. One night at about 2 A.M. a girl who was working late heard a loud crash outside. She went to the window and saw that someone had thrown a rock through the Scientology sign outside. She saw a guy who looked very much like Chapman running away. Unfortunately that was not the only rock-throwing incident, there were others.
NME: Did you report any of these incidents to the police?
CLARKE: Yes, but as I'm around six foot four and 240 pounds, they maybe felt that I wasn't in much danger, and told me there was nothing they could do unless he actually attacked me.
NME: What about the other two guys? Who were they and what did they do to help Chapman in his campaign of abuse and threats against you?
CLARKE: Well, one of them, a

Continues over

LENNON

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

local Hawaiian lived in the same block as Chapman; I've heard in the next flat. The other guy was just living in the neighbourhood and hung out with those two. They all liked to make suggestive 'macho' comments to the girls but wouldn't say anything to any men. And it wasn't just Scientology girls either. Any female who passed by was fair game for their abuse.

NME: Did you try to determine whether or not it was Chapman who was making the phone calls?

CLARKE: Yes I called the telephone company and told them about the 'breathing' and the threats, but they said 'Call the Police'. Though the voice was obviously that of a Caucasian male, and quite distinct from the heavy local accents of the other two. What really convinced me that it was Chapman, though, was the fact they decreased rapidly when he left his job across the street — and stopped altogether at the time he left for New York to kill John Lennon.

NME: Dr Lehrman has received a grant of $1000 from a Florida foundation to help in his research into the possibility that Chapman may have been 'programmed' to kill Lennon. He seems to feel that his two cronies here were part of the same 'team'. How do you relate to that?

CLARKE: In the few weeks before the Lennon killing I was on the mainland working with other CCHR people on a campaign. During that time, I have since discovered, Chapman was seen wandering around the area near my home — after he had bought the gun. Though some people have suggested that he might have been looking for me I tend to feel that his visit to the MIKIKI Mental Health Clinic, located very near to my home, is much more significant. He tried to get in there asking for help, but they wouldn't allow him in. They referred him instead to some Church-run self help group. Within a few days he'd left for New York and shot John Lennon.

NME: Do you think that Chapman may have been fighting against what some have suggested was his hypno-programmed assignment when he went there asking for help? Do you believe that such programmes existed at all?

CLARKE: It is a matter of public record now that research into those areas has been going on for some time. The ex-CIA agent John Marks has got many documents released under FOIA that give a good idea of the narco-hypnosis interests of the various Govt agencies.

It is a fact that much of this type of research, officially called 'behaviour modification', goes on in the state hospitals here and the University. But whether or not Chapman might have been a 'subject' — unwitting or not — of such programmes is impossible to say. I think his two friends were just guys he hung out with.

NME: Do you think that the prominent role you personally played in both the 'mental patients rights' campaign and the current efforts to have 'insanity defence pleas' scrapped, might have made you a target of opposition from the psychiatric profession? And, do you feel that there is any substance to Dr Lehrman's suspicions that Chapman might well have been encouraged by such 'interests' in his campaign of threats and abuse against you?

CLARKE: Well, I wouldn't like to think so, but there again, as Chapman was in Castle Memorial Hospital for two treatment periods, and considering Dr Mee Lee set up the programme that Chapman went through, it is obvious that they had met. Chapman actually worked at the hospital after his discharge for quite a while and had adequate opportunities to get to know Mee Lee. But from what I know about Mee Lee I find it hard to believe that he personally could have encouraged Chapman, or anyone else, in the 'abuse' and 'threats' campaign against me.

NME: If, as many instigators of the 'programmed assassin' experiments maintain, Hawaii is a major centre of such mind control research, and that private as well as state owned mental facilities are used in this search for effective military applications of psychiatry, who in local Govt. would be ultimately responsible for such programmes?

CLARKE: That would be the Director of Mental Health for the State of Hawaii, Dr Dennis Mee Lee, which could fuel the arguments of most conspiracy seekers. But CCHR has looked deeply into both military abuses and civilian uses of psychiatry, and our studies all over the world have shown an alarming rate of instances where individuals have walked out of psychiatrists offices and very soon killed someone. Many psychiatric programmes currently believed to be therapeutic only tend to alienate disturbed people often with disastrous results. But in answer to your question. Yes the psychiatric profession both military and civilian have the ability to create, either deliberately or accidentally, Manchurian Candidate-type programmed killers.

3 November 1960

TO: [redacted] G

FROM: [redacted] G/A

SUBJECT: [redacted] J

#1

1. Objectives. The [redacted] Program is designed to test and apply methods of hypnosis that differ in several important respects from those employed in conventional psychotherapy, in conventional experimentation and in conventional applications to clandestine problems. The first objective of the program is to carry through realistic tests under field conditions. The second objective is to establish procedures on the basis of these tests to make the techniques available for operational use.

2. Elements to be tested. For maximum operational application, the [redacted] technique must be able to achieve the following effects:

#2

a. Induce deep trance in an unwitting and unwilling subject.
b. Induce deep trance rapidly, i.e., within seconds.
c. Produce indefinitely durable amnesia concerning the trance.
d. Produce indefinitely durable control of future behavior through post hypnotic suggestion, including behavior in conflict with the subject's normal pattern.

3. Criteria for Field Tests. Because of the sensitivity of the method, field tests must meet certain criteria. These are:

#3

a. Minimum flap potential. If a test fails in any of its elements, the results must be of minimum concern, embarrassment and security damage to [redacted] (Note that the nature of the technique is such that normally the elements can be scheduled for testing a sequence that will prevent disclosure of embarrassing or damaging intentions. Individual cases must be adaptable to this scheduling.)

b. Security of [redacted]. The fact that [redacted] experiments with hypnosis is not especially sensitive, but the

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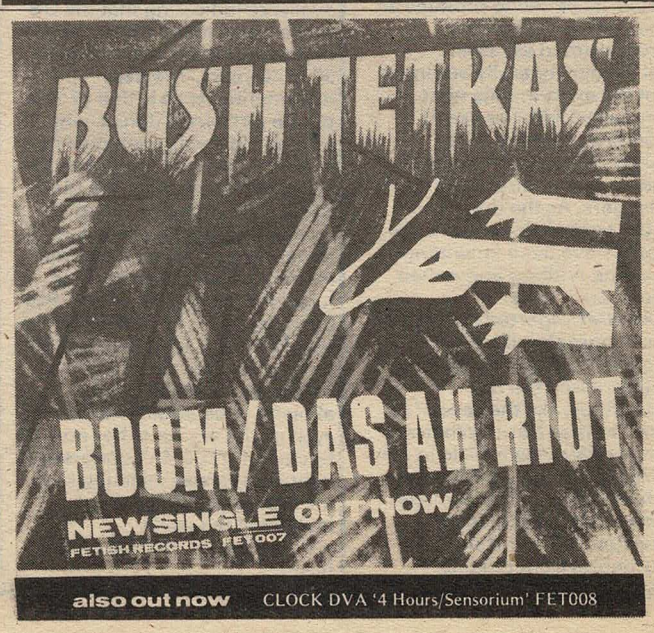
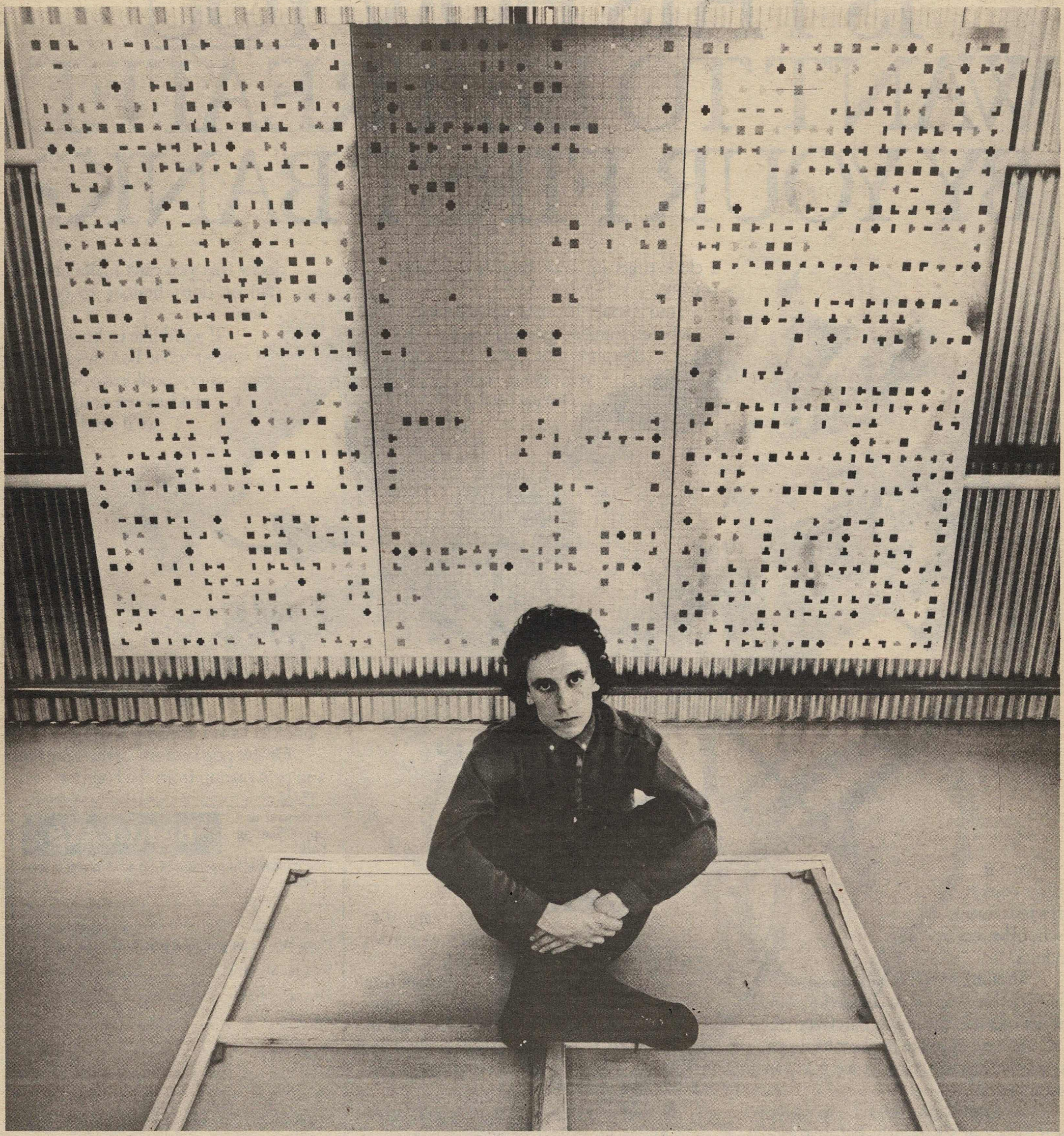


BRIAN CLARKE AND HIS OLYMPUS OM10.



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If you would like to know more about Brian's work, he's the subject of Quartet books' latest publication written by Martin Harrison, simply entitled 'Brian Clarke'.

This coincides with the Robert Frazier gallery presenting an exhibition of his, called New Painting, Constructions and Prints, at the R.I.B.A, 66 Portland Place, London W1.

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BOWIE FOR BREAKFAST!

David's golden years get shredded as Angie spills half baked beans.

IN THE SLEAZOID tradition of Britt Ekland Elvis' ex Ginger Alden, and the former Mrs Brando, Anna Kashfi, Angie Bowie has now produced a tome of her own. It's entitled *Free Spirit* and features a truly corpse-like photo of the former Mrs B appropriately extending her hands in supplication on t'cover.

In the preface, we're told that Angie was "prepared" to become David's wife not because she needed to gain that sought-after 'Permission to Settle' stamp on the old passport (being a Yank) but because she and David had achieved a "mutual understanding". Viz: ". . . . that infidelity would never threaten our marriage . . . that we would never give way to jealousy and possessiveness . . . that we would never harbour secrets from one another . . . and we would remain together forever and no one would infringe our commitment."

Angie extrapolates further: it was *she* who lectured David about "the one obstacle which has plagued human relationships for centuries". Contraception? Joint bank accounts? Who takes out the laundry? No! *Suspicion.* "Suspicion," Angie informed her prospective hubby, "is the one element that kills a marriage."

Strange then that the following 176 pages of pompous self-obsessed bilge are so absolutely riddled with suspicion — not to mention jealousy, envy, competitiveness and — eventually — sheer ennui.

Of course this is achieved at the expense of a few other things — like candour, chronology, and accuracy. Bowiephiles will search in vain for even their £1.50's worth of info about the man, particularly in those Vital Moments one would assume the former Mrs B is equipped and seemingly ready to Tell All about.

Sex, for one. Though she credits her failed marriage as the single act which brought the "light of love" and liberation sweeping down on bisexuals and homosexuals all over the world, Angie gets remarkably coy when it comes down to the nitty gritty for which people buy artefacts like this. The illicit affair with a student of her *own sex* which got her expelled from boarding school? Well, a) it happened because Angie promised Dad to remain a virgin until the age of 18 so it seemed *practical,* and b) it boils down in print to "We made love — sweeping all our frustrations aside." That's all, folks!

Same with Bill from Raynes Park to whom Angie eventually capitulated ("He was specialising in marketing and I could listen to him talk for hours"). Same for David, too. "Do you jive?" asked the Space Oddity when they first ventured forth *a deux,* to catch King Crimson and Donovan at the Speakeasy. "Jive?" replied our heroine. "Certainly." Later she found that making love to David was "the fulfilling experience I secretly felt I could achieve with a person in whom I could find genuine love".

Hot stuff, eh? You will also look in vain for any honest mentions of drugs, envy, pervy psychological permutations, or "question marks in David's career". Why? Because for the first half of her marriage Angie was in the kitchen and for what was left of the second, she was out on the town name-dropping.'

There *is* lots on CLOTHES, however. (Though let it be said here and now that AB would not a *Women's Wear Daily* writer make). Those first magic moments with DB, she carefully notes, found her in her "purple velvet three-piece trouser suit and wild fuschia silk shirt with purple silk tie". This fibres verite obsession reaches its apogee on page 123 where we find David has developed a passionate "penchant for hats . . . Sombreros, Panamas, berets and bowlers . . . David tried them all!"

The true dual (duel?) relationship of the saga is not that of Angie and David at all, but her emergent battle with "petite Corinne Schwab" who began as DB's secretary and ascended (as 'Coco', though that ain't in the book) to a particular, peculiar control over Bowie's person and affairs. The truly intriguing details are of course missing, but we do get a full epic expose of flying steamer trunks, dodgy alibis, and huffy exits as Angie subsides into a siege of obvious jealousy, possessiveness, and *secret-harbouring!*

Enough. It's hardly necessary to mention that Angie did absolutely nothing else except be 'Mrs Bowie'; the book's illustrations feature shot after shot of her in elaborate get-ups for plays, events, and TV shows which never happened.

It *is* necessary to warn you about Angie's 'poetry' though, because it prefaces EVERY chapter. (Sample: "I feel your presence like a pleasure dream/My heart's on fire, my brain could scream/There is no joy in silent anguish; only a bequest"). But if you hold out to the bitter end, you *can* discover that the 'bizarre', 'glittering' polysexual 'butterfly' has finally learned something "about sex. Once I just regarded it as a physical thing and unimportant. Now I know it is something very precious that can only be shared with the one person you love."

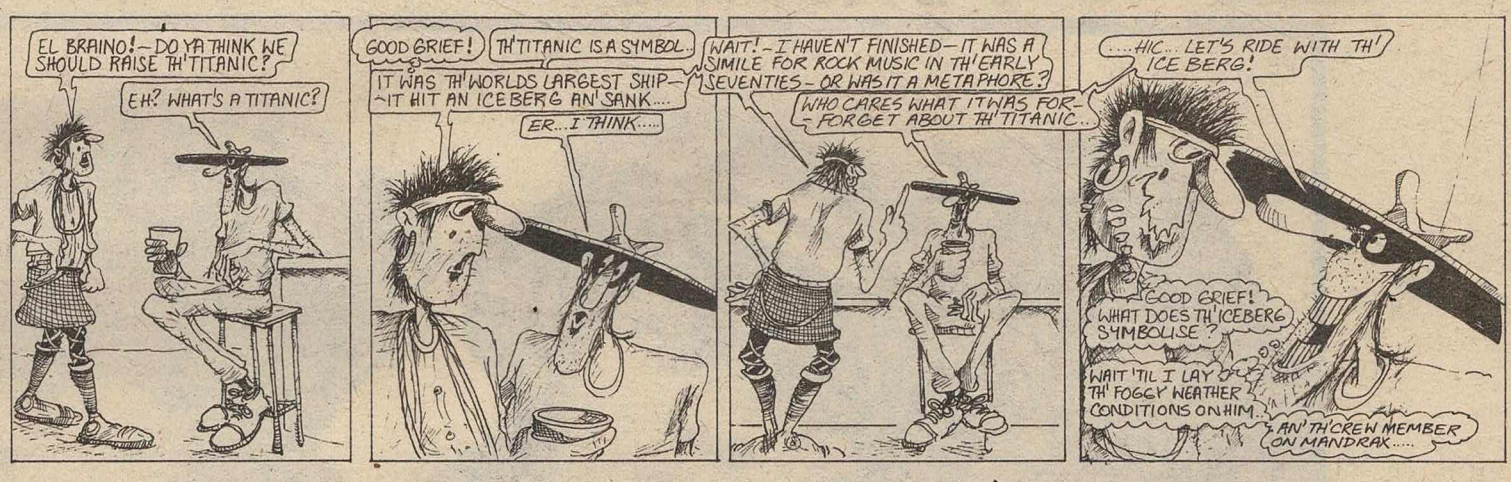
A break from the heady whirl of Tupperware parties for two trendy Beckenham housewives making their weekly trip to the local Laundrette.

Gee. Perhaps there's a job waiting for her on *Jackie.*

● *Free Spirit* by Angie Bowie; Mushroom Books, £1.50. Available at better British Rail bookstalls everywhere.

CYNTHIA ROSE

Benyon ~~~~~ The Lone Groover


EL BRAINO!—DO YA THINK WE SHOULD RAISE TH' TITANIC?
EH? WHAT'S A TITANIC?
GOOD GRIEF!
TH' TITANIC IS A SYMBOL..
IT WAS TH' WORLDS LARGEST SHIP— IT HIT AN ICEBERG AN' SANK....
ER... I THINK.....
WAIT!—I HAVEN'T FINISHED—IT WAS A SIMILE FOR ROCK MUSIC IN TH' EARLY SEVENTIES—OR WAS IT A METAPHORE?
WHO CARES WHAT IT WAS FOR— FORGET ABOUT TH' TITANIC..
....HIC... LET'S RIDE WITH TH' ICE BERG!
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TOSH, PETE!

NOT EVEN THE STRANGLERS COULD GET AWAY WITH THIS

PETER TOSH'S nifty unicycle is leaning against the wall of his hotel room — temporarily out of action with a flat tyre. But Tosh, in London for a couple of shows at the Rainbow, has certainly never looked better nor seemed more congenial.

"I hear this album and it is *fantastic*", he says brightly, referring to his latest offering, 'Dread And Alive'. He claims the reason his albums haven't done so well in the past is mostly due to the lack of generosity on the part of his American distributors — at that time Atlantic.

"My records did not get one per cent of promotion in the US. Atlantic did not know what to do with them, they did not know how to market them so I became a victim of that particular shit-stem, seen?"

He neatly side-steps the point about his records getting progressively softer since joining forces with the Glimmer Twins. So does he regret signing with Rolling Stone records in the first place?

"No, I do nothing I regret, man, because I try to do nothing that is abominable and as long as it is not an abomination then there is nothing to regret, you understand? I'm only sorry that the first two records didn't sell more than they did, although 'Bush Doctor' did become a gold album".

The single taken from 'Bush Doctor' — 'Don't Look Back', which featured Mick Jagger giving vocal support — also went gold but Tosh isn't planning on repeating that particular performance again.

"It was just one of the ways of getting the music across to everyone because more than 20 million people know Mick Jagger — who knows me? OK, it didn't work as well as we'd expected it would, but we did get through to a few of them."

This time around Tosh has teamed up with Gwen Guthrie for one track on the new album, 'Nothing But Love', a song written by Fred Harris. Is he trying to put paid to his image of being tough on women?

"What? Me? Ha ha ha — it's only a fag that hates women. The rasta man loves women, seen? We know that woman is beautiful and woman has that tender touch. So when anyone tells you that bullshit, tell them Peter Tosh *loves* beautiful women, seen?"

I mumble something about equality — equal rights and all that. Tosh explodes.

"What? How can a woman be equal to a man? Unless she can show me two balls! A woman cannot be equal, my dear. The last time I saw the inequality of women was in America. There were some women libbers in New York who were trying to prove themselves equal to men so they went down to the wharf to get jobs and they were given the task of moving 50 bags of flour. Well, the first woman lifted up the first bag and she nearly went to hospital. And that makes a woman unequal to a man."

Intellectually?

"Well, my respect for a woman works out in sympathy."

"Cho man mek her talk about something else." Herbie Miller — Tosh's manager, who's been on the phone for most of the time — cannot contain himself any longer. Now instead of just talking he's almost strangling the receiver with his clenched fist.

Things can't have been too easy for Tosh and Miller; there are a lot of tricky subjects to avoid, especially as Tosh has arrived in London scarcely a week after Bob Marley's funeral and every journalist insists on asking the same thing: "What do you feel about Bob Marley's death?"

Tosh has already come in for criticism for a statement he made to the Jamaican press about how The Wailers were only good when he and Bunny were there to embellish the works.

"They've been spreading a lot of rumour," says Tosh bitterly. "I just confirm what I said to the first journalist, who may misinterpreted my statement. What I said (and I can say it here, there or anywhere) is that Bunny and I were the decorators of Bob's music — we added to it and make it beautiful, seen?"

Tosh accepts the fact that Marley is dead but expects no such fate for himself — a total optimist.

"No, I will not die — death and I do not associate, no time. You see, death becomes so natural that people come to believe that they must die."

Isn't that what usually happens?

"*People* must die but not everyone who walks upon this earth is people, seen? You have angels who live here — who defy death."

And you're an angel?

"Of course. Because only angels can go through what I

Continues over

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I GOT IT AT BERMANS ACTUALLY

Is "Don't dream it, BE it!" still your war cry? If so, your big chance is coming up. This will occur on Saturday, July 11th, thanks to one of the older partnerships in English showbusiness: that of Bermans, the traditional Theatrical Costumiers, and Nathans, the military tailors with whom they merged some years ago. On said Saturday they will be auctioning a whole raft of items of dress "from the Stone Age to the Space Age". All are the overspill from their warehouse in Camden, London, which houses over a million costumes and accessories. Most are able to be 're-cycled' from production to production, but others (like the *Moonraker* flying suits, the commandos' outfits from Space 1999, the *Rollerball* jackets worn by that film's Japanese attack force, and various *Henry VIII* rigs) are too "recognisable".

They aren't the only stuff potential self-glamourisers can peruse. There will be 'Adam Ant' Hussar jackets' for around £23, morning coats from Edwardian epics, and ladies' fashions from the '20s and '30s right up through "mini-dresses from Swinging '60s films and TV shows".

"For buffs and curio hunters", the same premises will, as of 14th July, sell posters, film memorabilia, T-shirts, toys and an impressive range of designers original sketches for costumes (these are from both stage and screen and date back as far as 70 years) signed by the artists. First plans include sale of *Evita* and *Clash Of The Titans* souvenirs.

Bermans & Nathans sale; July 11th at Bermans Theatre Shop, 18 Irving St, WC2.

CYNTHIA ROSE

TOSH

From previous page

have gone through and not die in the process."

Tosh is referring to the time he was beaten up by the police in Jamaica while in the process of being arrested for possession of herb.

"There were ten guys beating me in the head and they try every fatal blow to make me die and if that doesn't kill me I don't know what will. I was beaten in the head until my scalp was as soft as porridge, seen? I had to use both of my hands to try and shield my head and one of my hands was broken by the blows. The police were brutal, *deadly* — there was not a smile or pleasantness on their faces. All of them had the mark of death on their foreheads. Afterwards about two loads of police and soldiers took me to hospital, after they found out that I will not die, because they put me in jail to bleed to death."

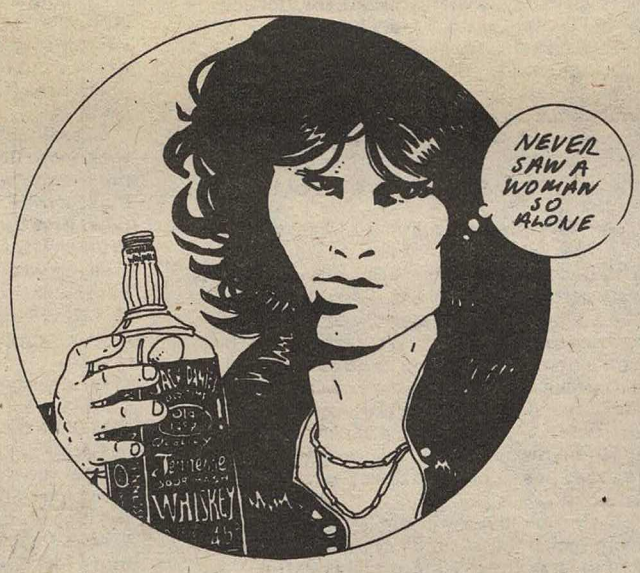
All of this has had a marked effect on Peter's work.

"Yes, people look at me differently these days," he says, "because now I sing about nothing but love . . ."

ROZ REINES

JAMES DOUGLAS MORRISON

Dec 8th 1943 — July 3rd 1971



"Show me the way to the next whiskey bar / Oh don't ask why."

— Kurt Weill / Bertolt Brecht

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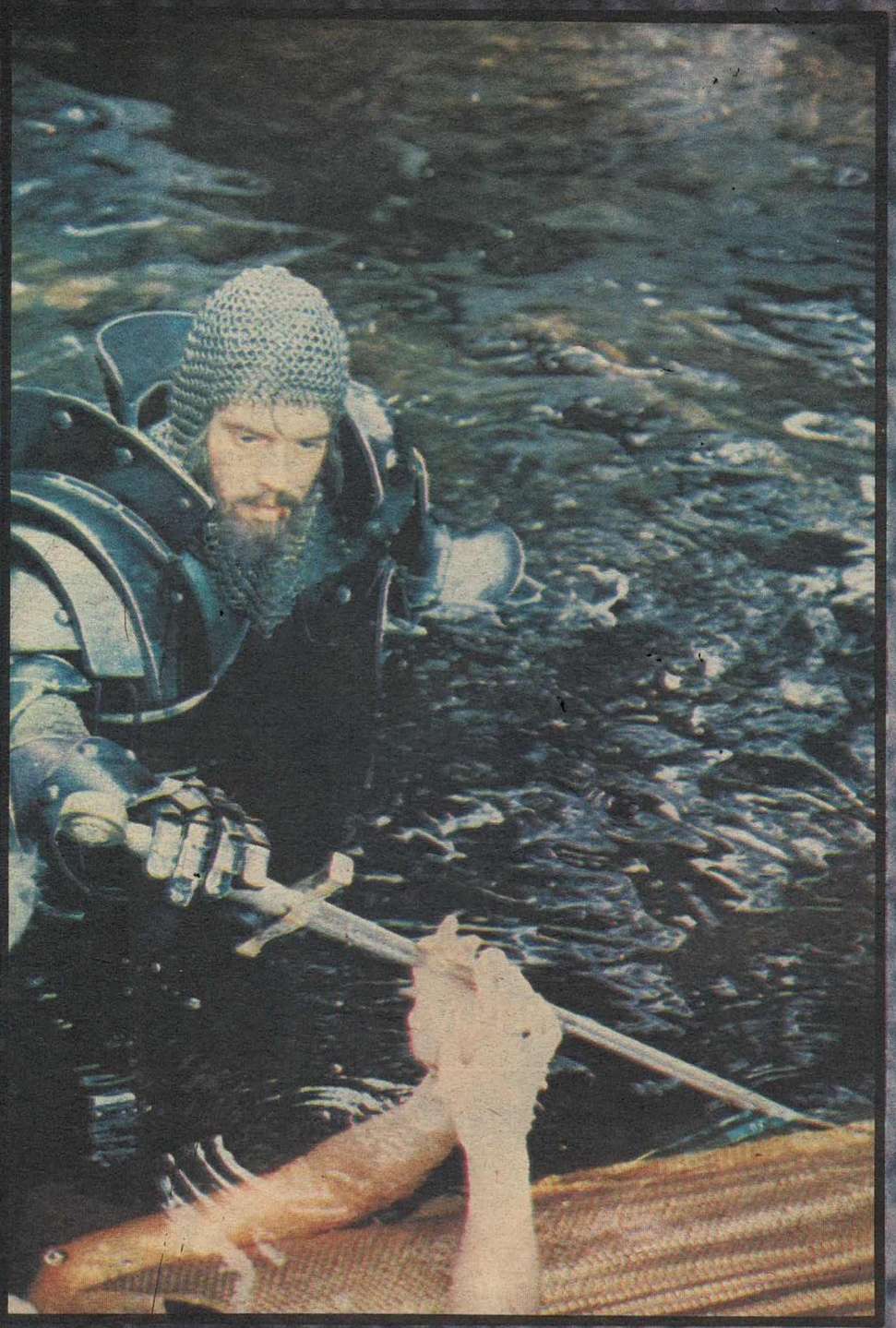


ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST...

Excalibur

Directed by John Boorman

Starring Nigel Terry, Nicol Williamson, Helen Mirren and Nicholas Clay (Warner Bros)

AS THE most modest follower of the modern music scene will readily testify, the power of myth is no fictitious force.

If myths can mushroom to outstrip reality in the twinkling of a few hit records, an early death (or just close), or a record company promotional budget, then the endurance of the King Arthur legend should scarcely be a surprise.

The myth of the once and future king has come tumbling down the centuries scarcely bothered by the relentless march of what we moderns fondly call 'civilisation', finding resonance in the hearts of humanity through all manner of political and technological upheaval, so that even as the first men strode on the moon musicians were composing paeans to the court of Camelot (take a bow Donovan) and at the time of writing Ten Pole Tudor rides the charts borne aloft with the chivalric chic of the mediaeval era.

Fresh life and colour are now breathed into the Arthurian myth by John Boorman's outstanding cinematic tribute *Excalibur*. Early word of Boorman's intention to commit the story to film aroused fears that he might make of it something that would fit neatly into the current spate of lacklustre 'sword and sorcery' flicks, all sinew, sex, blood and butchery, *Texas Chain Saw Massacre* back projected onto Camelot without the songs.

Such fears prove misplaced, for while *Excalibur* will undoubtedly benefit from its sword and sorcery associations (face it, it's the blueprint for most of the wretched genre), Boorman has ensured the warmth, humour and humanity of the story are well represented alongside the fire and clash of battle, and that the search for spiritual truth that underpins the tale is respected and explored.

Sensibly, Boorman has stuck closely to the classic version of the tale recounted by Sir Thomas Mallory in the 12th century. We have Arthur the strangeling, the lad who can draw the sword Excalibur from the stone while princes and gentry fail. We have Arthur the noble and inspiring king, who establishes a rule of justice and compassion over his kingdom of Albion, until the human fallibility of his court — Guinevere and Lancelot, his wife and his best friend, become lovers — leads to pestilence and decay settling over his country.

Only the recovery of the Grail — the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper — can reverse the decline, and it is to the humblest knight of Arthur's round table, Sir Perceval, that this quest finally falls. Perceval's eventual success means Arthur and Lancelot are renewed to fight the decisive battle in the Civil War against Mordred, Arthur's bastard son by the witch Morgana, who has both secured Arthur and cast away the benificent Merlin underground, in the coils of the Dragon.

The untidy, epic sprawl of the tale is well captured by *Excalibur* which clocks in at well over two hours long. In keeping with tradition, Boorman sets it in the Middle Ages, though the 'historical' Arthur, if indeed he ever existed, was most likely a Celtic Roman fighting a rearguard action against the invading Anglos and Saxons.

The story is, of course, much, much older, and the mediaeval age used it primarily to explore the rarefied and often absurd codes of chivalric conduct which were rife in courtly and upper class circles, and to reconcile their own Christianity with the still tangible legacy of the 'old religion' which was still widely practiced and felt. Hence, the traditional 'homes' of Arthur, Tintagel (which Boorman chooses) and Glastonbury are not only centres of Chritsian faith but also sacred sites of four thousand years and more ago.

Likewise, *Excalibur* gives credence to the power of the sorcerers — Merlin, erratically if charmingly played by Nicol Williamson, is the real power behind Arthur's ascendancy to power, just as it is Morgana that helps bring his downfall — and to the power of Christian 'redemption', symbolised through Perceval's achievement of the Grail.

The film is a feast for the eyes, not only in its colourful and occasionally fanciful reconstruction pageantry and battle, but in its alternately lush and austere invocation of the English countryside's seasons, and their proximity to everyday life.

His knights are depicted as the mediaeval equivalent of a Panzer division, their costumes given a baroque twist which takes the tale out of any possible historical context and places it firmly into the realms of the mythical.

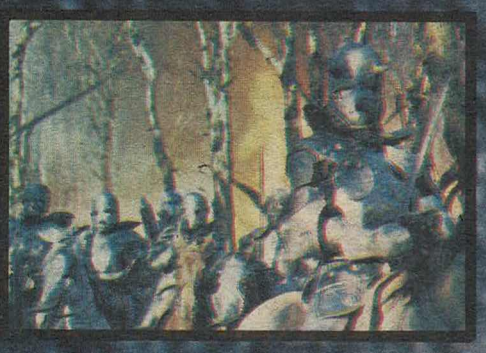
Occasionally, the science fiction plasticity that made Boorman's *Zardoz* such a mostrosity surfaces — Merlin's Stonehenge looks a trifle shiny and wobbly — but for the most part the 'magic' and 'mystery' that are promised by the sword and sorcery flicks is realised with stunning power and threat. In particular the ravages and suffering of Albion as Arthur slumbers are keenly depicted, the evil as tangible as Mordred's hideous golden armour.

Finally, though, it is the sheer optimism — perhaps escapism — of the story's resolution that wins through, the transendent power of, yes, love and forgiveness.

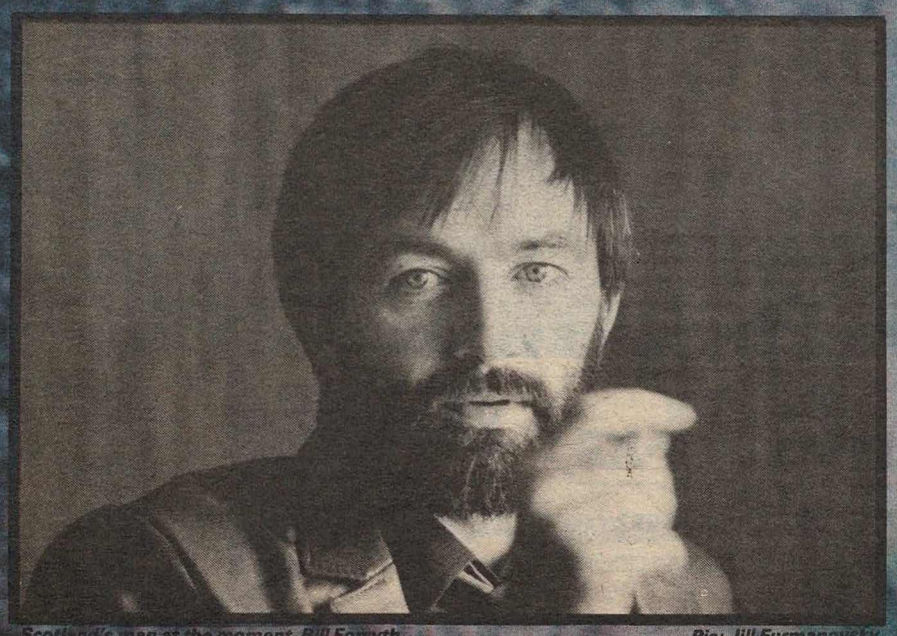
Don't go thinking that makes *Excalibur* anything to do with the wishful thinking of the hippie era, any more than the National Front's fanciful adoption of the Excalibur motif for their HQ means that when King Arthur arises once more from his slumber to help Britain in its hours of need he'll be on their side; with any luck, Arthur would save us from the likes of *them*.

Albion awake!

Neil Spencer



Left: Nicholas Clay as the bewhiskered Lancelot, embroiled in savage battle. Below left: Medieval armour trundles into position for the bloody wars of the kingless kingdom. Below right: Nicol Williamson as Merlin, Arthur's mystic counsellor.



Scotland's man at the moment, Bill Forsyth — *Pic: Jill Furmanovsky*

GLASGOW'S BOY

Neil Norman meets the man behind Gregory's Girl, Bill Forsyth

"I WAS thinking to myself how could I attract people to the cinema in Scotland? And I thought, well, football and sex. Probably in that order. . ."

The result of that line of thought can be sampled in *Gregory's Girl*, the fresh, funny, irrepressibly Scottish film that no one seems to have a bad word for.

It is Bill Forsyth's second feature and an astonishing improvement on his first attempt at working with actors — the gauche, ingenuous *That Sinking Feeling* — yet the surprise lies not so much in the fact that *Gregory's Girl* is a totally professional, 'well-made' comedy than that even in the hands of a very experienced film-maker the subject has retained such innocence and natural charm.

Bill Forsyth looks like a film-maker. Slight and dark, he dresses in dark clothes (black shirt, red tie) and sports a neat dark beard and longish hair. A softly-spoken Scot, he possesses a disarming sense of humour, often self-mocking, and has a modest view of his own achievements. And *Gregory's Girl* is an achievement in anyone's terms, despite the fact that it is dangerously easy to overestimate the film's qualities when simply compared with a cinema which today largely boasts histrionic performances and stomach-churning special effects.

I wondered how, having been involved in films over

■ *Continues page 18*

Silver Screen

CARRY ON CASTANEDA

Is Ken Russell an astro nut?

Altered States

Directed by Ken Russell
Starring William Hurt, Blair Brown and Bob Balaban (Warner Bros)

THERE are an untold number of ways in which the human blob can rearrange its paltry plot of what is commonly evaded as 'reality' — different ways to rearrange your consciousness (in the first paragraph, already?) or conception of it: Drugs and the drugs that aren't *Drugs* (alcohol, caffeine, nicotine, TV), religious extremism, meditation, psychoanalysis and what have or has you — each to their own poison or philosophy.

Ken Russell's preposterously epic new film is about the serious getting into of *Altered States*, altering the state of your consciousness and perceptions, tapping the black at the back of your mind — all that sort of semi-mental hokum. Take the stone-set scientific definition of consciousness and squeeze out the blood . . .

***Altered States* — based on a novel by Paddy Chayefsky — takes as its base the recent history of experimentation linking meditation, biofeedback, drugs, religious ceremonies, prolonged isolation and so forth: some extremely wrought routes out of Western rationality and into a raunchier collective inner mind, a sensibility stripped of societal structures down to the first primal screams of need or nothingness. Phew.**

(To give you some idea of the scale of the thing: us critic critters normally get a page or two of synopsis and past credits of stars and director — if they have any — whereas *Altered States* delivered a novella length booklet with *Contents, Introduction* and six chapters, kicking off with *Doubts About Reality!* You said it, Ken. By the way, what *was* the filling in those sandwiches?)

Russell's post-grad protagonist is one Eddie Jessup (played by newcomer William Hurt) who, through a metaphysical mix'n'match of some pretty lethal mushrooms and prolonged immersion in his specially constructed vertical bath tub, journeys to the eye of the id. Not much of a narrative, really — standard Hollywood fare: dedicated loony forges ahead against the advice of wife (Blair Brown) and sober colleagues (whose beards and brows give them away as jobsworths) replete with all the old lines like *The lab simply wasn't built for this kind of thing* and *I won't let you do this to yourself* and *You'll never play ice hockey again.*

But Jessup is committed to his burning idea! — the hell with materiality, I'm reverting — goes boldly out where only Grateful Dead fans have gone before and generally unleashes A Force That Is Greater Than Us All.

The hallucinations and altered physical states (this guy has earthquakes in his arm muscles) are brought to life, as they say, by the magic of the special effects departments — and quite a time (lapse) they have too. We denizens of the stalls get a bazooka or two of eye-boggling imagery blown at our assumptions, shoot through a speeded up *World About Us* programme on miniature nature photography and see the Devil himself get horny . . . This *is* A Ken Russell film, and it *is* completely over top after top.

Now, I'm no fan of Russell's work. I've always found he overindulged his mania for the fabric and experience of cinema to the detriment of the little things I love about movies; plus, I think it would be fair to say that his use of visual symbolism often veers dangerously close to resembling the operation of blowing up a balloon to the point where it is let go and splutters away madly making an absurd, fart-like noise. In a word, wet. (*Tommy* is one of the three films yet to compel me inexorably through the EXIT before its end, along with *Lady Sings The Blues* and a grocery list by Chantel Akkerman).

That said, I found *Altered States* — grandoise, cosmic popcorn — utterly irresistible and unconditionally recommend it; but more like a silly, breathtaking visit to a fun fair than a night at the movies.

It's a ridiculous and possibly conceited combination of oddball comedy and blinding surrealism, mocking mirth and gargantuan metaphysical trek — as humourously impossible as a good cartoon and impossibly intense. The pay off is that *Altered States* dumps the chance of declaring once-and-for-all Man's Utter Abandonment in favour of a cute resolution — the power of Luvv conquers the void, Jung hearts run free again.

Sewn into the *sturm and drang* is a series of cod-comic lines and scenarios the belly-laugh of which — *Carry On Castaneda?* — I haven't got from screen comedy in a long while. Eg: Mr and Mrs Jessup are making love. Emily whispers to Eddie, "What are you thinking about?" to which he replies, straight face and *sotto voce*, "God, Jesus, crucifixion." Try that on your next blind date, fellas!

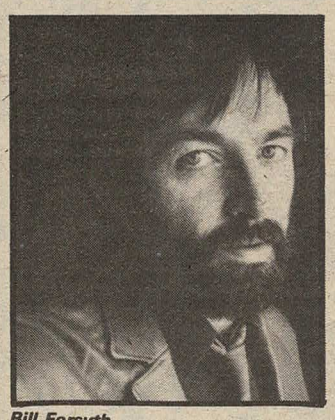
Whether or not all this humour is intended . . . Whether Ken Russell is, in fact, Out Going[illegible]erious . . .

There, perhaps, are the truly unanswerable questions.

Ian Penman

Altered States: the serious consequences of peyote punch coming at you like a cosmic bazooka in Ken Russell's loony epic. Best stick to John Smith's bitter.

GLASGOW'S BOY



Bill Forsyth

■ *From page 16*

half his life (mainly documentaries), he struck upon the idea of working with The Glasgow Youth Theatre for his first dramatic project.

"Because I'd felt I'd reached the end of the road of a career making documentaries and sponsored films, mostly films for oil companies because in Scotland that's the only kind of filmmaking there is. And we also have this tremendous millstone round our neck because of a guy called John Grierson who was the father of the documentary — he invented the term — and Scottish film-makers have been suffering from that for the last thirty or forty years.

"I was making sponsored films as a way of staying in the film business and for a number of years I'd wanted to shake it off and start working with actors. I thought an easy and cheap way to do it would be to work with kids. I thought if I started working with kids there might be a chance I could dominate them and make it easier for myself. I didn't, but I had a terrific time getting to know them. . ."

While he was turning up to the Youth Theatre on a regular basis, he began working on the script of *Gregory's Girl* and while the BFI (from whom he was trying to raise money) procrastinated he wrote and completed *That Sinking Feeling* just to get something down on celluloid. Money for *Gregory's Girl* finally came from two sources, The National Film Finance Corporation and Scottish Television, who each contributed fifty per cent of the cash needed.

He had experimented briefly with two early 16mm abstract narrative films in which he tried to tell a story without actors possibly, he admits, because he was afraid of them; and the idea of a lightly-structured plot is clearly evident in *Gregory's Girl*.

"I don't think you need a lot of story in a film. As long as something happens to the characters, as long as they have evolved, that's the main thing. When I was writing I was worried about the lack of story but things happen as you make the film, characters develop, and that's fine. . ."

A theme that occurs in both movies is the increasingly foggy boundary between male and female roles in the new generation of teenagers. Does he think that sexual identity is breaking down?

"I do, yeah. For me one of the key lines is when the photographer guy says 'In another milllion years there'll be no men and no women; there'll just be people.' I don't know about physical evolution but I think that spiritually and politically that's going to happen. It's happening in our time. It's more a behaviour change. That's a very firm belief for me."

So despite having spent over half his life working in a business which, on his own admission, "is a fairly grubby concern", Bill Forsyth still retains beliefs and ideals which have little to do with the more materialist aspect of film-making. And despite his confessed love for the 'grubby concern' he can create movies of genuine innocence and vital warmth. How?

"I don't know where it came from. I see it in *That Sinking Feeling*. We were being desperately serious when we were making that, desperately professional, and we thought it could stand up against *Apocalypse Now* any time while we were shooting it. It was the nearest thing to a real film any of us had been engaged in but watching it now it's completely naive. It's like a Rousseau painting. . ."

Is that, perhaps, a real reflection of Bill Forsyth?

"It must be."

For films on TV and current circuit releases see ON THE BOX and IN THE CAN, page 36.

Bond on ice

For Your Eyes Only

Directed by John Glen
Starring Roger Moore, Carole Bouquet, Topol and Julian Glover (United Artists)

AT LAST a Bond film with the gall to check the awesome technological progress of the series, which has taken it from once genuine intrigue to the mess of machinery and gimmicks that was *Moonraker*. Then, the international production team would have been hard put to top that one without leaving earth forever for *Star Wars* territory.

In *For Your Eyes Only* Bond is forced to rely on his own resources and not those of his office's dirty tricks department. All we see of them is a fabulously deadly fake plaster cast splatting a dummy into the wall before the film gets properly underway. After that Bond is off on the trail of an allied defence mechanism from a sunken spy ship, now in danger of falling into enemy hands. It takes him (and the viewer) on a lush travelogue through Europe's more breathtaking resorts in the Alps, along winding country roads and through Greece.

During the trip Bond chases and gets chased, swapping places with his pursuers on ski slopes and in cars, on mountain sides and underwater. And though he looks as if he's getting a bit old for this game — he even turns down the offer of ice skater Lynn-Holly Johnson's body with a fatherly jest — Moore meets his physical challenges well. If before he has never really risen above being a showroom dummy there to demonstrate the special effects, he is allowed a few more personal characteristics this time, some nostalgic (his interchanges with the still glamourous Miss Moneypenny) and others more recent (recognition of his age).

That said, *For Your Eyes Only* is never more than an adequately entertaining chase film. Stepping out of the 21st century back into ours is a move in the right direction though; but if the series is to continue much longer, how about rescueing it from caricature and re-establishing it as the English institution it once was? I'm sure a touch more accuracy won't alienate the series' international backers.

Chris Bohn

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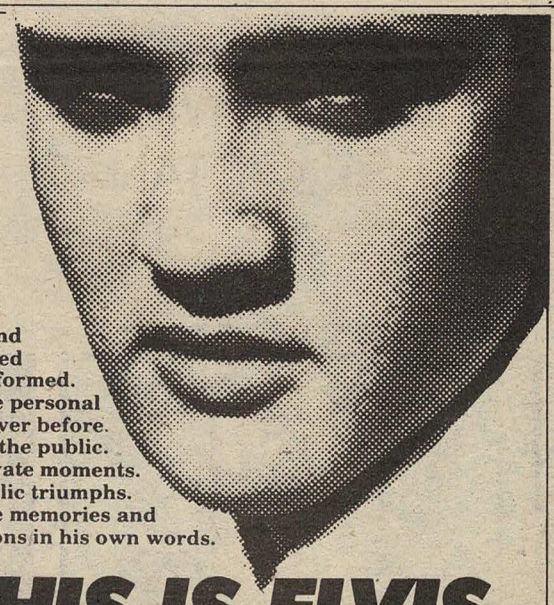

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FORGED PASSPORTS TO A PROMISED LAND

CONTINUES FROM THE BACK PAGE — NICK KENT INTERVIEWS BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND OBSERVES THE ROCK'N'ROLL CIRCUS WHEN IT VISITED RECENTLY

"WELL, IT'S like Miami Steve says: If you didn't pick up on it the first time round, you've only yourself to blame."

In the coffee bar of the Carlton Towers hotel in Knightsbridge, Dave Marsh chuckles while quoting the E Street Band guitarist's rationale. Marsh, an extremely short, somewhat gaunt midwesterner with cold, piercing eyes, is best known as Bruce Springsteen's *biographer,* his *Born To Run* tome traipsing through all the stages of its subject's career with an obsessive lavishness bordering on religious mania.

Once called the Teenage Dwarf when he edited Detroit's *Creem* magazine in its heyday of the early '70s, Marsh came to ideological blows with the journal's burgeoning 'trash aesthetic' slant, spurning 'the gonzo shift' for a three-piece suit, wedlock and a desk in *Rolling Stone's* skyscraper offices. The move meant that he aged 20 years overnight — or so it seemed to some of his former colleagues.

Marsh did, however, bridge this leap with a year in Boston working for *The Real Paper,* the 'alternative' journal that became the model for the film *Between The Lines.* More crucially, it was this Boston newsheet that first ran the infamous article in 1974 from which Columbia Records tartly plucked the slogan, "I have seen the future of rock 'n' roll and its name is Bruce Springsteen", thus sparking one of the most controversial brouhahas in the history of rock. The piece was penned by Jon Landau, but it was Marsh who edited it, backing Landau to the hilt.

"However you wish to view the pros and cons of that whole 'hype' issue, the fact remains that Columbia was on the point of dropping Bruce from the label straight after 'E Street Shuffle' had initially bombed. Jon and I knowingly interceded with that article. Clive Davis had been ousted and only the press department really believed in Bruce's worth.

"You could say that we were aware of our intentions."

Marsh often seems remarkably smug. He has a tendency to boast of his closeness to and influence with Bruce, and his zealous ardour is always well to the fore when Springsteen's form is being discussed. Certainly Bruce appears to enjoy talking to Marsh because out of some five lengthy interviews that he has given to publicise 'officially' both the release of 'The River' and the formidable 18-month world tour (now half-complete), Marsh was picked to conduct most of the probing. His features were then syndicated and published throughout the world, frequently as "exclusives".

Of course there's nothing unusual in one journalist forming a bond with an artist — except that Bruce Springsteen's personal press relations person is one Barbara Carr, for the last eight years also known legally as Mrs David Marsh.

For a man who takes such expansive pleasure in conversing with his audience when in concert, Bruce Springsteen is reluctant to talk to the press. Several reasons appear obvious: firstly that rock critics impaled him first as another "new Dylan", then conspired — albeit often unwittingly — to belabour him with sufficient superlatives to evoke an equally fierce back-lash; secondly, and more pertinently: Springsteen is aware of being unable to express himself with the articulacy he feels he should show. During weighty conversations he tends to become ponderous, self-consciously struggling for just the right word — or phrase — with which to frame his viewpoint. His statements are often uttered haltingly, riddled with "y'knows", "likes" and quasi-neanderthal "uhs".

When asked to pinpoint key changes that success has brought, for example, his eloquence is taxed to its gruff-voiced maximum.

"Well, see, that particular word . . . *success,* like, it's all down to what you're aimin' for, I guess. Like, I felt relatively successful when I was just going out and . . . y'know . . . playing the clubs around New Jersey. I was 18 . . . 19, my folks had just moved to California so . . . like, . . . I wasn't attached to a whole bunch of stuff and my responsibilities only involved myself . . . (pause).

"And the guys in my band, of course.

"It was an easy life, just playing the bars. I had an *emotional* outlet . . . y'know . . . I was . . . I wasn't exactly *satisfied* but I generally felt good about what I was doin' even though . . . (self-conscious chuckle) it was no way big time stuff. Like outside of Asbury Park we . . . (pause).

"I mean, if you said you came from New Jersey, everyone'd go . . . (he mimicks a repellant groan of contempt). Like, I didn't know anybody who'd made *a record!* Nobody I knew had anything too much. I mean, I didn't know anyone who'd even been as far as *Pennsylvania,"* he laughs. "Everybody — the band and myself — we stayed real *close.*

"See, for me it was more of a struggle *after* I became . . . uh . . . *notorious!* I mean, sorta . . . after the magazines 'n' stuff. *Then* I felt the struggle. Before I thought I was livin' it up!

"I just figure . . . it's like if you're gonna make more'n 500 dollars a night, you're gonna have more than just 500 dollar problems. That's all there is to it," he laughs. "Y'know?"

"OF THE four weeklies only the staid old *Melody Maker* has plugged away consistently praising the man's work since 'Greetings From Asbury Park' first showcased his talents. *Sounds* and *Record Mirror* have tended either to ignore Springsteen or else afford grudging lip service, while *New Musical Express* has usually been cautious in its evaluations.

There have been a variety of articles on Springsteen, both praising and damning, but a hostile review of his Madison Square Gardens show and Julie Burchill's negative response to 'The River' created quite a stir in the Springsteen camp. Delicate negotiations between CBS and *NME* to arrange an interview were abandoned, apparently after Bruce's management made their feelings towards the paper clear. *NME* most certainly would not have access to Springsteen during his Euro-tour. Only *Melody Maker* was given any kind of audience whatsoever, Dave Marsh informally checking into the latter's office to establish a relationship that would ultimately land one of the writers a precious 30 minutes informally chatting with "the Boss" backstage in Paris *sans* cassette recorder.

Ultimately it now appears to have been simply a matter of smart public relations cooked up by Landau and PR Barbara Carr. The deal is straightforward enough: the national press was essentially the area that needed most attention in order to make Bruce Springsteen a household name in Britain. When Richard Williams stated in the *Sunday Times* that "he (Springsteen) is . . . indisputably the biggest attraction in the world", Landau and Carr's PR plan had scored bullseye.

The wilful application of such tactics in Britain tended to be carried through without regard for the *consequences,* especially to Springsteen's own reputation.

"There's not much people can count on today," Springsteen told *Rolling Stone* last December, unwittingly summarising the basic thrust of his own career-as-personal crusade. "Everything has been so faithless and people have been shown such disrespect. You want to show people that somehow somewhere somebody can . . . I guess you just don't want to let them down . . . Mainly it's important to have that passion for living, to somehow get it from someplace."

That Springsteen has chosen rock'n'roll as a vehicle for stressing a gospel of hope, defiance and unity as a tonic against such demoralised times is at once both perfectly obvious and patently ludicrous. Obvious because it commands such a formidable and impressionable audience, and ludicrous because the same audience can no longer define what it is anymore, so fragmented has the *form* become stylistically that the term itself is redundant.

And it's something to which Springsteen agrees, albeit in his typical halting manner.

"The rock'n'roll *thing* — the phrase itself — has become so . . . so unrealistic. I'm talkin' about the *accoutrements,"* he smirks self-consciously while hoarsely winding his tongue around the syllables. "Not . . . I mean, the 'spirit' is forever out there on the streets but . . .like . . . the other stuff is up at some suite at the Hilton. The 'star' stuff — the 'star' system somehow got hooked up with the Hollywood 'star' thing somewhere down the line in a real negative way. Now some people can do it, some can't. The showmanship, the great *flamboyance* (laughs), that wild outrageousness.

"See, this is one thing I've spent . . . like . . . years and years thinking about, I guess, from exactly the time when *particular* people started offering me those *particular* things. First, the car . . . uh, limousine . . . then the big mansions on the hill. I've always been suspicious of, y'know — the whole package deal and I'm . . . scared of it. I'm afraid because you just see too many people gettin' blown away, gettin' sucked down the drain.

"And Elvis . . .boy, he was the ultimate example of that. Here was a guy who had it all y'know and he . . . lost it or maybe just let it slip through his fingers 'cos somewhere, somehow, he just stopped *caring.* He let himself get fat and he became a cartoon . . . a caricature."

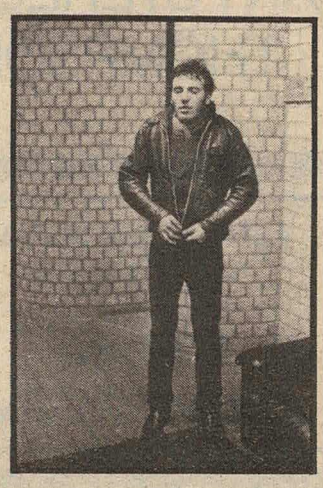
Springsteen pauses and then begins to relate key sequences from the biopic *This Is Elvis* (opening in London shortly but which Springsteen saw previewed several months ago), becoming more animated as he describes early concert footage and then detailing Presley's final filmed appearance several weeks before his death where, bloated and barely coherent, he can only turn the central monologue of 'Are You Lonesome Tonight?' into feeble self-parody.

This declaration of abject redundancy — the artist diminished to feeble buffoon — clearly haunts Springsteen.

"Elvis," he states the name as if evoking some deity, "Elvis . . .now there was a real heartbreaker!"

"On the day Elvis died, the British editors were unusually quiet. The normally would have been jumping all over one another in an effort to control a big story. But the American heartland frightens them."

Inside The National Enquirer by P. J. Corkery.



ALL PIX TRIX VAN DUGTEREN

CONTINUES PAGE 22

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SPRINGSTEEN

FROM PAGE 20

TO MOST OF Springsteen's British fans such displays of emotional catharsis for a figure as distant and comparatively inconsequential to our everyday existence as Presley undeniably was, may seem either corny or pointless. But Presley's story is an obsessive issue to those faceless millions who inhabit the American heartland.

Just as this heartland feeds Springsteen's boundless curiosity with the same haunting images of its past, its hard-boiled present and fearful prospects of things to come under the yoke of Reagan's cowboy hokum, with the faceless threat of Moral Majority and the reactionary constraints, is a major concern to him. Certainly, 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town' — Springsteen's most crucial recording — articulated that sense of commitment with an eloquence that up-ended all previous mock-heroic scenarios involving such sub-*West Side Story* creations as Spanish Johnny and the Magic Rat in favour of the stark relentless pursuits of the album's key spokesman, the lone vigilante (Springsteen himself learning to survive in times of such blight).

SOME 22 HOURS after his first Wembley show Bruce can describe exactly what was going through his mind during the set.

"I tried to relax, y'know, but my brain kept, like, ticking over . . . first I started thinking about my girlfriend (actress Joyce Heiser who didn't accompany him on any of the British dates, although the rest of the E Street Band brought their girlfriends and wives along. Then I started thinking about the show I had to play, . . . see, I've always been haunted by the two gigs we played here back in '75. I've got absolutely total recall of those shows because the first one was *so bad* I was ready to blow up fuckin' Big Ben.

"I stunk that first night and although the second show was . . . a good show by any standards . . . at that time the negative aspect of the London trip — and there were a whole number — came to totally exemplify this huge psychic weight on my head. It has stood out as the breaking point . . . and the turning point. All the record company nonsense, the pressures, the great expectations — I'd lost control and I was crackin' up. Everything became magnified and my viewpoint was just trashed, y'know.

"So here I was, struggling just to stay sane and play a good show, and I was playing to this audience . . . like, London audiences are notorious for bein' very cool y'know, for checkin' you out very cautiously. And the distance between me 'n' the band and that first-show audience was . . . it was jarring, the whole damn thing. I wasn't puttin' my stuff across, I was a heap of nerves, and because it wasn't workin' I kinda went *inside* myself. I saw my whole career collapsin' whilst I was playin' those songs. It was painful and because I felt guilty 'cos it was me, it was my name and my reputation the audience had come to check out.

"When I left that stage, I felt completely . . . I just wanted to drop the whole thing, my career as a musician because my self-confidence was shot. I felt crippled. Everything had gotten too out of control and I felt drained.

"It's good to be back in London. The last time I was here it changed the way I felt about a whole lot of things."

For his recent first night, Springsteen was surprisingly reluctant to talk between songs. The aforequoted sentences, half-mumbled but evidently heartfelt, constituted an awkward hello. Indeed, he only chose to say anything after having performed three songs.

At five past eight, he and the band sauntered onstage, plugged in and instantly Springsteen's coarse, parched voice very deliberately enunciated, "Ah one . . . ah two . . ah one . . . two . . . three . . . four" and the ensemble literally exploded into 'Born To Run'.

"A lot of thought went into that show," Bruce explains. "It's like, the whole concern of playing London again reached fever pitch in my mind. I felt like I was returning to the place where I'd screwed up, where a whole era of my career had reached saturation point. I felt pressure, sure, 'tho my circumstances have changed.

"My whole thing when playing live is to do with a sense of inner self-confidence. I have to feel in control, instinctively it's got to feel right 'cos . . . when I play live, my music has nothin' to do with feeling *relaxed*. That's a key difference: it's more the *challenge*, it's about delivering everything you got.

"I chose to play that first (Wembley) gig straight on the level y'know, because I was *real* nervous and I realised I could only conquer the *fear* element by really submerging myself into the songs. Like, for me the three big songs are 'Born To Run', 'Factory' and 'The River' 'cos I'm singin' through this other character. So I slowed down the tempos on 'Born To Run' and 'The River' — not too much, y'know, but just enough so I could really dig into the songs and connect with the characters.

"I'm on stage for three hours and every muscle in my body is, like, *tight* for that three hours, y'know. I feel like I got a stick up my back, y'know. It's about . . .all about that kind of *tension*, I guess. It was like when you're really *scared*, really all tensed up but you're real . . . *ready!* Y'know?"

TWO NIGHTS before Wembley, Springsteen had played a one-off at Brighton's Hippodrome Theatre. The gig was regarded as "just, y'know, average" by his own fiercely stringent standards, although the audience seemed positively *thunderstruck*. Dave Marsh had arranged for Pete Townshend to see this particular show, along with a small coterie from the Who's office, whilst a contingent of CBS's London work-force had driven down on an outing headed by UK label manager David Betteridge (who'd been quoted in *The Sunday Times* backing up the label's "corporate attitude" by underwriting the tour to the tune of about a million dollars). The press corps were there too, and they'd taken along at least two rock journalists for a possible *tete a tete* with golden boy Springsteen, having already been ferried up to Manchester in a similar, but unsuccessful venture.

After Brighton, however, Springsteen was in a convivial mood and more approachable. Having first jived his way into a band dinner, one journalist decided to chance his arm further and engaged Springsteen in a conversation. They started with an informal exchange about The Drifters' early work, and once a dialogue was going, the writer gamely followed Springsteen as he commenced pacing casually towards the backstage door. But once into the warm night air, he was immediately confronted by a crowd of fans who, instead of mobbing their hero in the time-honoured tradition, simply arranged themselves into an orderly group. Already mildly inebriated from two or three beers (he rarely drinks, due to a low tolerance for liquor), Bruce was delighted to talk to them.

He answered all manner of queries, signed autographs and posed somewhat bashfully — arm-in-arm with several fans. Springsteen asked about their life-styles, their feelings about the government, education, unemployment, and of course musical tastes. But he was a little sheepish and mildly awkward, the supposed distance between star and consumer clearly frustrating and annoying him.

"See, I'm not that well acquainted with . . . y'know all these new 'styles' . . . uh stylisations that are going down really big over here," Springsteen told one teenager who asked him what he thought of Adam And The Ants.

"I read about . . . oh, y'know . . . like, I was pretty aware before I came here that the scene here seems pretty much split up into a whole bunch of different . . . er . . . movements. You know what I mean? And I can see that these groups — the new groups — they're tryin' to do somethin' new and provocative. It worried me, though, cos it's hard sometimes to tell what's actually real and, like, relevant and what's just . . . oh, y'know, *window-dressin'*," he laughs bashfully.

"England's really more fashion-conscious than the States and here I am right now and . . I play more, I guess, old-fashioned stuff. More straight old-fashioned rock'n'roll."

There was immediately a boisterous outburst from the crowd telling him that his show that night had blitzkrieged any charges of redundancy.

A girl in a duffle coat and jeans nervously focused an Instamatic on Bruce and her boyfriend as they posed arm-in-arm. The flash splashed light over the scene, illuminating the tour bus parked nearby, waiting for Bruce. The faces of those in his band and organisation appeared frozen as they coldly surveyed Springsteen getting acquainted with the 'humble folk' who happen to buy his records and who forked out money to see the show that night. They were not happy faces on that bus. In fact, they were pissed off.

Springsteen, however, was far too involved in presenting just the right look for the photograph being taken, and didn't seem to hear the bus engine coughing into life. He placed his left, muscular arm around the youth's shoulder, immediately compelling him to do the same and together they posed, both as self-conscious as one another and attempting to compose the correct facial gesture. For a second their faces perfectly mirrored the expressions of De Niro's La Motta and Joe Pesci's Joey in an early snapshot of the two in the early footage of *Raging Bull*. Bruce didn't notice the bus driving off.

SO BRUCE walks back to the hotel and the journalist follows. They talk about the show that night ("too many broken strings" . . . "it was so hot onstage my damn guitar wouldn't stay in tune for more than one number"), the fans outside,

"Hey, do you know anything about . . . uh, *headbangers?*" Bruce asks out of the blue.

When the term is explained, including descriptions of certain ritual practices, Springsteen looks aghast. "Cardboard

CONTINUES PAGE 24

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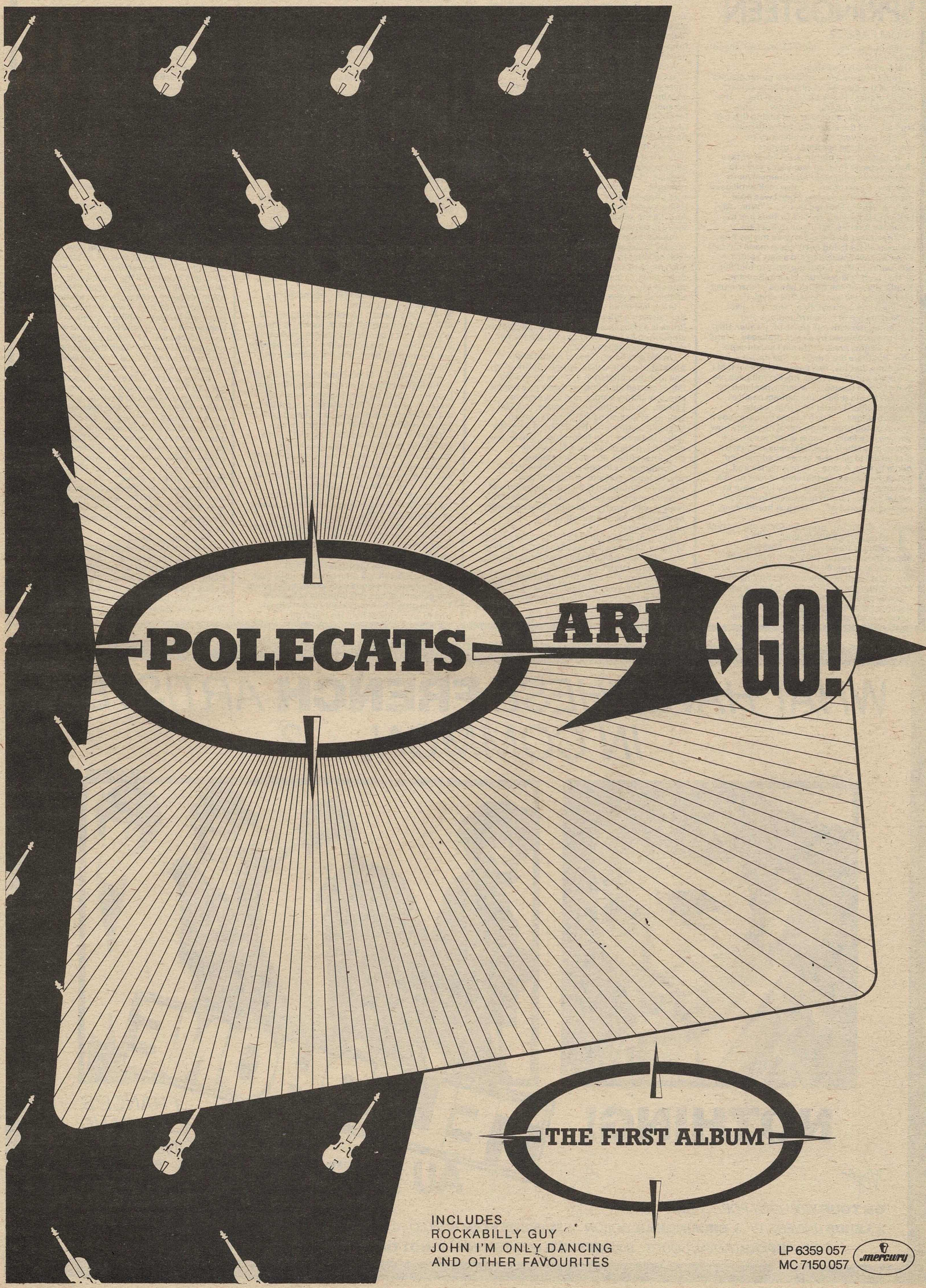
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SPRINGSTEEN

FROM PAGE 22

guitars? Like, they . . . *mime?* They *even* shape the chords?"

He bursts out laughing.

"I ain't noticed any cardboard guitar players at any of the gigs we've played here. So far, that is. (Pause) That's bizarre! Just the . . . the thought of me playing . . . y'know . . . and looking into that audience and seeing this big, big hall — all the aisles blocked with guys miming my every move whilst they're strumming these cardboard guitars.

"In fact it'd be a nightmare. I couldn't face *that spectacle!* God, so many kids seem to want to just completely *lose* themselves in rock. It's like escapism . . . now rock'n'roll gave me the chance to *escape* when I was a kid, y'know. When I listened to, oh . . . "When My Little Girl Is Smiling' by The Drifters just the other day it reminded me all over again.

"That music on the radio gave me my first real reason for being alive 'cos it made me *feel* alive. And whenever I heard a new record — now we're talking about the early to mid-60s, all that stuff, y'know from Elvis to Spector . . . Tamla, Stax, all the British bands — that music sounded so *mir-ac-u-lous,"* he says, emphasising each syllable, "that it . . . like . . . sucked me out of my surroundings and presented me with this sense of, y'know. Hey, OK I'm surrounded by all this drabness . . . and my . . . y'know place in life ain't so hot right now. But there are things in *this music* — real emotions, *real* joy, *real* passion, hope — that I *know* are out *there,* right. Rock'n'roll gave me that sense of (pause) — wonderment and it provided both dream and a direct channel through which I could fulfil that dream.

"Sometimes . . . I don't know for sure, 'cos it would be too presumptuous of me to say how *anyone* else feels, y'know what I mean, but sometimes I think rock has (pause) abused that ability to give that sense of *something better* to kids. A lotta kids in America and, I guess, here use a certain style of rock to, like, just shut off. Completely! They just want to *forget,* to like, numb themselves from their existence. And that . . . that just horrifies me."

THE 'OFFICIAL' predecessor to this current 18 month world blitzkrieg, 1978's arduous traipse all over America — better known as the 'Darkness' tour, the LP released at the same time — is often said to be *the* crucial stint in transforming Springsteen from contender to champion in his homeland.

It was also the same year Jon Landau became his *acting manager,* manoeuvring into the position with deft guile. With the bombastic spectre of Mike Appel fully exorcised, Springsteen apparently didn't feel any great inclination to check out any outsiders: he had a good booking agent, a faithful road crew, a persuasive lawyer, a formidable back-up outfit, a good PA. So he needed a manager?

Well, Landau, Springsteen's co-producer, knew a good deal about business and, moreover, he was plainly viewed as a vital collaborator in framing Springsteen's artistic perspective. After all, he taught Springsteen a lot about the recording studio, methodically providing wider points of cultural reference to Springsteen's instinctual creative savvy.

"Rock musicians today have mastered the details but are losing the big picture," opined Landau when addressing rock's contemporary malaise. "Conviction, warmth, intensity, romance . . . adventure have given way to a cold impersonality. Great rock not only defines what is, but suggests what *might be.* And it's the sense of 'what might be' that we're in danger of losing."

Indeed what Landau was articulating was quickly to become Springsteen's crusade. In fact the latter had always been concerned with such matters, but Landau's articulacy put Springsteen's feelings into focus, provided a context for concerns he'd previously been unable to express properly.

In the last three years Landau has become Springsteen's full-time manager and now that Bruce is a household name a lot of people are wondering exactly what ties bind these two desperate figures together.

On the one hand, there is Springsteen, a product of a blue-collar Catholic upbringing, one of three children in a family where the father earned his living variously as a prison guard, a factory worker and a bus driver. Landau, on the other hand, comes from a well-to-do Jewish background raised on Boston's comfortable North Shore area. His father is a wealthy hi-fi designer, boasting a vital role in the creation of KLH stereo equipment (the L stands for Landau).

Springsteen's image is that of the stocky shy, likeable Jerseyite — a decent guy; Landau's reputation is built on allegations of snobbishness, egoism, an owlish demeanour replete with a mental condition that demands he devotes a lot of time with his psychoanalyst.

A former colleague of his echoes the reports of many who've witnessed the former *Rolling Stone* reviews editor dealing with the role of being Springsteen's manager.

"Every time I've seen him in the last few years, his behaviour has been that of . . . OK fella, now I've got God under a personal contract, who are you?"

Certainly, he is fiercely protective of Springsteen. At the Manchester show, two writers had driven there for a tentative interview. Coincidentally, the news had just come through that the Pope had been shot. When the subject was broached, Landau demanded that Springsteen not be informed of the incident until after the show.

Whereas Springsteen is fairly open when talking to the press, Landau chooses to avoid scrutiny. When queried about his continuing co-production deal with Springsteen, for instance Landau sites a key example about 'The River' 's genesis.

"Bruce reached this point where he'd amassed something like 40 songs and was still intent on crafting a single album out of some incredibly diverse musical areas. It became evident to me the only way it could be best resolved for Bruce's artistic benefit was to make the project a double album package. Initially, he still couldn't quite see it work, he couldn't see a logical sequence in there.

"So I gave him a copy of *Hamlet,* simply informing Bruce that though the play was a tragedy there was still something quite humorous in a sense, though not lighthearted, on every other page. I think that helped him to open up to the overall concept."

REALLY SPRINGSTEEN seems more a solitary character.

"It's weird," he stated during the '78 tour, "but you can tell just by lookin' at them that this isn't a bunch of guys with a whole lot in common . . . it's not really a touring band or just a recording band, and it's definitely one, I'm a solo act."

Although the E Street Band hold their leader in the highest esteem as an artist/performer, they tend not to be seen together much off stage. So unsure of their standing are they that attempting to engage certain members in conversation can prove a frustrating task.

Organist Danny Frederici has a face like a punctured tomato with ugly eyes and a thuggish jaw. The very thought of conversing appeared so contemptuous to him I'm still counting my blessings that he refrained from taking a slug at me. Although more of a 'personality' in his own right, 'Miami' Steve Van Zandt clumsily retreated behind a veneer of inarticulacy. "They . . . uh . . . y'know . . . I . . . uh . . . see, I'm really into that kinda thing, y'know? Not right now. I got . . . y'know . . . nuthin' to say, really. Hey, do you know my girlfriend"?

Finally Clarence Clemons is sighted. Wearing a brash red satin cowboy outfit over his imposing physique with extravagant white ten gallon hat, he grins impishly at the two blonde girls who've suddenly materialised, one to each side of him. His eyes roll lasciviously, he snickers, his lips teasingly mouth innuendos. Watching him standing there the centre of attention and obviously enjoying it, there seemed little point in trying to distract him.

Springsteen was rarely seen promenading outside of his small beige dressing room. In there he would sit, relaxing, like some stocky car-mechanic who'd been tricked into playing Buddha for the week and who was going along with it even though it didn't make any sense. Only ten yards away, the hospitality room would throng with CBS big wigs, has-been rock stars and a few media types. Jon Landau would occasionally wander in smiling benevolently, checking out the hopeful applicants for an audience with Bruce. Maybe one or two would get the golden nod complete with detailed orders from the King regarding exactly how long it would be wise to remain in the boss' presence.

Springsteen would usually be in a good humour, telling one party how he thought the English audience were . . . just . . . y'know the greatest, or how he wanted to leap straight into the studio and put all these new songs he'd been writing out as soon as possible. He wanted to do this, wanted to record that but then he'd pause as if the blatant absurdity of this position was suddenly clear to him. That's when his face would really start to show its age and maybe then it would strike home just how hard he was pushing himself, or how trapped he was, or how fatigued he was — not so much because of what the stage show was taking out of him but more the draining process of being in total isolation while people all round live out their kicks through you.

Then at exactly 2.25 am Springsteen would get into the tour bus and slump into a state of total fatigue. He would drive up to the gates where the fans had just five minutes earlier been informed to line-up, single-file. The 90 kids would clutch their souvenir or favourite album as the van pulled up and Springsteen sat, smiling bashfully as the first of the lucky crowd meekly asked for an autograph.

"Hey, how are ya? Oh, yeah! Well, that's really . . . great, y'know."

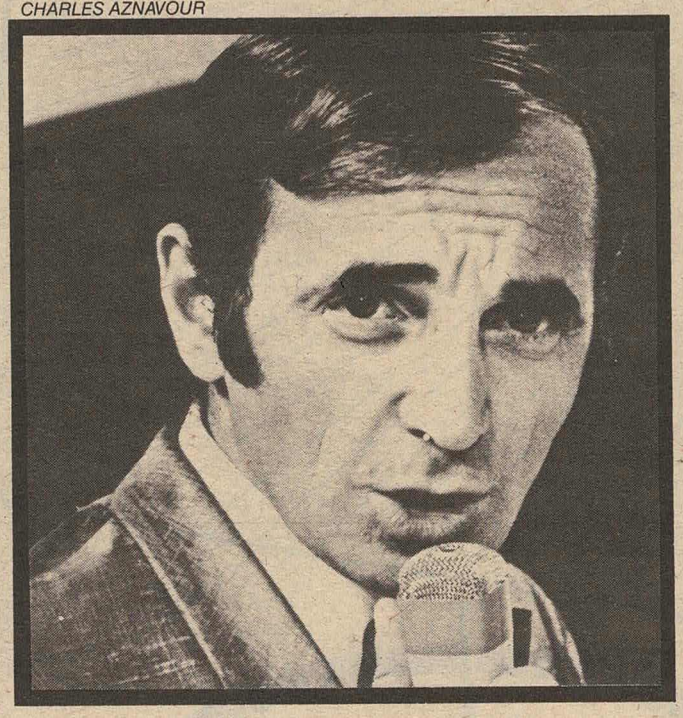
He smiles for another Instamatic snap — click! flash! — and then it's the journalist's turn. We've met before and I've just got into the queue to see this spectacle as a participator.

"Hey, how ya doin'?"

I look into his eyes momentarily and notice that they're not focusing on anything whatsoever. I ask for an autograph — for a friend — and depart quietly.It's five minutes before I realise that the figure standing in a hunched-up position, nervously eyeing each fan as a possible assassin, was Jon Landau.

WHAT HAVE THESE **FRENCH** ARTISTES IN COMMON. . . ?

CHARLES AZNAVOUR



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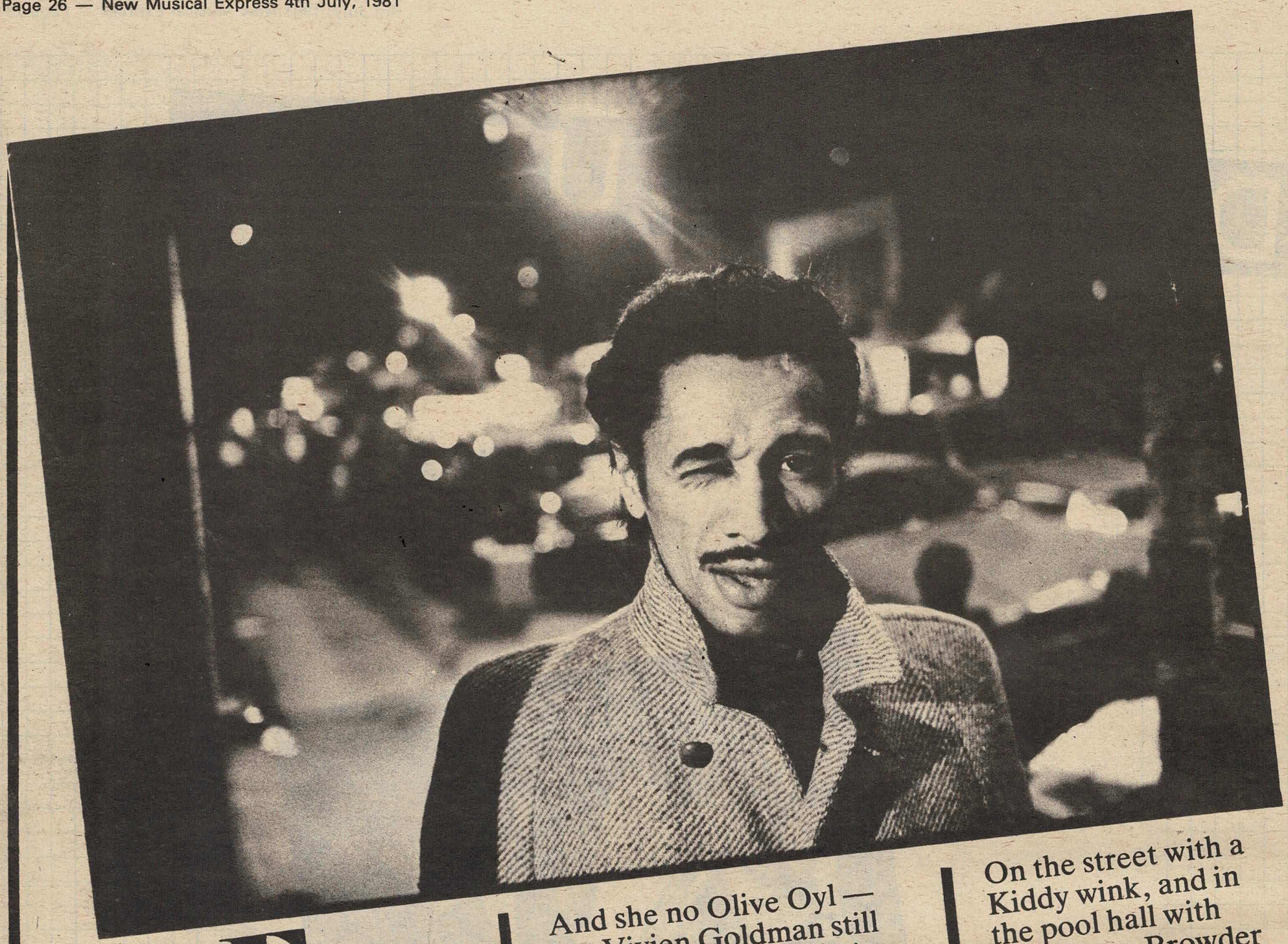

HE NO POPI

And she no Olive Oyl — but Vivien Goldman still meets August Darnell in New York City to learn about the Coconuts' brand new cha cha. Also presenting the Original Crazy Mix-it-up Kid. Colour, culture, sex and music — the Kid threw 'em all together to create the Creole Creed, and proved that pure's a bore.

On the street with a Kiddy wink, and in the pool hall with Kid, Stony Browder and moon-faced Coati Mundi (the real Pop I) — photos by Anton Corbijn. The spot the ball shot of Kid Creole And The Coconuts by Joe Stevens.

"It's all to do with the way I was brought up. Not from the parental point of view, but from the tube point of view. My idols being John Garfield and Humphrey Bogart and those boys — Gable, Spencer Tracey — how they used to dress, Hollywood's idea of style and romance . . . gaberdine three-piece suits . . . I used to be glued to that TV set. Beautiful ties. A whole fashion world. In aspiring to be that as a kid, you started to act like that, and the role becomes you. For a while, you know you're playing a role, then as you grow older, the line becomes eradicated. . ." **Kid Creole.**

THE SHORT order cook at the steamy all-night eatery scowled as he slung the fat around the pan, just like Montgomery Clift or Jimmy Dean would have done. He said he would like to be in films, in one of those action movies with lots of murders.

As he spoke, his body straightened, he flung his shoulders out wide: just like those gangsters with groaning pocket-books, expensive broads and a lovable white-haired Mama who'll swear in the dock that her boy's the best on the block.

"I don't want to be stuck in this dump for the rest of my life," he said. "Don't you think I look like Bobby de Niro? I figure, well hey, I come from the same block as Lucky Luciano."

He wishes he was a Hollywood hero, he knows he's a star. The trick is making yourself into what you want to be, convincing enough people, and convincing yourself somewhere along the line.

It's the Kid Creole way.

August Darnell leans forward and whispers conspiratorially, "Of course, August Darnell is not my real name, but you won't print that, will you, Vivien? Certain information cannot be released. I had to change my name, I'm wanted by the authorities. There are certain organisations that — hey, the tape's rolling. Let's get SERIOUS!"

That day we'd been to see August's tailors, over at the vault-ceiling'd palm-potted offices of his managers (they handle Hall & Oates, too. Daryl Hall was flogging off his old clothes on a rail, but you didn't miss anything groovy, believe me).

"You'll be wearing braces, of course, and the cuffs on the pants, we can peg them like *this*. . ."

It's serious business, more dangerous than the dentist. One slip, and the cut would be, the hang of the cloth would be — *the whole thing* would just be a disaster! In America, August

Darnell's been waging a one-man zoot suit revival campaign for years. He's a man of style, with an archetypal bedroom voice. Most people seem to get stuck on that style, like the stylus in the run-out groove that clicks forever on. Lulled by the cradling cadences of that voice, hanging round *ha-ha*ing at the jokes, can take quite some time.

August is lucky — the serious things he has to say he can express through fun, style, entertainment. He's lived by wooing and seduction (just a gigolo) and still does, making records that would charm the pants off you. His musically oblique strategies would alienate the 4/4 majority, if those melodies weren't entrancing. He says he *tries* to be romantic.

This kid is so open about personal and sexual politics in his songs, that their shock value's sugar-coated with amusement. It's years now since, as Gichy Dan, August authored lines like: *"When a man is young he's like a drum, beating off alone"* and *"Like merchandise, you can't keep a good man down, he's sure to rise"* — both ultra-singalong. When he gets the audience to shout out that they're all Mr Softees, (referring to a song about impotence on his album before last, 'Off The Coast Of Me') he's gleefully conscious of the reversal he's sweet-sung them into; he, the he-ro on the stage, had declared himself to be Mr Softee, that hangdog has-been. The dreaded failure's male self-esteem is reinstated, and people can laugh about their sexual incompetence instead of being so worried about failure that they're even worse lovers than they otherwise would be.

August has had more training in the nuances of sexual politics than most. He's the product partly of Montreal, hence the Francophile tendencies of his unusually polyglot *paroles,* and of the Bronx.

It's one of the boroughs of New York, the territories that surround the sacred isle of Manhattan. The snobbery of Manhattanites towards their neighbours — the Bronx, Brooklyn, New Jersey, Long Island — immediately cuts off valuable input: NY reggae, Brooklyn-based, for example, is unknown to most NY rock fans. The Latin Salsa music that happens on hot doorsteps of both Manhattan and the Boroughs, is equally

ignored — partly because of the communities' self-imposed ghettoism, partly because of a language barrier (Salsaniks tend to speak Spanish), at least as much because of white elitism.

August's Bronx — like the East Harlem of his lieutenant Andy 'Sugar-Coated' Hernandez's (aka Coati Mundi, after a rodent-like animal spotted by August, Andy, and August's little girl in the zoo one day,) is a rich racial mix, where Latin music was the dominant sound.

KID CREOLE, Darnell's self-created alter ego (one of three) used to love hanging out on the Bronx's Southern Boulevard when he was 12 years old, a strip where hookers worked 24 hours a day. When 13 he loved being seduced by all these women in Bronx bordelloes. It was, he recalls fondly, a new experience.

"I always thought I was Erroll Flynn. Till my lobotomy last year. See how the hair's growing back?".

Songs like 'Table Manners' about a man set upon by sexually voracious women craving oral stimulus, on the Kid's new waxing, 'Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places' hark back to those (and other) good old days. . .

"Crazy days of orgies and menages I used to be into before I straightened up. Laughing at it, too, saying how could I have enjoyed those scenes? So demanding."

'Fresh Fruit' is a clever device. It succeeds as an album of songs, and as a scenario. It's something August was wanting to do all the time he was lieutenant to his half-brother Stony Browder in the Savannah Band, that twilight cocktail melange of big band, disco, and Latin vibrations that bought (via hits like 'Cherchez La Femme') Coati Mundi the Cadillac that proved he *didn't* need a Cadillac to inspire respect.

Mundi and August still speak of Browder with great respect, but both make it clear they felt artistically stifled by the band's rigid hierarchy, featuring one Browder on top like the fairy on the Xmas tree.

Until August met his first wife Mimosa — Mimi — the inspiration of this musical meandering, he was a philanderer, "a bit of a man about town", supplementing the musical income with handouts from appreciative women. One noted jazz musician was fond of saying he earned an extra $40,000 a year with his extra-musical rhythm; August didn't give an income breakdown, but after Mimi he sent his harem cards saying he was going out of business.

"Actually, I just cut off contact. Stony actually confronted me and asked if I was under a spell, because me being a homebody was so ludicrous. He thought it was some kind of joojoo hoojoo.

"The Savannah Band had the Mulatto credo" (all its members were 'half-breeds') "and waved the Mulatto flag. We used to hang around with basically Caucasian women, and this turn of mine to a 'native girl' was a slap in the face of the Mulatto creed. Mimi was Haitian, and they were all hanging around with blondes and redheads. When I brought a Haitian girl round, it was taboo.

"Stony had this bizarre idea that we Mulattoes had been in the closet for too long. . .the race that was ashamed to speak its name. Blacks had their Say It Loud, I'm Black And I'm Proud, white had always had their movement of the superior race, so Stony said Mulattoes should be proud of being half-breeds. They should stand on a pedestal and say, hey, I'm the best of both worlds. I have the black rhythm and the white intelligence. That's how far out he was."

COATI MUNDI remembers being staggered when he first went down to audition for the Savannah Band to see all these half-breed men prancing around in make-up and extravagant gear, but that shock was nothing compared to the kinks displayed in Browder's Powell-esque racism; applicants to the Savannah Band had to fill in a questionnaire about their blood lineage as if they were race-horses or National Front devotees.

"This was around '75-'77. It was very sick. The Press were alarmed, because blacks started saying, We don't want to hear about no goddam miscegenation. They said if you had one black parent you were black. Caucasians didn't want to hear about it, because they're ashamed of the fact that plantation owners raped those *poor, innocent* black slaves, and that the result was beautiful children. It was a sick stage inasmuch as we took it too far. Stony's still doing it — I've dropped it in lieu of Creole music and the Creole Credo. Which is almost as sick.

"I would say this much — the longer we live the more difficult it will be to find a pure race. What he was saying had its parallels in our music. It was Hispanic, it was black, it was Caucasian. Melodies have come to be associated with the white man's world of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Cole Porter or Gershwin, which is as absurd as only associating rhythm with Africa, saying, rhythm is the dark side and melody's the white side.

"Creole is being used loosely as Mulatto, meaning a combination of races. Creole is the combination of French and blacks in New Orleans. I use it as a beautiful symbol of the amalgamation of different cultures musically."

All through his post-academic career — August has a Master's degree and used to teach/learn from kids — he's been putting all these musics into a blender, frothing about men's, women's and youth's voices together with rhythms of all races and places, talking in different tongues. This milk-shake's the bubbliest on the block.

Darnell charts his progression thus: "My dad was from the Islands and all I ever heard round the house was Harry Belafonte, then I moved into Motown, then the British invasion, then Marleyism. It's not reggae — I think Marley was onto something much larger than that. There can be no one to replace him. He alone could have bridged that gap."

In case you've forgotten, Marley was also a Mulatto.

Darnell colonises musics joyfully. On 'Fresh Fruits', Kid Creole travels the world in search of his AWOL amour. At the climax of the musical we discover that Mimi has been looking for *him* back home in New York. In disgust she has got *"married to a man she knew, living on Park Avenue"* (i.e. one plush pad).

"With the Savannah Band, each song was a mini-screenplay, but Stony wouldn't let me put them in sequence. Finally I tell the story of Creole's search for Mimi" — August's first wife walked out on him — "much as Jason searched for the Golden Fleece. The journey is just as romantic, and covers just as many islands, but it's contemporary. What better way to excuse this many musics?

"Sometimes people get confused when they listen to a Darnell LP — OK, fine, now I'll give you a reason why; Creole is travelling from Africa, which explains the gushing earth drum of 'In The Jungle", through Italy, which explains 'La Dolce Vita' and so on. Each island contributes not only musically, but also to Kid Creole's growth on another level — the journey itself is a *rite de passage"* (the literary tradition of novels where the central character journeys the globe, discovering themselves en route through life and lands).

"August Darnell never left New York in that journey. He went downtown, uptown, cross town and got all these influences — like the other night when I went to see The Clash at Bonds and then went on to a black disco, the Garage, and saw all these nig-nats — my word for black people — watching a man perform onstage to a TAPE!"

"FRESH FRUIT' is pretty autobiographical. One of the funniest songs is a plea to a woman called Gina. But Gina, the song protests, *"he's just a ski instructor!"*

This searingly classist Tatler-ism was composed spontaneously when August took his current wife, dancer, actress and A-1 seamstress Adrianna (founder and namer of the Coconuts) out on their first date. She'd been studying dance and acting in New York, and had just become betrothed to a ski instructor on a trip home to her native Switzerland. August just sat down at the old joanna, and wooed his new flame with an aptness few could resist. Adrianna wound up marrying just the kind of man her mother warned her against. August gained a blatantly ambitious partner who was able to liven up his act considerably with her knowledge of choreography and a typically Swiss bent for hard work and organisation.

Why, Adrianna designed and made the leopard-skin bikinis the Coconuts sported in their previous album incarnation; an image that disconcerted at the very least many modern-minded women with its suggestions of Fay Wray rape victims a go-go. Adrianna's eyes glow at the memory, however.

"We were *acting* dumb blondes last year, to attract attention. I'm an actress, you know. We showed lots of flesh. This year people are going to have to see we've got talent. The choreography is much more intricate, we're singing more harmonies. I'm really bored with seeing groups of men playing music. People want to be entertained."

Just as August never questioned the ideology or worth of his Hollywood heroes, checking only the strength in their style, so Adrianna never aimed to institute a new style for women's sexuality onstage, relying instead on jokey cartoon-strip eroticism.

Kid Creole's use of women's voices is still mainly as supportive back-up, though in their live set, the elegant stick insect singer Lori Eastside plays the main role for several songs.

At rehearsals, though, it's obvious that the KC's fulfil that virtual prerequisite of any new age stepper combo — men and women working together. Apart from the excellent bassie, the Coconuts and Lori Eastside, the mix extends to all skin tones: a Jamaican drummer who sits right over on his kit in the old ska Carly Barrett style; a coupla dudes who'd look just right sashaying down the sidewalk in cut-offs and baseball caps balancing a big box (radio/cassette style) — all the touches of the tarbrush you can imagine. The essential kind of team to cream off Creole Credos.

"I want no more of this." August shouts passionately on 'Schweinerei', referring, he suggested, to his frustration with Browder's Big Brothering, and he gives plenty of space to the talents of Coati Mundi. This 32-year-old five foot two Creole went into the entertainment business to attract attention. He'd been doing his crazy dancing in public since he was 17 or so.

"I knew I'd never make it in pro basketball. At school, they abused me because I was small. There's a stigma attached to being small, you're constantly being challenged. People think twice about going up to hit a big guy. If you're small, they say you're a wise-alecky guy — if you're big, you just have a sense of humour. I couldn't fight a big guy clean. They'd better be ready for anything, like a bat on the head. I learned all the different things I could in music, to try to get people to look up to me musically, if not physically."

Walking through Central Park, me and Mundi run into an Hispanic family. The father used to play in Latin bands alongside Hernandez dodging the dodgy shoot-outs endemic to that club scene. The youngest boy's 14, wearing a baseball cap though there's a baseball players strike on.

"You made 'Que Pasa?' " he asks Hernandez admiringly.

Mundi's still new enough to solo fame to smile delightedly and skip slightly at the recognition.

'Que Pasa?' is a 12" single, Mundi's new baby; a witty, characterful series of real-life vignettes like: *"When I came from the VD Clinic, I thought our love was finished. . ."* that's gained a deserved following. He also contributed two songs to the new KC And The C's album, including one featuring ace NY Hispanic musical innovators, Coniunto Libre.

SENSIBLY, AUGUST is not frightened of the competition. At the rehearsal, he scolds like the former school master that he is.

"It shouldn't take more than two minutes to settle into a groove. That took *seven,"* he admonishes. And, "Don't be stationary. I want you all wandering round like a carnival. Put down your instruments and move back and forth like caged tigers. Act like Puerto Ricans, everybody!"

At a moment of frustration, he shouts: "It's all about listening — about caring enough to *listen!"*

At the end of the rehearsal, he runs through a list of the songs, giving the band a Pass or Fail on each tune. They scrape through, to his critical ear; this writer had enjoyed the best bop throughout.

After a relationship with the Savannah Band that deteriorated till they had to take hotel rooms at opposite ends of buildings to avoid seeing each other in corridors, Darnell appreciates the camaraderie of the Creole/Coconuts Combo. He greatly admires the Coconuts:

"Men don't want to give up what they've worked for all their collective lives. There are intelligent people out there who realise the future is female. Man will have to advance so many light years before his mind will accept taking orders and direction from a female. But that's what's coming. The female mind generation by generation is developing faster and coping better with the pressures of everyday living. They are the superior race. All this exploitation — tits'n'ass syndrome — females are so far above and beyond that, they're smart enough to use it against the people who created it, and transcend it.

"A lot of people got into Kid Creole And The Coconuts last year for the wrong reasons. The thighs. The flesh. The devil, the *sin* of it. So much so that people came to the show to grovel in the dirt at the knees of The Coconuts. That brought attention to the idea, and next year those poor slobs will be back again. But they won't see what they want to see! They'll be forced to hear the music, the progression, the idea. If that's too much for their little minds, then we'll lose those fans. I tell you something, we want to lose them.

"The Creole ideal is in the casting. In the music. It's in the very fibre of my clothes. Co-existence is the only answer, otherwise the planet might as well be reduced to dust. And I don't mean only between races, I mean between the sexes as well. The idea of the United Nations is co-existence, but they don't have the right vehicle. Anyway, adults can never bring about co-existence. Only youth can."

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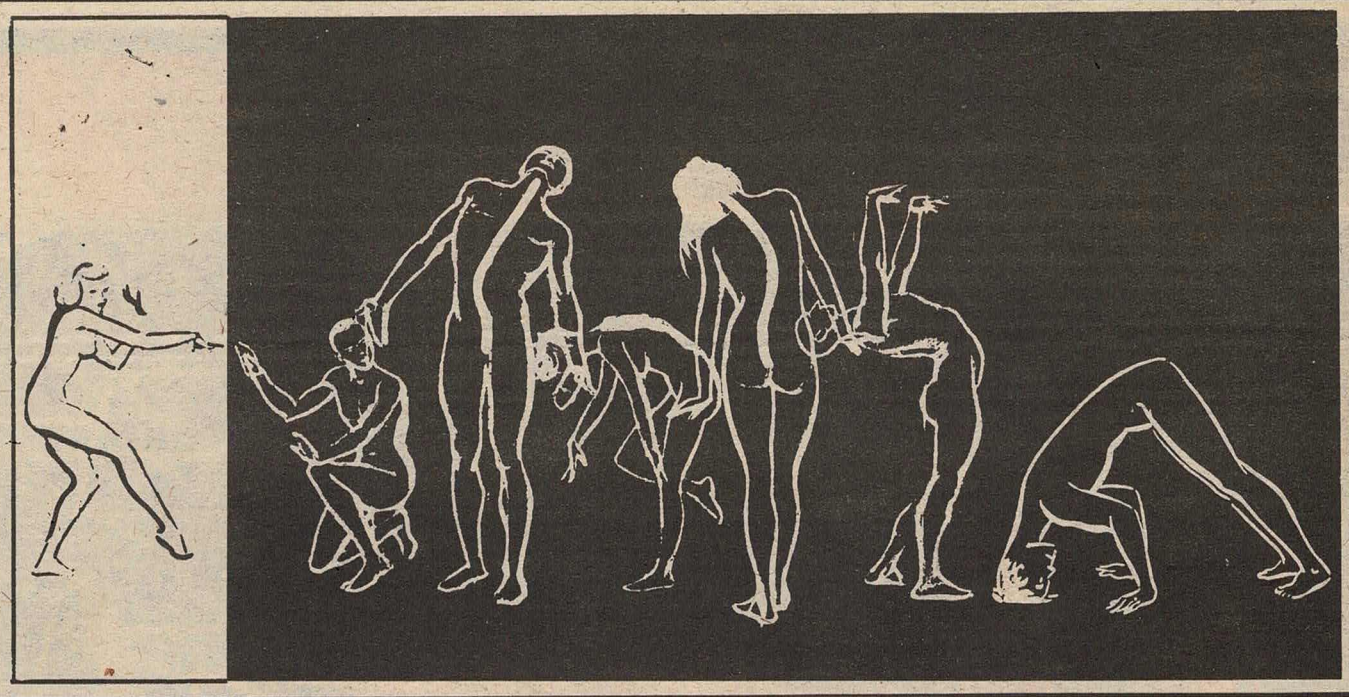


Illustrations: JILL MUMFORD

DREAD-UPS
BLACK UHURU: Sponji Reggae (Island)
TALISMAN: Dole Age (Recreational) Despite their classy run of LPs and discomixes, Island have been sluggish in cornering the more conventional singles market — look how long it has taken them to make 'Me No Pop I' a hit! — and I can't see Black 'Red' Uhuru changing that. Pumped along forcefully by the Sly 'n' Robbie rhythm machine, 'Sponji Reggae' bumps and

bounces along without ever really taking off.

Closer to home — from St. Pauls in Bristol — Talisman make a far more plaintive cry for the right to work. The melody, provided by some delightfully muted sax, is a feisty heist from Culture's 'Tell Me Where You Get It', but the lyrics are heartfelt and moving: *"It's nah joke sir-hah!/When you don't work sir-hah!/We're just wasting our lives/So mister-hah! / Please mister-hah! / How long can we survive?"*

FAC-UPS
CRISPY AMBULANCE: Live On A Hot August Night (Factory Benelux)
DURUTTI COLUMN: Lips That Would Kiss (Factory Benelux)
SECTION 25: Je Veux Ton Amour (Factory Benelux)
ERIC RANDOM: 23 Skidoo (Les Disques Du Crepescule) Forgetting, for a moment, those two epic New Order and ESG debut singles, Factory have been asleep for most of this year, their releases largely dreary and inferior. The malaise is now beginning to spread to their Belgian outlet Factory Benelux, despite the latter's characteristically brilliant packaging. After the power and passion that was Joy Division, imitators like Crispy Ambulance and Section 25 just sound listless and unoriginal.

At least there is a certain serene beauty to Vini 'Durutti' Reilly's pristine guitar figure on the re-released 'Lips That Would Kiss', a seven-inch version of the 12-incher put out last year. Eric Random — a New Hormones export and this on the non-Factorian Crepescule sub-division of the same label — chips in with '23 Skidoo', a tribute to the Kentish Town funkateers who inspired the well-known baseball term of the same name. His single never leaves home base, however, floating hopelessly through an extended series of guitar doodles and electronic white noise.

SURFS-UP
RAYBEATS: Guitar Beat (Don't Fall Off The Mountain) After The Raybeats' exhilarating debut EP of moderne instrumental surf sounds, this comes as a real let down. Sluggish and dreary where their first foray was soulful and dynamic, it raises suspicions that NYC's most skilful instrumentalists — who include two one-time Blacks/Contortions in their squad — may be bopping blindly and blandly down a cul-de-sac. The flip, 'Calhoun Surf', is a lot livelier, sort of upmarket BBC2 Testcard music. But just listen to what the critics said this time around: "Too slow" *(NME)*, "Play it at 78' *(NME)*.

TIME'S UP
THE PASSIONS: Skin Deep (Polydor) PASSION? That's a joke! If you thought that 'German Film Star' was a trifle twee, even hideously over-rated, you'll find this every bit as fakerist. The Passions try so earnestly to be moody and modern but 'Skin Deep' is just one long intro — you wait three minutes for the song to start and the buggers fade it out!

TEA BREAK
THE TEA SET: South Pacific (Demon) Sometimes my job involves some pretty time-wasting things. One of them is trying to make sense of the whacky

SINGLE 'OUT ON THE FLOOR' (PART ONE)

SPANDAU BALLET: Chant No. 1 (I Don't Need This Pressure On) (Reformation)
Move to the groove! Dip like a dervish! Feel The Chant and glow like a lover in the land of a thousand dances!

With cold sweat in their swing and motion in their art, Spandau Ballet turn it loose and return to the singles arena with a dazzling dance floor stormer as demonic as anything else we're likely to contort ourselves to this summer.

'Chant' takes up from where 'The Freeze' was heading and the mighty 'Glow' left off. And those fabled electronics are yet again remarkably thin on the ground, with the duelling guitars of Gary Kemp and Steve Norman etching out the clipped, crackling hooks and the specially-imported Beggar & Co horn section providing the piping hot punctuation.

Spandau have taken the spirit of '75 — Kool, Fatback and (especially) Brass Construction — and slammed it, complete with soulful dress, straight into the heart of 1981. This record moves and excites more than the current singles by either Linx or the Jacksons and maintained that excitement right up to the rap 'n' run talkover in which Kemp extols the virtues of Soho's hip 'n' hot Friday nightspot Le Beat Route: *"Going down, gonna keep things underground/It's the place to shoot, right down Beat Route!"*

Those pundits — and there are plenty round here — who still have Spandau shunted away as petty page-boy futurists are going to have to re-think quick because 'Chant' leaves those legions of foppish electro-poppers floundering cluelessly in its shimmering slipstream.

Dare to dance and feel the chant!

MO-dettes.

NEW single tonight.

c/w waltz in blue minor

SPECIAL Limited Edition contains "The MO-dettes file" (including 4 postcards) DET 3

SINGLE 'OUT ON THE FLOOR' (PART TWO)

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: Show Me (Mercury)

And the groove goes on! The team that met in cafes crash back with a new line-up, a new label, but the same soul and vision, the same refined quintessence, the same quality.

Since they tore themselves in two at the end of last year, Kevin Rowland losing the core of his group to The Bureau, relatively little has been heard of Dexy's — just one sublime northern stomper of a single in 'Plan B' and one severely-truncated tour in the Projected Passion Revue.

But however much he is ignored and ignoring, Rowland just won't go away. He might occasionally whine something Rotten — as in the 'essay' which accompanies this new 45 — but his single-minded commitment and honesty can only command respect.

As does his music. 'Show Me' shows that *he* remains the great songwriting talent that gave us 'Geno' and 'There, There, My Dear'. He is one of the few group 'leaders' who can construct well-written, pointed, strictly-personal songs with an almost-Darnellesque knack for a good storyline. Almost. 'Show Me' is a vivid tale of growing up and looking up (to the classroom heroes): *"Show me them now/Let me look and see how/They've grown up now!"*

"If soul means revival of the form, then we're not a soul band," runs the accompanying essay, but 'Show Me' with its classic horny riffs and brassy boldness undeniably owes something to the sassy, strident Stax sound of the flashy Memphis '60s.

And another thing. In defending their decision not to speak to the music press, they claim that they don't want to *"entrust their work to what are essentially 'rock' writers."* (Fair enough, although I don't consider myself one). And yet, they will entrust the production of 'Show Me' to an old hand like Tony Visconti, surely essentially a 'rock' producer.

Nothing personal. Just pointing out the contradictions.

worldly nuances of The Tea Set. Much better to let them just explain themselves. . .

"We're a four piece rock 'n' roll outfit from Hull and we play six times a week at The Red Lion. Come and see us 'cause we aim to break into the big time. Enclosed is our single 'Double Twistin' Mama'. We done it on our own label 'cause we hate the big bastard record companies.

"Come and see us 'cause a mate of ours — Spike, the geezer you nodded to after the Big In Japan support slot on the John Cooper Clarke tour in 1977 — said you're an okay guy and would help us out."

What's the point? I'll only slag you off when you get in the charts.

SYNTHETICS

VISAGE: Visage (Polydor)
KRAFTWERK: Computer Love (EMI) I never class singles 'lifted' from LPs, particularly ones that have been available for six months or so, as *real* singles and both these releases seem little more than promotional devices for the albums from whence they came. Neither excites in the way a *real* single should.

'Visage' is a remixed and extended version which works superbly on the dance floor and boasts a great sleeve. But it pales beside Spandau's 'Chant', the most obvious yardstick. The 'Werk's sleepy, bleepy 'Computer Love' is shown up terribly by the 1978 meisterwerk 'The Model', which glistens and sparkles on the flip, complete with the naughty but nice deadpan couplet: *"She's a model and she's looking good/I'd like to take her home that's understood!"* Cheeky!

Your footloose reviewer: ADRIAN THRILLS

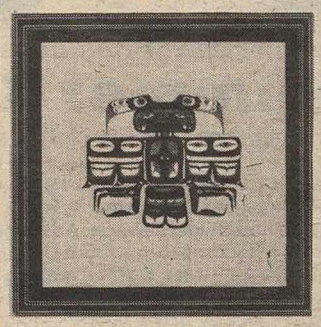
MO-DERATES

MO-DETTES: Tonight (Decca) If only their songs were a little tougher, the rhythms a little more supple and seductive, the Mo-Dettes would be on the verge of greatness. But this record fails miserably to live up to the promise of its packaging, (directed by *i-D* mouth and one-third master Perry Haines) a cut-up-able set of four Mo-post-cards.

But the song, despite the sturdy, much-improved Mo-musicianship, is all too pleasant, far too anonymous. I still hope it is a hit though. I'd love to see them on *Top Of The Pops*. But I can't see this being the record to put them there. Sorry, not 'Tonight', darling.

DODGY TOILERS

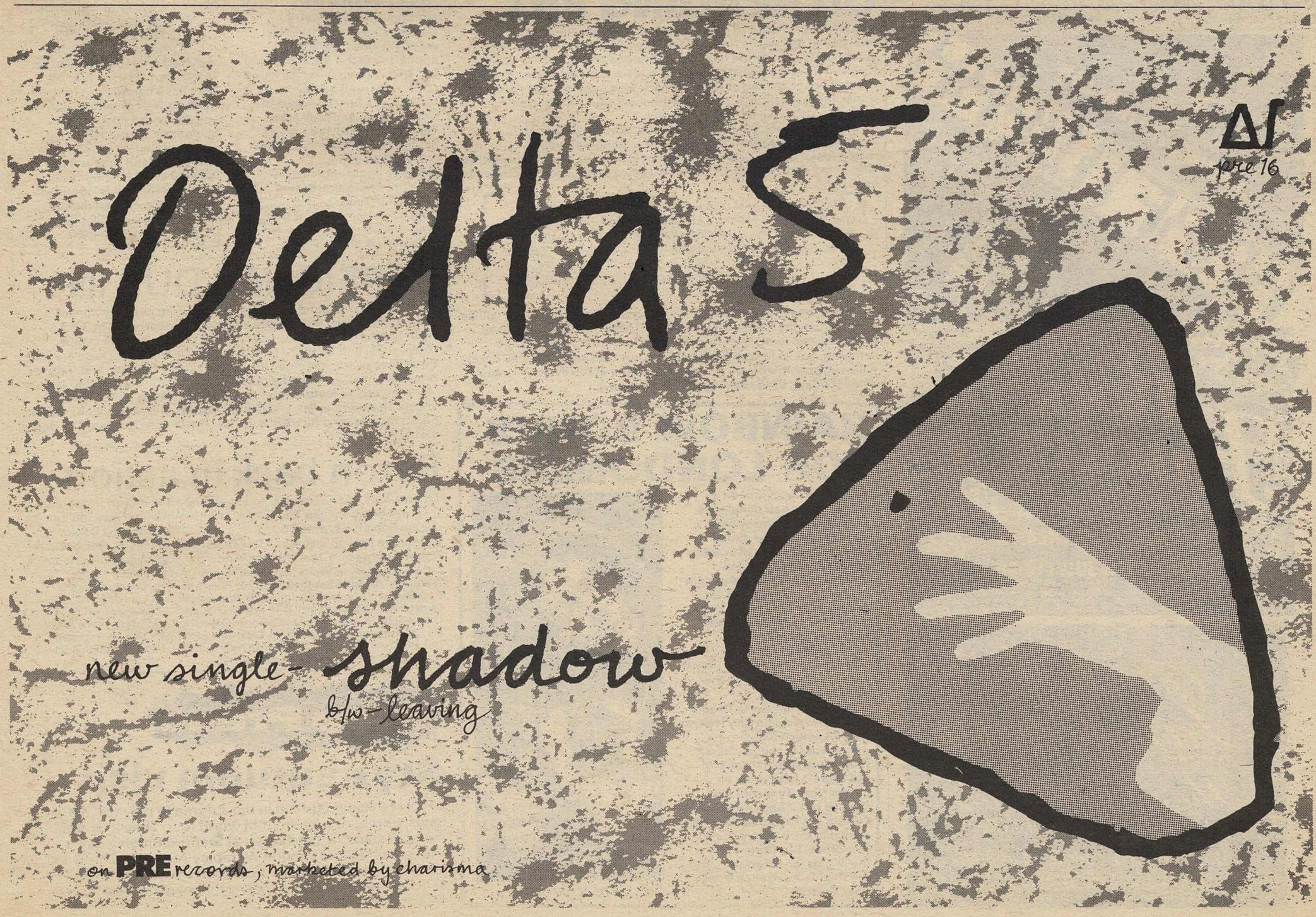
GANG OF FOUR: To Hell With Poverty (EMI) The Gang have never really clawed their way out of the rut that they fell into around the time of recording their debut LP two years ago. 'To Hell With Poverty' stumbles and rumbles along in class G4 style, King ranting, Burnham blasting, Allen rolling and Gill crashing his way through steel walls of wrenched, wretched



feedback. Their social concern is, of course, genuine and understandable and their dense wordy rappingness of old is thankfully less noticeable. But it is still basically The Same Old Song. If you like this sort of thing — and I certainly *used* to, not so sure if I do now — then this single is fine. But when are they going to come up with some fresh inspiration?

THIS MUST BE THE PITS?

BAUHAUS: The Passion Of Lovers (Beggar's Banquet) The desperation of losers. .



TOUR NEWS

RORY GALLAGHER

Summer Round-up

● **THIN LIZZY**, already set for the MK2 show at Milton Keynes on August 8, headline an outdoor gig in the Irish Republic on Sunday, August 16 (1-8.30 pm). It's at Slain Castle, Co. Neath (near Dublin), and the bill also features U2, Hazel O'Connor, The Bureau, Rose Tattoo and Sweet Savage. Advance tickets are £7, available at Smith's Records throughout Ulster — or by post from Golden Discs, Duke Street, Dublin, making cheques or money orders payable to "College Park Productions".

● **BATTERSEA ROCK WEEK** at London Battersea Arts Centre features a rock'n'roll night with The Meteors, The Valiants and The Crewsy Fixers (July 15); rock'n'soul with Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos, The Papers, Broadcast and Answer (16); reggae with Talisman, Talkover and Infinity (17); women's rock night with The Flatbackers, The Outskirts and True Life Confessions (18); and an 'East of Croydon' night with Wreckless Eric, Normil Hawaiians, Calling Hearts, The Big Combo and Spoon Fazer (19).

● **BROMLEY ROYAL ROCK FESTIVAL** takes place on the day of the Royal Wedding, July 29, from 2 to 6pm — it's in Bromley Churchill Gardens, and tickets are £2.50, from which a donation will be made to Capital Radio's 'Help A London Child' appeal. The bill includes The Meteors, Fear, Case, Stagestruk, Praxis, Five-O and Heppatitas Risk.

● **SOUTH SHIELDS ROCK FESTIVAL** is a one-day event being staged at the Gypsies Green Stadium on Saturday, July 25. The line-up so far is The Piranha Brothers, Cirkus, Burlesque, Geordie, Mendis Prey and Black Rose, plus guest celebrities. Tickets are £1.50, with all proceeds going to help handicapped children.

● **CASTLE DONINGTON**: More have been confirmed as the opening act in the 'Monsters Of Rock' concert at the racing circuit site on Saturday, August 22. So the final running order is More, Blackfoot, Slade, Blue Oyster Cult, Whitesnake and AC/DC.

● **TORHOUT FESTIVAL**, Belgium, is this Saturday (4) and the bill comprises Dire Straits, Robert Palmer, The Cure, Elvis Costello & The Attractions, Toots & The Maytals, The Undertones and T. C. Matic. An all-in trip is being run to and from the event by Mead Gould Promotions of Westcliff-on-Sea (0702) 43304.

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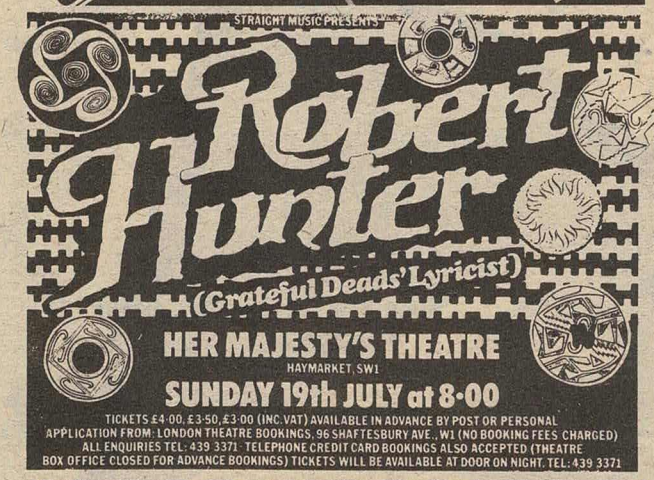
THUR/FRI 2nd/3rd JULY at 8·00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(Grateful Deads' Lyricist)
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SUNDAY'S LINE-UP AT GATESHEAD FESTIVAL

Rory-on-Tyne!

RORY GALLAGHER and his band are to top the second and final day of the first 'Rock On The Tyne' festival at the Gateshead International Stadium on Sunday, August 30 — it's their only planned UK appearance this year, and they're currently recording a new album in Germany for release at the time of the festival.

Special guests on the Sunday are Dr. Feelgood, and they also are not expected to play any other British dates this year. Also appearing are Lindisfarne who, despite their popularity in their home district, have never previously played an open-air show in the North-East. Completing the Sunday line-up are ace drummer Ginger Baker's new band Ginger's Nutters, satirical rock duo Trimmer & Jenkins and two heavy-metal outfits, Diamond Head and Fist.

The bill for the first day of the festival — Saturday, August 29 — is listed on page 3.

Ticket prices are £7 daily or £12 for weekend admission (both including parking), and they are available by post only from Rock On The Tyne, P.O. Box 1LT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1LT. Make crossed cheques or POs payable to "Rock On The Tyne", state choice of tickets (which day or weekend), enclose s.a.e. and allow up to 21 days for delivery. Full details of festival facilities, together with maps showing exactly how to get there, will be sent with the tickets.

Applications will be dealt with in strict rotation, as a heavy demand is expected and a sell-out virtually assured — bearing in mind that the stadium's capacity is 20,000, and Lindisfarne alone sold 27,000 tickets for their week's season in Newcastle last Christmas.

The stadium is, of course, best known as one of Britain's top athletics arenas — and, as such, has admirable facilities. Gates on both days will open at 11am, with the first act on at noon, and the show continuing until about 10pm. Promoter is Barry McKay in association with Metro Radio and athlete Brendan Foster on behalf of Gateshead Council.

Feelgoods' LEE BRILLEAUX

● **DOLL BY DOLL, who appear on the first day of the festival, are currently busy playing similar dates in Europe. But they've slotted in three more UK dates to boost their newly released self-named album — their third, but the first for Magnet. They are Wolverhampton Lafayette (July 9), Birmingham Holy City Zoo (20) and St. Germans, Plymouth, Elephant Fair (August 2).**

ASH, GREG LAKE ON READING BILL

WISHBONE ASH are to make a special guest appearance on the final day of this year's Reading Festival — Sunday, August 30 — when The Kinks top the bill. It's understood that both they and Girlschool were originally being considered as Friday headliners, but that spot has now gone to the girls (see page 3), with Ash preferring a prestige guest role on the last day. As reported, Saturday's show is topped by Gillan.

More attractions have now been added to the list of acts announced last week — these include leading Canadian heavy-metal outfit Saga, Climax Blues Band, The Thompson Twins, Nightwing and 1990. But the Marshall Tucker Band will not now be appearing.

GREG LAKE — who has been keeping a low profile since the demise of Emerson, Lake and Palmer — emerges with a brand new band, which will make its world debut at Reading, playing immediately before The Kinks' closing spot on the Sunday night (30). Details of the band's line-up and future plans are expected to be announced next week.

Further acts are still being finalised, and the running order will be issued when the list is complete — probably in about two weeks. Standard weekend ticket price is £14.50 including parking and camping, but £1 less to *NME* readers only (see page 19). Day tickets will only be available on the site at the time of the event — priced £5.50 (Friday), £7 (Saturday) and £7 (Sunday).

RAINBOW BONUS FOR LONDONERS

RAINBOW, who looked as though they had decided to bypass the capital in their upcoming UK tour, have slotted in a couple of London concerts after all — and what's more, they come right as the beginning of the tour schedule, in only a few day's time. The shows are at the Rainbow Theatre (where else?) on Wednesday and Thursday of next week, July 8 and 9. Tickets are all at the one price of £4.50.

The band have also fixed a date at Newcastle City Hall on July 23, which was announced in their original itinerary and then dropped — but there's been such an outcry from Tyneside that they've put it back again. Tickets are £5 and £4.50, only available from the venue's box-office. Support act on these gigs, and throughout the tour, is Australian band Rose Tattoo.

RITCHIE BLACKMORE

SCHENKER GIGS IN SEPTEMBER

MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP have lined up a major UK tour for September, coinciding with the release of their second Chrysalis album 'MSG', currently in the final stages of completion. The band's personnel is unchanged since they last played here, with Schenker joined by Gary Barden (vocals), Chris Glen (bass), Paul Raymond (keyboards) and Cozy Powell (drums).

Dates are Sheffield City Hall (September 3), Newcastle City Hall (4), Edinburgh Odeon (5), Manchester Apollo (6), Bristol Colston Hall (8), Southampton Gaumont (9), Hanley Victoria Hall (10), Ipswich Gaumont (12), London Hammersmith Odeon (13), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (16), Birmingham Odeon (17), Liverpool Empire (18) and Bradford St. George's Hall (19).

Tickets at all venues are £3.50, £3 and £2.50, and they are on sale now — except at Bradford and Bristol, where they won't be available for some weeks.

Gillan's Torme(nt)

GILLAN have lost lead guitarist Bernie Torme, who quit the band ten days ago in the latter stages of their European tour. White Spirit guitarist Jannick Gers was rushed in as replacement for the remainder of the tour, which finished two days ago, and he also played with Gillan on *Top Of The Pops* last week.

It's not yet known if Gers will be remaining with them for their Reading Festival appearance on August 29 — their manager said a statement will be issued in about two weeks, naming the permanent new member.

Bernie Torme was fronting his own outfit immediately prior to joining Gillan, and it seems likely that he will now get another band together. He told *NME*: "I've nothing against Ian and the lads. It's just that I was fed up and wanted to do something different."

EXTRA DATES FOR RINGMASTER GARY

GARY GLITTER has added another ten dates to his summer tour with Gerry Cottle's Circus (reported last week), in which he'll be appearing in the 2,000-capacity Big Top — presenting his usual rock show, with audiences benefiting from the bonus of Cottle's regular circus acts. Eleven dates are already set, and there's at least two dozen more still to come.

Newly confirmed this week are York Knavesmire (July 22), Aberdeen Queens Links (31 and August 1), Hamilton Strathclyde County Park (5), Manchester Heaton Park (14 and 15), Plymouth Central Park (21 and 22) and Weymouth Ludmoor Car Park (31 and September 1). Ticket prices are £4 and £3.

Last week's batch of dates provided only the towns to be visited, but now the precise sites have been set, as follows: Reading Hills Meadow (July 3 and 4), Oxford Oxpens Recreation Ground (6), Swindon County Ground Car Park (8), Bristol Stadium Car Park (10 and 11), Gloucester Oxlease (13), Leeds Roundhay Park (20), Dundee Riverside Park (29), Carlisle Bitts Park (August 8) and Lancaster Rylands Park (10).

FOREIGNER DUE IN

FOREIGNER — a band who invariably play to capacity houses around the world, but are still somewhat under-sung in Britain — fly in to play two concerts next month, at Birmingham Odeon (August 25) and London Hammersmith Odeon (26). These are their first UK appearances since the 1978 Reading Festival, and they're preceded next week by the release of their new WEA studio album '4' — the first to feature their new line-up of Mick Jones (guitar, vocals and keyboards), Lou Gamm (vocals and percussion), Dennis Elliott (drums) and Rick Wills (bass). The LP was produced by Jones and Mutt Lange.

Byron back in action

THE BYRON BAND are touring extensively this month to promote their debut album 'On The Rocks' and single 'Never Say Die' on Creole Records. Fronted by former Uriah Heep vocalist David Byron, the line-up includes Mel Collins, Roger Flavell, Bob Jackson, Robin George and Jon Shearer. And their date sheet comprises:

Coventry General Wolfe (tomorrow, Friday). **Ashford** Stour Centre (Saturday), **London Southall** Hambro' Tavern (July 6), **Chadwell Heath** Greyhound (7), **London** Marquee (8), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (10), **Dunstable** Queensway Hall (11), **Bristol** Granary (13), **Swindon** Brunel Rooms (14), **Wigan** The Pier (15), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (16), **Newcastle** Mayfair (17), **Nottingham** Boat Club (18), **Cleethorpes** Peppers (20), **Rawtenstall** Rossendale College (21), **Edinburgh** Nite Club (23), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (24) and **Liverpool** Warehouse (25).

Stop Press

Styx autumn visit

STYX are visiting Britain in the autumn to play two major dates, as part of a five-month world tour. They'll be staging their full stadium spectacular at Stafford Bingley Hall (November 6) and London Wembley Arena (7). These will be their first UK dates for more than a year, and full details of ticket prices and booking arrangements will be in next week's *NME*.

JUDAS JAUNT

JUDAS PRIEST this week announced plans for a major UK concert tour in November, which is the furthest ahead we've yet had — so if you're already planning a pre-Christmas outing, maybe this is for you! They'll be presenting their new stage show, with which they're currently touring America, and which is reported to be one of the most spectacular on the U.S. circuit.

Dates are Manchester Apollo (November 7 and 8), Leicester De Montfort Hall (9), Bristol Colston Hall (10), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (11), Birmingham Odeon (12 and 13), Glasgow Apollo (15), Newcastle City Hall (16 and 17), Sheffield City Hall (18 and 19) and London Hammersmith Odeon (21 and 22). One or two more gigs may be added later.

Tickets are available at all box-offices except Bristol, where they don't go on sale until four weeks before the concert, though postal applications will be accepted right away. Prices are £4 (Leicester); £4 in advance and £4.50 on the doors (Cardiff); £5, £4 and £3 (Hammersmith); and £4, £3.50 and £3 (all other venues).

Wakeman fixes band line-up for concerts

RICK WAKEMAN, whose new album '1984' has just been released by Charisma, has now finalised the line-up of his new band — bringing in Tony Fernandez on drums, guitarist Tim Stone and bassist Steve Barnacle, plus singer Cori Josias from Wall Street Crash. It's understood that Wakeman and the band will be featuring '1984' in three selected concerts — including London Hammersmith Odeon — at the end of July, with details to follow next week. And a full UK tour is being lined up for October and November. Meanwhile, a single from the LP titled 'Julia' is out this weekend, re-recorded with Cori Josias on vocals, whereas Chaka Khan is the singer on the album.

b-MOVIE: MAIN FEATURE

b-MOVIE are playing a series of dates in support of their new single 'Marilyn Dreams', released this weekend by Some Bizzare (through Decca) in both 7" and 12" forms. They visit Wolverhampton Layfayette (tonight, Thursday), Newport Village (Friday), Dudley J.B.'s (Saturday), Leeds Warehouse (July 13), Bath Tiffany's (14), Sheffield Limit Club (16) and Manchester Polytechnic (17). Support act is The The, who've just been joined by Steve Hunt (ex-Neu Electrikk) on flute and sax, and their new single 'Cold Spell Ahead' will be out in about two weeks.

☐ **JOHNNY MARS BAND** have London gigs this month at Putney Star & Garter (tonight, Thursday), Stoke Newington Pegasus (5 and 12), Victoria The Venue (15), Finchley Torrington (19), Sunset Jazz, W.14 (23), Marquee Club (24) and Camden Dingwalls (25). Mars and sundry guest harp players also appear in another Harp Party at the Sunset Jazz on July 9.

☐ **ICEHOUSE**, the top Australian band whose debut album and single are just out on Chrysalis, make their first UK appearance when they headline at London Victoria The Venue on July 22. They also are the special guests of Hazel O'Connor at Guildford Civic Hall (23) and Nottingham Rock City (24).

☐ **BAD MANNERS** have added a fourth date to their mini-tour later this month, reported last week — it's at Derby Assembly Rooms on July 23.

☐ **CRASS** have tacked four Scottish dates on to their tour, with Poison Girls and Annie Anxiety supporting — at Aberdeen Music Hall (tonight, Thursday), Irvine Trinity Church (Friday), Dundee Wishart Centre (Saturday) and Edinburgh Laswade Centre (Sunday).

☐ **MORE** have added a major London concert to their current UK tour, the most important they have yet undertaken. It's at the Rainbow Theatre on Sunday, July 12.

☐ **WAH!**, the Liverpool band fronted by Pete Wylie, play a series of dates to promote their debut album 'Nah-Poo The Art Of Bluff' issued by WEA this weekend. They visit Leeds Warehouse (July 9), Birmingham Cedar Club (10), Norwich Star Ballroom (17), Coventry General Wolfe (18), Brighton Jenkinsons (19), London Charing Cross Heaven (20), Wolverhampton Lafayette (24), Liverpool Royal Court (25) and Edinburgh Valentino's (26). More are being finalised.

☐ **THE STAPLE SINGERS** have switched their London concert on July 12 from Hammersmith Odeon to Victoria The Venue. This is because there were insufficient bookings at the vast Odeon — "due to a lack of exposure from the group's previous record labels", said a spokesman. Admission is £4.50, and existing Odeon ticket holders can apply for a refund or exchange. They are now signed to 20th Century Fox (through RCA) and have just completed their debut album 'Hold On To Your Dreams' for the label.

☐ **THE HONEYDRIPPERS**, the seven-piece band fronted by ex-Led Zeppelin vocalist Robert Plant, play their first London gig at Camden Dingwalls on July 14. They're also at Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's next Tuesday (7).

☐ **ROBYN HITCHCOCK** plays his only London gig in support of his new album 'Black Snake, Diamond Role' (Armageddon Records) At Victoria The Venue on July 9, supported by TV Personalities and The Temper. Tickets are £2.

☐ **GRAND UNION** start a new policy at London Ronnie Scott's Club this Sunday (5), when they appear in the larger and more select downstairs room — as opposed to 'Upstairs at Ronnie's', where rock bands normally play. The club, which has now been taken off the market and is definitely remaining open, plans to make this a regular Sunday night feature. Tickets are £2.50.

☐ **THE BLUES BAND** are playing two nights at London Victoria The Venue on Friday and Saturday, July 10-11. They'll be previewing new material from their upcoming Arista album, due for release in September.

☐ **RAS MICHAEL** & The Sons Of Negus headline a Bob Marley tribute concert at London's Rainbow Theatre on Sunday, July 5. All tickets are £4.

☐ **MODERN JAZZ** have changed their name to BLUE ZOO, and are currently recording their first album for Magnet Records, with Lawrence Diana (of Scars and Modern Eon fame) producing. It's due for autumn release, and meanwhile the five-piece band have gigs at Oxford Pennyfarthing (tomorrow, Friday), London Marquee (July 9 and 23) and Chadwell Heath Greyhound (25).

● **BARBARA DICKSON's** previously reported UK summer tour (this weekend through to August 18) is being co-promoted by Radio Luxembourg and Derek Block Promotions. As announced last week, 208 are also co-presenting the upcoming After The Fire and Q-Tips tour, and plan to be involved in many more tours in the coming months.

☐ **THE CHEATERS** continue their endless tour at Perth Ramekins (this Saturday), Glenrothes Rothes Arms (Sunday), Montrose Planets (July 7), Aberdeen Valhallas (8), Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk (9), Fort William Milton Hotel (10), Dunoon Town Hall (11), Irvine Amanda's (12), Manchester Lamplight Club (14, 21 and 28), London Victoria The Venue (15), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (21), Blackpool Jenks Bar (23-26), Manchester Romiley Grey Horse (29), Workington Matador (30) and Silloth Queens Hotel (31).

☐ **THE PIRANHAS** top a 'Rock For Africa' gig at Brighton Jenkinson's this Sunday (5), with all proceeds going to Oxfam's East Africa Fund —admission is £2 (advance) and £2.50 (doors), and The Golinski Brothers and Red Squares are also on the bill. The Piranhas also headline at London Victoria The Venue tomorrow (Friday).

☐ **THE ROCHES** have added another date to their British concert series, announced two weeks ago —it's at Edinburgh Queen's Hall on Sunday, July 18.

☐ **THE EXPLOITED** have added two more dates to their 'Apocalypse Now' tour, reported last week — which also features Discharge, Infra-Riot and Anti-Pasti. They are at Middlesbrough Gaskins (this Saturday) and Birmingham Bigbeth Civic Hall (July 7).

☐ **MISTY IN ROOTS** have been added to the Anti-Racist Carnival in Leeds Potternewton Park this Saturday (4), headlined by The Specials. They appear in the afternoon, then travel to Bradford Textile Hall to play a concert there the same evening.

☐ **THE LAMBRETTAS** headline an all-dayer at London Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, August 1. Among other acts confirmed are Dolly Mixture, Hidden Charms, Long Tall Shorty, Questions, Reaction, The Retreads and The Mods.

☐ **JOHN MARTYN** will be touring the UK in mid-autumn, as part of a four-month world tour opening in Australia on September 1 — also taking in New Zealand, North America and Europe. BBC-1 is to screen a 30-minute special devoted to Martyn and his band on Wednesday, August 19, titled *One World*.

☐ **LEE FARDON** supports his newly released Aura album 'Stories of Adventure' by playing six London dates next week — at Hampstead Starlight Room (July 6), Clapham 101 Club (7), Canning Town Bridge House (8), Euston The Pits (9), The Kensington, W.14 (10) and Victoria The Venue (11).

☐ **MIKE HARDING** is the writer of the musical comedy *One Night Stand*, which transfers from the Oldham Coliseum to London's West End next month. It opens at the Apollo Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue on July 21 — with previews from July 17. It's presented by H. M. Tennent and The Chrysalis Group.

☐ **BOGDAN** — a New Zealander who's starred in productions of *Hair*, *Elvis* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* — is co-hosting Jack Good's new six-week ITV series *Let's Rock*, which starts on July 18. With his single 'Oh Eddie' just issued by Black Label Records, Bogden is also to star in a rockabilly revival tour, opening in Southampton on November 5.

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(ex Eddie & The Hot Rods)
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 4th July — Adm £2.50
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Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 5th July — Adm £1.50
JANE AIRE & THE BELVEDERES
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Monday 6th & Tuesday 7th July — Adm £2.50
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Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd

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WED 1 — ALAN PRICE
THUR 2 — **DOLL BY DOLL**
FRI 3 — **O.K. JIVE** SUPPORTED BY **THE ENGLISH**
SAT 4 — INDEPENDENCE DAY FROM FORT WORTH TEXAS **THE PENGWINS** SUPPORTED BY **LAVERNE BROWN**
MON 6 — BUMPERS, LOTT, OPPOSITTION
TUES 7 — REGGAE NIGHT **REALITY**
WED 8 — **KEVIN COYNE**
THUR 9 — AN EVENING OF JAZZ & RUDENESS **GEORGE MELLY** & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
COMING SOON! TUES 14 HONEYDRIPPERS

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3 North End Crescent, W14. Tel: 603 7006

Thursday 2nd July — **BOB TAYLOR**
Friday 3rd July — **ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS**
Saturday 4th July — **DIZ AND THE DOORMEN**
★ *BLUES BLAST '81* ★
Wednesday 8th July — **DANNY ADLER & THE DELUXE BLUES BAND**
Thursday 9th July — **TOE-RAG + Harp Party**
Friday 10th July — **ROOT JACKSON & THE GB BLUES CO** + Tom Nolans Blues Blasters
Saturday 11th July — **THE BRIAN KNIGHT BAND** + Smiling Pete Hogman

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Thursday 2nd July — £1.25
WEAPON + Amyl Dukes
Friday 3rd July — £1.50
THE REMIPEDS + The Dead Beats
Saturday 4th July — £1.50
R'n'B with THE COBRAS (ex Yardbyrds, ex Blast Furnace) + The Rocky Road Blues Band
Sunday 5th July — £1
GUY JACKSON + The Wibbley Brothers
Monday 6th July — £1.25
KIM BEACON + Close Ups
Tuesday 7th July — £1.25
THE SNAX ex Hot Rods + Rick Smith & The Scruffs
Wednesday 8th July — £1.50
From The Ashes of Gen X Come
EMPIRE + The AK Band

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THE PORTERHOUSE

20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD, NOTTS
Tel: 0777 704981 — Open 8pm–2am

Friday 3rd July — £2
New Wave
THE SCARS

Friday 10th July — £2
New Wave
THE PROFESSIONALS

Friday 17th July — £2
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MONOCHROME SET

Saturday 4th July — £2
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MORE + Videos inc AC/DC & BLACK FOOT + Giveaway T-Shirts & Badges

Saturday 11th July — £2
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THE FORCE featuring Deke Leonard & Sean Tyla
Thursday 2nd July — £1
RIO & THE ROBOTS
Friday 3rd July — £1.50
"Not Time Out" Benefit
THE LEMONS
Saturday 4th July — £1.50
1st Birthday Party
THE LEMONS
Sunday 5th July — £1
RED BEANS & RICE
Monday 6th July — £1.25
THE WRECKLESS ERIC BAND
Tuesday 7th July — £1
LONDON UNDERGROUND
Wednesday 8th July — £1
THE FORCE featuring Deke Leonard & Sean Tyla

THE Venue

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Main Band on at 9.00 pm

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Thursday 2nd July — £2.00
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Friday 3rd July — £3.00
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Saturday 4th July — £3.00
DARTS

Monday 6th July — £2.00
LIGHTNING RAIDERS + DEAF AIDS + KILLERHERTZ

Tuesday 7th July — £4.00
Extra Show Due To Public Demand
TOOTS & THE MAYTALS

Wednesday 8th July — £3.00
JOHNNY OSBOURNE

Thursday 9th July — £2.00
ROBYN HITCHCOCK + TV PERSONALITIES + THE TEMPER + TOM DOLBY

COMING SOON

Friday & Saturday 10th & 11th July — £4.00
THE BLUES BAND
Sunday 12th July — £4.50
THE STAPLE SINGERS
Tuesday 14th July — £4.00
THE ROCHES
Wednesday 15th July — £2.00
JOHNNY MARS, THE CHEATERS, S.A.L.T.
Thursday 16th July — £2.00
BLUE ORCHIDS; BIRTHDAY PARTY, THE NIGHTINGALES
Friday 17th July — £3.50
ALAN PRICE
Saturday 18th July — £3.00
THE INMATES
Thursday 23rd July — £3.00
THE MONOCHROME SET

Tickets available for all London Concerts of the following
July 8 RAINBOW

JULY
2, 3 Kraftwerk
5 The Damned
7, 8, 9 Randy Crawford
8 Rainbow
9 Duran Duran
10 Diamond Head
11 Heath Brothers
11 Iggy Pop
12 The Staple Singers
12 John Sebastion
13 Black Uhuru
18, 19, 25, 26 Capital Jazz
19 Monochrome Set
19 Robert Hunter
25 Def Leppard
26 Killing Joke
29 Ian Dury
30 Mike Oldfield
30 Pretenders
31–Aug 2 Cambridge Folk Fest

AUGUST
1 Black Sabbath/Motorhead
8 Thin Lizzy
18 Barbara Dickson
22 AC/DC + Blue Oyster Cult
24 Siouxsie & The Banshees
26 Foreigner
28–30 Reading Rock Festival

SEPTEMBER
3 Siouxsie & The Banshees
13 Michael Schenker

OCTOBER
11 Steve Hackett
17 Sheena Easton
24, 25 Saxon
30, 31 The Shadows

NOVEMBER
21/22 Judas Priest

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THE BRIDGE HOUSE

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SUNFIGHTER + Yazoo
Friday 3rd July — £2
RONNIE LANE MICK GREEN (From The Pirates) with BIG DOC & FRIENDS
Saturday 4th July — £1.50
CHRIS THOMPSON & THE ISLANDS

Sunday 5th July Lunchtime — £1
THE SOUNDS INSANE THEATRE CO featuring Frank Scinto
Evening — £1
21 GUNS + Gymslips
Monday 6th July — £1
STOLEN PETS + Miles Over Matter
Tuesday 7th July — £1
ERASORHEAD + Crewsy Fixers
Wednesday 8th July — £1
LEE FARDON + THE POPE

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Tuesday, 7th July — £1
HANK WANGFORD
Wednesday 8th July — £1
CHUCK FARLEY
Thursday 9th July — £1
MICKEY JUPP

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

DEREK BLOCK presents
DURAN DURAN
PLUS SUPPORT
THURSDAY 9th JULY 7.30pm
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Thursday 2nd July
SISTERS OF MERCY
Thursday 9th July
WAH
Monday 13th July
B — MOVIE
Wednesday 15th July
HONEY DRIPPERS
Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

Nationwide Gig Guide

Black Uhuru Puma. Pic: Kate Simon

IGGY POP is always a welcome visitor to these shores — and to his credit, a regular one, too. The old campaigner is back again for another assault on the circuit, and the opening gigs in his summer schedule are at Leeds (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Newcastle (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday), Liverpool (Tuesday) and Sheffield (Wednesday). And there aren't many acts these days who'll work a week non-stop without a day off!

BLACK UHURU are one of the most respected of contemporary reggae groups, judging from the critical acclaim they've received in the UK — and they're about to undertake their debut British tour, coinciding with the chart success of their album 'Red'. Jamaican super-session men Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare are staying on from their stint with Peter Tosh to play with Uhuru on their dates, which start at Bristol (Monday) and Cardiff (Tuesday).

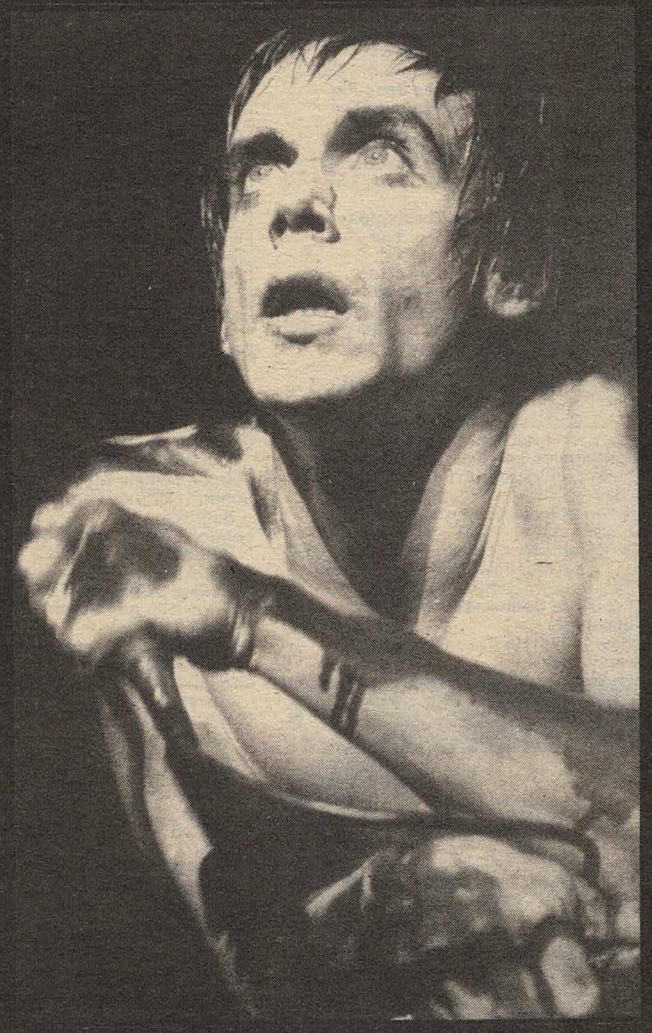
RANDY CRAWFORD flew into the charts one day last year with her single 'One Day I'll Fly Away', and hasn't looked back since she made the No. 1 spot. She's flying into Britain one day this week to play a series of concerts at Birmingham (Thursday), Brighton (Friday), Bristol (Saturday), Croydon (Sunday), Manchester (Tuesday) and London (Wednesday).

BARBARA DICKSON is one of the most accomplished of our girl singers, with the rare knack of appealing to all age groups. So there'll be no shortage of customers when she opens a lengthy UK trek at Reading (Saturday), Hatfield (Sunday), Croydon (Monday), Brighton (Tuesday) and London (Wednesday).

BOB DYLAN, fresh from his six-day stint at Earls Court, ventures out of London for the first time since his memorable Blackbushe Airport concert in 1978. And on this occasion he visits our second city, to play two nights at the Birmingham National Exhibition Centre on Saturday and Sunday.

THE SPECIALS headline yet another Saturday open-air gig this weekend, and this is another Anti-Racist concert, with The Au Pairs and Misty in support. It's at Leeds Potternewton Park.

Also this week, THE DAMNED play a major London one-off on Sunday. And on the tour front, GARY GLITTER is doing his thing in the circus ring (as per last week's news item), and at long last THE PROFESSIONALS (alias Cook and Jones) are doing the rounds — details of their dates in the listings below.



Iggy. Pic: Chris Horler

Thursday 2nd

Birkenhead The Dale: **The Chase**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Cedar Club: **Close Rivals**
Birmingham Odeon: **Randy Crawford**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Bordon Robin Hood: **The Courgettes**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Dark Star**
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: **The Jam**
Bury St Edmunds The Griffin: **Shader**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Long Tall Shorty/Hidden Chance**
Chesterfield Star Club: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Cleethorpes Clouds: **Whipps**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **The Revillos**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Musical Youth**
Coventry Warwick University: **Rye & The Quarter Boys/The Thompson Twins**
Deeside Connah's Quay Golftyn Centre: **Fear Of Flying/Jap Connection**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Rose Tattoo**
Evesham Town Hall: **Kraken**
Gillingham Central Hotel: **The Chords**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The Cheaters**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Juke Jump**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Dangerous Girls**
Ilford Oscar's: **Pagan Altar**
Leeds Brannigans Bar: **Goff Jackson & The Huns**
Leeds University: **Iggy Pop**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dangerous Girls**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Bill Kristian, Tony O'Malley & Friends**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **SJ & Her Gem**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Drama/Answer**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Brian Brain**
London Euston The Pits: **Roy Sundholm Band/The Keys**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Spoilers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Weapon**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Sound Barrier**
London Fulham The Swan: **The M.G.'s**
London Hackney Pembury Arms: **Scarlet O'Hara**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Kraftwerk**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Whizz Kids**
London Harrow Road, Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Rio & The Robots**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar; **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **The Fix**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Malc Murphy's Storyville Stompers**
London Old Half Moon Theatre: **The Sadista Sisters (until July 11, except Sunday)**
London Putney White Lion: **The Feelers**
London Ravensbourne Art College: **Havana Let's Go**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Flying Saucers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Chuck Farley**
London Victoria The Venue: **Pigbag/The Tesco Bombers/Maximum Joy**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Spiders/The Kicks**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Midas/Strangeways**
London W1 Embassy Club: **Ian Mitchell Band/Terry Vision & The Screens**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Duran Duran**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Que Bono**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **No Mystery**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Battery Park/Jah Lizard's Brother John**
Northampton The Old Five Bells: **The Cassettes**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Hillcote Country Club: **Johnny Storm**
Perth Ramekins: **The Dolphins**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Split Enz**
Sheffield Limit Club: **TV Smith's Explorers**
Stockport Smugglers Club: **Motivation**
Willenhall The Cavalcade: **Sub Zero**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **B-Movie**
Workington Slypt Disk: **More**
Worthing The Balmoral: **Meanstreak**
York Forge Inn: **Angel Witch**

Friday 3rd

Bedford Horse & Groom: **Shader**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Bingley Hall: **Dangerous Girls/Vision Collision**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **TV Smith & The Explorers**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Starfighters**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **Iggy Pop**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Grace**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Zoot Money/Rocket 88/Morrisey Mullen/Ojah**
Brighton Dome: **Randy Crawford**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **Tich Turner's Escalator/Mystery Boys/Shakedown**
Brighton The Northern: **Meanstreak**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Night School**
Bromsgrove Whitehouse: **Sub Zero**
Bury The Derby Hall: **White Lightning/The Chameleons/Adrian Mitchell/Music For The Deaf**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Witchfinder General/Buffalo**
Chippenham College: **The Mob**
Cleethorpes Peppers: **Darts**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **Whipps**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Byron Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Dominators**
Embo Granny's Heilan' Hame: **The Dolphins**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Gateshead Trinity Centre: **Total Chaos/The Reptiles**
Hollywood (Co. Down) D.B.'s Club: **Albania**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Que Bono**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Soft Cell**
Inverness The Muirton: **H20**
Irvine Trinity Church: **Crass/Poison Girls**
Ipswich The Kingfisher: **Figures Of Fun**
Leeds (Beeston) Karate Club: **Free State**
Liverpool Brady's: **The Quads**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Diamond Head**
Liverpool Warehouse: **More**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **OK Jive/The English**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Camden Town Hall: **Misty In Roots**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Ronnie Lane & Mick Green**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Philip Jap**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Idiot Actors/Grif**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Brian Knight Band**
London Euston The Pits: **Biddie & Eve/Martin Besserman Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Raymond Froggatt**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Remipeds/The Dead Bearts**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Kraftwerk**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Cuddly Toys/Red Star Belgrade**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Bluecats/Shine**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Lemons**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Grand Union**
London Kentish Town Bull and Gate: **Crannog**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Breakfast Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Sonny Stitt & Red Holloway**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The 4 Skins/The Business/The Last Resort**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Kabbala**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Piranhas**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Blue Orchids/Bee Vamp**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Newtown Neurotics/Attila The Stockbroker**
London W14 The Kensington: **P.K. & The Products**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Soul Band**
Lowestoft Talk of the East: **Kraken**
Manchester College of Higher Education: **The Beat Roots**
Manchester Deville's: **The Thompson Twins**
Manchester Miracle Club: **James Anderton & The Rozzers/The Institute**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Motivation**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Permanent Wave/Helen Watson**
Matlock Baths Pavilion: **Saracen**
Newcastle City Hall: **Judie Tzuke (rescheduled gig)**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Rose Tattoo**
Newport Village Club: **B-Movie**
Northampton The Mailcoach: **The Cassettes**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Movie Stars**
Preston Willows: **Sans Culottes**
Reading Gerry Cottle's Big Top: **Gary Glitter**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Hillsiders/Hickory Lake/Keith Manifold**
Retford Porterhouse: **Scars**
Ringwood The Elms: **Out To Lunch**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Firm**
Shipley Civil Service Club: **Shake Appeal**
Southampton Kingsland Hall: **Dream Sequence**
Southend Top Alex: **Rok Wattz**
St. Albans City Hall: **Killing Koke/Ski Patrol**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Honeydrippers with Robert Plant**
Tadcaster The Forge: **Chas & Dave**
Tiverton Rugby Club: **Chris Barber Band**
Wallasey Leasure Castle Hotel: **Paul Costello & Friends**
Worcester Waterside Club: **Dark Star**

Saturday 4th

Ashford Stour Centre: **The Byron Band**
Aylesbury Civic Hall: **Doll By Doll**
Bedford Claypot: **Rapido Vite**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Bob Dylan**
Borehamwood Civic Hall: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
Bradford Textile Hall: **Misty In Roots**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Newtown Neurotics/Attila The Stockbroker/The Old Rene's**
Brighton The Concorde: **Roaring Jelly**
Bristol Chutes Rock Club: **Mind Tunnel**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Randy Crawford**
Bristol Trinity Centre: **Shades**
Bromley Library Gardens (noon-7pm, free): **The Papers / Case / Runn / Smallprint / Mainline / Killerhertz**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Rank Amateurs**
Cannock Park: **The Quads**
Carlisle Market Hall: **The Jam**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days/Nicky Moore Band**
Chelmsford The Countryman: **The Fascinators**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chichester Gala Day: **High Risk**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Hornets**
Crawley The Rocket: **Ego And Its Own**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **B-Movie**
Dundee Wishart Centre: **Crass/Poison Girls**
Dunscroft Regal Social Club: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Farnborough Recreation Centre: **Crosswinds/Sonny Black's Blues Band**
Gravesend Memorial Garden: **The Graphics/Airway**
Hastings Subway Club: **The Fruit Eating Bears**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Nashville Teens**
Holbeach The Chequers: **The Pleasure**
Lancaster Park Hotel: **The Lulu Boys**
Leeds Brannigans Bar: **Madison Blooze Band**
Leeds Potternewton Park: **The Specials/The Au Pairs/Misty**
Liverpool Brady's: **The Thompson Twins**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Dead Or Alive/The Room/Ponderosa Glee Boys**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Accelarators**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Pengwins/Laverne Brown Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chris Thompson & The Island**
London Chelsea Arts Ball: **Havana Let's Go**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Jane Aire & The Belvederes**
London Deptford St. Paul's Church Crypt: **Jools Holland & The Millionaires/Felix & The Cats/The Deceptions**
London Edmonton Cock Tavern: **The Sax Maniax**
London Euston The Pits: **Chuck Farley/Bop Natives**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mickey Jupp**
London Fulham Greyhound: **On The Air/G.B. Rockers**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Feelers**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **Jets**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **P.K. & The Products**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **A Bigger Splash/The Uprights**
London Highate Jackson's Rock Club: **Hank Wangford**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Lemons**
London Marquee Club: **The Meteors/The El Trains**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Power Line**
London Putney Spencer Arms: **Results/Snap**

Nationwide Gig Guide

London Putney White Lion: **Brian Knight Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Aswad/Junior Brown/King Sounds & The Israelites**
London Richmond Bull & Bush: **The M.G.'s**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Elaine Delmar**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London University Union: **Disband/Alexei Sayle**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Kabbala**
London Victoria The Venue: **Darts**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Art Objects/The Exploding Seagulls**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Ivory Coasters**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Iggy Pop**
Manchester Kittymans: **The Beat Roots**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **The Preditors**
Middlesbrough Gaskins: **The Exploited**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Professionals**
Nottingham Rock City: **Rose Tattoo**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Chinatown**
Portsmouth New Roebuck Inn: **The Motifs**
Reading Gerry Cottle's Big Top: **Gary Glitter**
Readin Hexagon Theatre (lunchtime): **Spredthick**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Retford Porterhouse: **More**
Sheffield City Hall: **Diamond Head**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Nightingales/Lowdown International**
Southampton Hampton Park Hotel: **The Britz**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Games To Avoid**
South Shields New Crown: **Pete Allen Band**
Tring Pound Meadow: **Chris Barber Band**
Whitley Bay Ilfracombe Gardens: **Suspicions Confirmed/KMT/Crispy Helicopters**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday 5th

Bamfe Fife Lodge: **H20**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Bob Dylan**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **The Piranhas / The Golinski Brothers**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Cobra**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Randy Crawford**
Durham Big Jug Club: **Alastair Russell**
Edinburgh Laswade Centre: **Crass / Poison Girls**
Glasgow Diand Inn: **The Strings**
Glasgow Maestro's: **On A Clear Day / Sophisticated Boom Boom**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Duran Duran**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Long Tall Shorty**
Grimsby Valiant Inn: **Survivors**
Gt Yarmouth Wellington Theatre: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
Hatfield The Forum: **Barbara Dickson**
Hemel Hempstead Old Town Hall: **Don Rendell / Michael Garrick Trio**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kildary Jackdaw: **The Dolphins**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Rose Tattoo**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leicester (Shearsby) Bath Hotel: **Fallen Angel**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Icicle Works**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Revillos**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (four days)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Broadcast / Transit / Miles Over Matter**
London Finchley Torrington: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jody Street**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Guy Jackson / The Wibbley Brothers**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Brunel**
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **Flying Saucers**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Remipeds / Bumble & The Beez**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre: **Otway & Barrett / Jools Holland**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Mighty Honky Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Fernest & The Thunders**
London Putney Half Moon: **Frankie Miller Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Neville Dickie Trio**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Meteors / The El Trains**
London Southall White Hart: **Fruit Eating Bears**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Johnny Mars**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Damned / Ruts DC / Anti-Nowhere League**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Green Man: **Wide Open**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Purple Hearts / The M.P.'s**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Brian Knight Band**
Luton The Unicorn: **Shader**
Newcastle City Hall: **Iggy Pop**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton The Morris Man: **The Cassettes**
Nottingham Playhouse Theatre: **The Albion Band**
Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: **Visible Targets**
Poole Chequers: **Out To Lunch**
Preston Guildhall: **The Jam**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Blackheart**
Rochford Rochway Centre: **Roaring Jelly**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Professionals**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **The Zorkie Twins**
Woking Centre Halls: **Chris Barber Band**
Woking The Cricketers: **Apocalypse**
Worthing Assembly Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**

Monday 6th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Soft Cell**
Birmingham Maypole Youth Centre: **Lowdown International**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bishops Stortford Railway Hotel: **Shader**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Tungsten**
Brighton The Richmond: **The Chefs**
Bristol Locarno: **Black Uhuru**
Cardiff Welsh College of Music and Drama: **The Beat Roots**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Duran Duran**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Iggy Pop**
Edinburgh (West Calder) The Vaults: **John Justin McGarvey**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **Rapid Dance**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Battersea The Cricketers: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Vanillas/Lott/The Opposition**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Whizz Kids/Idle Flowers/Original Vampires**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Rok Wattz**
London Euston The Pits: **Animal Magnet/Crosswords**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Kim Beacon/The Close Ups**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Lee Fardon**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wreckless Eric**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Simon Chamberlain**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Reasons**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Betty Carter Trio/Ronnie Scott Quintet (for two weeks)**
London Southall White Hart: **Dolly Mixture**
London Sockwell Old Queens Head: **Kleen Heels**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Black Market**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Lightning Raiders/The Deaf Aids/Killerhertz**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Bumble & The Beez/The Almost Brothers**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Freehand**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaws Hot Goolies**
London W.1 Gossips: **The Speedos**
London W.1 Latin Quarter: **The Bureau/Keith Allen/Jim Barclay**
Mansfield Red Lion: **Survivors**
Oxford Gerry Cottle's Big Top: **Gary Glitter**
Sevenoaks Festival: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
Southsea South Parade Pier: **Out To Lunch**
Stafford Riverside Centre: **Grace**
Sunderland Annabel's: **The Astros**
Windsor Jethro's Wine Bar: **Apocalypse**

Tuesday 7th

Aylesbury Britannia Inn: **Apocalypse**
Bath Tiffany's: **More**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Exploited**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Brighton Dome: **Barbara Dickson**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Diamond Head**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Black Uhuru**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Byron Band / The Reflectors**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Jam**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leek Kingstreet Hall: **Saturnalia**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Iggy Pop**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Reality / Small Print**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **The Kings Swingers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Lee Fardon / Close-Ups**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The El Trains / Outer Art / Civilisation**
London Euston The Pits: **The Temper / Coconut Dogs**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Time Flies**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Snax / Rich Smith & The Scruffs**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **London Underground**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Zeus**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The 45's**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All Star Jazzband**
London Southall The Cavern: **The Orange Cardigan**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Idlers**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators / The Wrecktangles**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Volcanoes**
London Victoria The Venue: **Toots & The Maytals**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Academy One / Dr. Mix & The Remix**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Haircut 100**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The AK Band**
Malvern Phoenix Club: **Close Rivals**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Randy Crawford**
Manchester The Studio: **Sans Culottes**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge St. Arts Centre: **Grace**
Solihull The Ivy: **Chas & Dave**
Southampton Gilbies: **The Motifs**
Southampton Waltham Chase Community Centre: **Dream Sequence**

Wednesday 8th

Barrow Civic Hall: **John Williams/Gerald Garcia**
Birkenhead Sir James: **Asylum**
Birmingham Barrle Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Partizans/Lowdown International**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Purple Hearts**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chippenham Gold Diggers: **More**
Chippenham Alexander's: **The Nashville Teens**
Eastleigh Concorde Club: **Sweet Substitute/Pat Halcox-Pete York Allstars**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Jam**
Halifax Bulls Head: **Whipps**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Duran Duran**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Lee Fardon**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Simon Purcell Trio**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Long Tall Shorty**
London Euston The Pits: **Crown Of Thorns/The Daughters**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Katy Heath Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Empire/The AK Band**
London Fulham Kings Head: **U-Turn**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Force (Deke Leonard & Sean Tyla)**
London Knightsbriadge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Monkey**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Praxis**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Will Michael Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Randy Crawford**
London Victoria The Venue: **Johnny Osborne**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Broadcast/Russian Drugs**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Outer Art**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Oozit's Club: **The X-Pelaires**
Manchester Snooty Fox: **Motivation**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Dance Class**
New Romney Seahorse: **The Staires**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Diamond Head**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Iggy Pop**

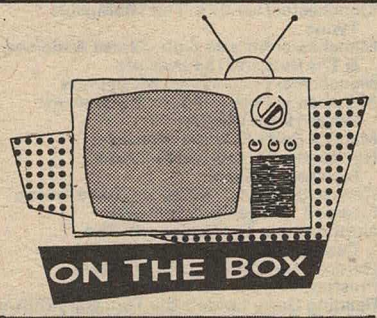
Thursday July 2
BEACH PATROL (Directed by Bob Kelljan 1979). Pig-ignorant pilot for a failed TV series about rookie cops cavorting about in the sea and sand, starring the famous Robin Strand and Chris DeLisle. **(ITV London).**

RED RIVER (Howard Hawks 1948). Grandiose claims have been made for the Hawks movies by the silly serious critics; in this first of a welcome BBC season, just enjoy watching a natural film-maker doing what he does best, crack a good yarn. Here, John Wayne's the cattle baron forging a trail from Texas to Abilene, feuding along the way with his adopted son (Monty Clift in his film debut — hi Monty!). **(BBC 2).**

Friday July 3
SECRET CEREMONY (Joseph Losey 1968). Losey without Harold Pinter as his scenarist can be pretty dire, and this is certainly that. Liz Taylor's worn-out whore and Mia Farrow's mysterious waif adopt each other as mother and daughter and walk meaningfully around an elaborate art nouveau set until Robert Mitchum (sensibly hiding behind a beard) stomps in and spoils their fun. The version shown on US TV was a lot funnier: the network concerned shot extra scenes, deleting others, which were feeble attempts to both water down the story (Liz became a 'model') and explain just what the hell was going on. Ha! **(BBC 1).**

Saturday July 4
A THUNDER OF DRUMS (Joseph Newman 1961). An Independence Day special from the Beeb, with the cavalry trashing the Apache yet again. The durable Richard Boone vainly attempts to invest his role with some psychological depth but it's dreadfully commonplace stuff: new lieutenant (George Hamilton) is given a hard time 'til he proves himself a man, and how better to do that than by killing a few Indians? Richard Chamberlain and Charles Bronson are in there somewhere, and MGM let slip the extent of their aspirations by roping in Duane Eddy for 'an important supporting role'. **(BBC 1).**

I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE (Jacques Tourneur 1943). Books have been written about the series of horror films produced by Val Lewton in the '40s, about their style, their atmosphere, their poetry, their 'significance'; forget all the claptrap and enjoy them (BBC are showing all nine bar one) for what they are, commendably economical and inexplicit little chillers. *Zombie* is one of the best (a risible bastard offspring of *Jane Eyre)* and, like most of Lewton's films, directed by Jacques Tourneur, a wacky Frenchman who actually believed in all the supernatural mumbojumbo he painted with light (cont page 34 of the NFT programme notes). Completing the double bill in the Beeb's new season of midsummer horrors is Albert Band's dreadful Dracula addition, **Zoltan — Hound Of Dracula (1977),** with suitably sanguine performances from Michael Pataki and Jose 'It Pays The Rent' Ferrer. **(BBC 2).**



"Oh, put it down, dear — that's no way to grow old gracefully on the big screen." Angie Dickinson, taking time off from the Death Hunt, offers a bit of advice to the unlucky lass in Friday The 13th Part 73.

Sunday July 5
THE GREAT WALTZ (Andrew L Stone 1972). Books have been written about Johann Strauss. They should have left it at that. **(BBC 1).**

J. A. MARTIN, PHOTOGRAPHER (Jean Beaudin 1976). One of the biggest box-office successes in recent years. I mean, who could resist leaving their hearth and home and rushing down the local Bijou to see such a temptingly titled motion picture? Not since Fassbinder's *Despair* has a film so acutely tapped the mass consciousness. Actually, it's a Canadian film, set in rural Quebec at the turn of the century, and it's all very decorous and low-key and tasteful. **(BBC 2).**

Monday July 6
MR JERICO (Sidney Hayers 1969). Patrick MacNee dons totally undetectable syrup and suns himself in Malta as this would-be comic conman caper grinds to a halt before the first ad break. **(ITV London).**

THE POWER PLAY (Robert Day 1976). Relax, there's not a proper film on till Wednesday. In this TV trifle Raymond 'Look, ma, no hands!' Burr plays 'a widely respected investigative journalist' (well, he's wide for sure — Woodward *and* Bernstein would fit in his trousers) sniffing around nuclear power (how passe). **(BBC 1).**

Tuesday July 7
GOIN' COCONUTS (Howard Morris 1978). Donny and Marie Osmond star in a powerful drama set in Hawaii, script by John Fowles (sharpening his quill before *The French Lieutenant's Woman),* cameos by Marlon Brando and Phyllis Diller. Fact: Ian Penman inisists he's already got his VCR primed for this. **(BBC 1).**

Wednesday July 8
THE ILLUSTRATED MAN (Jack Smight 1969). Somewhat lacking in the old special effects department, Smight's slight adaptation of Ray Bradbury's short stories is beefed up by Rod Steiger's glowering presence (and ridiculous wig). Mrs Steiger (Claire Bloom) looks on askance; so might you. **(ITV London).**

Monty Smith

A brief guide to current releases

ATLANTIC CITY (Louis Malle). Casting his ironic European eye over the scuzzy New Jersey resort, Malle skilfully manipulates his mismatched pair (Burt Lancaster and Susan Sarandon) through a marvellous romantic thriller, allowing them both to come to terms with faded dreams and future aspirations; reviewed in *Silver Screen* 31.1.81. **(Enterprise)**

THE COMPETITION (Joel Olianski). Entertaining alternative to the lasers and long-knives as Richard Dreyfuss and Amy Irving give impeccable performances in a soft-centred but enjoyable love story set in the competitive world of classical musicians; reviewed 27.6.81 **(Columbia)**

DEATH HUNT (Peter Hunt). Self-explanatory title as *Jeremiah Johnson* meets Jack London in the frozen wilderness of the Yukon in the early '30s; Lee Marvin's the mountie, Charles Bronson the man he must get. **(20th Century Fox)**

FROM THE LIFE OF MARIONETTES (Ingmar Bergman). Lugubrious up-market razor flick, full of talking heads, Freud and Jung, yin and yang, Cheech and Chong, and bursts of Woody Allen-type humour; to be reviewed *(Sensibly, I hope. — Ed.).* **(ITC)**

FRIDAY THE 13th PART 2 (Steve Miner). Execrable sequel to one of the worst of last year's bloodlust shockers. Try to catch John Carpenter's excellent *Halloween* instead (now in limited re-release). **(CIC)**

GREGORY'S GIRL (Bill Forsyth). Ingenuous Scottish comedy with Gordon John Sinclair's fickle fifth-former lusting after Dee Hepburn, the school football team's star striker. Film reviewed 20.6.81, Forsyth interviewed in this week's *Silver Screen.* **(ITC)**

"All you critics are the same — just fork off!" Melanie Ritblatt defends to the death her right to appear in trash like Friday The 13th Part 346.

NIGHTHAWKS (Bruce Malmuth). A brace of New York's finest (Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams) take on Rutger Hauer's loony European terrorist in routinely implausible thriller; reviewed 20.6.81. **(CIC)**

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE (Bob Rafelson). Turgid, po-faced adaptation of James Cain's '30s potboiler, partly redeemed by fine playing from Jack Nicholson, Jessica Lange and John Colicos as the doomed unholy trinity morbidly moving around bleak circles under Rafleson's studiedly detached direction; reviewed 9.5.81. **(ITC)**

TESS (Roman Polanski). Nastassia Kinski is the Hardy heroine, Peter Firth and Leigh Lawson her Laurelesque suitors, in Polanski's ponderous adaptation of *Tess Of The D'Urbervilles;* reviewed 11.4.81. **(Columbia)**

Monty Smith

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July 3 — Bracknell Sport Centre
July 4 — Middlesbrough, Gaskins
July 5 — Wakefield Unity Hall
July 6 — Bradford, St Georges Hall
July 7 — Birmingham, Digbeth Civic Hall
July 8 — Cardiff Top Rank

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progs: 2.00, 4.45, 7.35. Late Show Fri & Sat: 11 pm

2 — Nicole Williamson
EXCALIBUR AA
Progs: 1.40 (Sun from 2.10) 4.40, 7.40

3 — *13th Fantastic Week* Christopher Reeve
SUPERMAN II A
Progs: 2.00, 4.45, 7.30 Late Show Fri & Sat 11 pm

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1 — LAST FEELINGS A
Sun & Week: 1.45, 5.15, 8.55
Last Shows of Spring A
Sun & Week: 3.25, 7.05
Late Show Fri & Sat 11 pm: *BREAKING GLASS* (AA) in Dolby Stereo

2 — EYES of a STRANGER X
Progs: 1.20, 3.35, 6.00, 8.20 Late Show Fri & Sat 11 pm

3 — *Winner of 4 Academy Awards* Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore
Ordinary People AA
Progs: 12.50, 3.20, 5.50, 8.25 Late Show Fri & Sat: 11 pm

4 — Jack Nicholson
THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE X
Progs: 12.45, 3.10, 5.40, 8.10 Late Show Fri & Sat: 11pm

5 — Lloyd Bridges
AIRPLANE! A
Progs: 12.45, 2.45, 4.45, 6.45, 8.45 Late Show Fri & Sat: 11 pm
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CHARIOTS OF FIRE A
in Dolby Stereo
Progs: 2.40, 5.40, 8.30

2 — *Winner of 3 Academy Awards* Roman Polanski's
TESS A
in Dolby Stero
Progs: 2.00, 7.45

3 — Jack Nicholson
THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE X
Progs: 2.20, 6.00, 8.30

4 — An Hilarious Double Bill . . .
LA CAGE AUX FOLLES III A
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Saturday 4th July
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& Yates' **BREAKING AWAY** (A)
Friday 10th July
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THE HOLY GRAIL (X)
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Ferreri's **BLOW OUT** (X)
& Gainsboroug's **JE T'AIME MOIS NON PLUS** (X)
Saturday 4th July
Passollini's **THE DECAMERON** (X)
& **THE CANTERBURY TALES** (X)
Sunday 5th July
Fellini's **ROMA** (X)
& **THE SATYRICON** (X)
Thursday 9th July
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31st July, 1st & 2nd August, 1981
Cherryhinton Hall, Cambridge

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Firday 3rd July — HEAVY ROCK — **WITCHFINDER GENERAL** + Buffalo
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Sunday 5th July — **COBRA**
Monday 6th July — **FIFTIES FLASH ROCK & ROLL & ROCKABILLY SHOW**
Tuesday 7th July — **DAVID BYRON BAND** (ex Uriah Heep) + The Reflectors
Wednesday 8th July — **Wednesday 8th July PURPLE HEARTS** + The Empires

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Friday 3rd July — £1.75 — **BLUE ORCHIDS** + Bee Vamp
Saturday 4th July — £1.75 — **ART OBJECTS** + The Exploding Seagulls
Sunday 5th July — £1.75 — **PURPLE HEARTS** + The M.P's
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SAT. JULY 18th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
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EDINBURGH ODEON
SUN. JULY 19th 7.30 p.m.
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SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
MON. JULY 20th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
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Tickets: £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
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MANCHESTER APOLLO THEATRE
THUR. JULY 23rd 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.25, £3.00, £2.75
Available from b/o Tel. 061 273 1112/3 3

WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC HALL
FRI. JULY 24th 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £3.25
Available from b/o Tel. 28482

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SAT. JULY 25th 7.30 p.m.
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Friday 3rd July — £1.50 — **CUDDLY TOYS** + Red Star Belgrade
Saturday 4th July — £2.00 — **THE WRECKLESS ERIC BAND** + Going Straight
Sunday 5th July — £1.50 — **THE DEVILISH TIN TRUMPET** + Those Virginia Mountain Boys
Monday 6th July — £1.50 — **LEE FARDON** + Dummies Don't Talk
Tuesday 7th July — £1.50 — **THE SHOTS** + The Almost Brothers
Wednesday 8th July — £1.50 — **THE OUTSKIRTS** + 3 AM
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Heartbreak and rap

US INDIES BY RICHARD GRABEL

CYCLONES: You're So Cool (Little Ricky)
A VOICE, Donna Esposito's, floats up out of a functional, stop-and-go rock beat. The voice grabs your heart, makes you take notice. The voice is delicate, haunting and expressive, tinged with mystery, bitterness and edge.

The voice tells a simple story. She's been left for another. She's telling her ex-lover *"you're so cool"*. She could be saying "so cruel" under her breath. The tension in her voice, the catch in her throat, belies the calm acceptance of the lyrics. The same old heartbreak comes alive again.

Former Dictator Andy Shernoff does an expert production. The mix frames Donna's voice perfectly, a brash setting for a fragile jewel. A record like this makes you feel human and vulnerable. On the other hand. . .

STRIKERS: Body Music (Prelude 12")
. . . FUNK has another function. It buries your problems, makes you feel powerful, sexy, bigger than life, the greatest dancer alive.

This is one of the hottest items on disco floors and on black radio in New York, with excellent reason. The Prelude house band provides orchestral magnificence, funk applied in grand sweeping gestures. The Strikers provide expert, compelling vocals, lines and asides. They can be smooth and sassy like the Spinners, jokey and silly like Bootsy, or raw, low down, grunt-and-gasp insinuating, chanting *"Huh, huh, body music!"*

This record isn't about its lyrics, its about the groove. But every line is a classic. From the street, the latest dance chants. *"Do the Patti Duke. Do the Punk Rock."* From the heart, senuous love warbles, whispered sweet nothings. From the head, mind-messing jive.

LIQUID LIQUID: EP (99 12")
THEN there's the stuff that isn't pop or funk. But yet, you couldn't say it's not pop or not funk. Don't be confused by what can't be categorized. Use it when it fits.

Liquid Liquid have one foot deep in an African jungle, one foot in a Jamaican dub chamber, and another foot tapping to a Puerto Rican/Lower East Side drum band. It's all bass and percussion of all kinds, the vocals just shouted, echoed fragments.

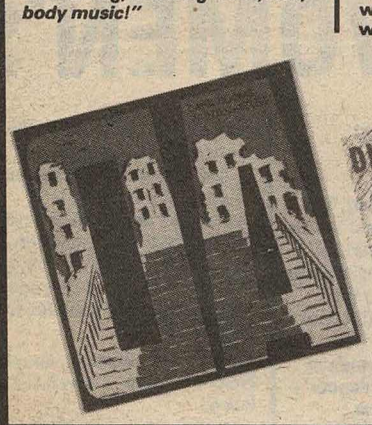
Rhumba and rumble! Liquid Liquid twist themselves into odd shapes and shifts. Hallucinogenic, but not psychedelic — more rooted than wired.

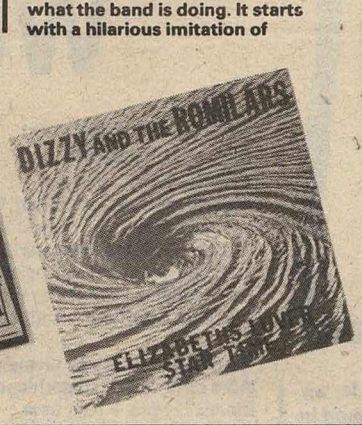
On the three live cuts you can feel the sweat and concentration, the muscles pumping to drive those drums. They are feats of strength. The two studio cuts and more gentle and dense, more captivating.

LOVE BUG STAR-SKI AND THE HARLEM WORLD CREW: Positive Live (Tay-Ster 12")
I CAN'T go on enough about rap records. The scene throws up a new gem each week. Like this.

What sets this apart is the rap, good as it is, is important mainly as an occasional commentary on what the band is doing. It starts with a hilarious imitation of notorious D. J. Wolfman Jack. The band begins with a killer bass line puncuated by congas and yells. They then tie in the melody from the Police's 'Voices Inside My Head', played by horns, a take-off on a famous McDonald's advert, and a snatch of Aerosmith's 'Walk This Way'. It comes out not as a series of parts but as a funny, swinging whole.

The point is summed up when Star-ski raps, *"People of the world this is just for you/If you understand me I'll understand you."* Funk has use for white rock, it says. Whether white rock, or its audience, has use for funk is more problematic.





DIZZY AND THE ROMILARS: Elizabeth's Lover (Jimboco)
THE better half of the ill-fated Comateens come up with a cheering, bright bit of pop candy. The singer's voice is girlish, dripping with cute. The sound is a catchy interplay of guitar and natural, organlike synthesizer. The song is a jealous lover situation, treated as silly kid stuff. A good summer single.

HI SHERIFFS OF BLUE: Aint But Sweet 16 (Roller Skate)
CRACKED and demented urban blues. Screamed, lunatic asylum vocals, guitar comforting. Very stimulating.

CRACKERS: Sir Crackers (Twin Tone 12")
STEVE ALMAAS was in the Suicide Commandos, a Minneapolis legend. Karen Indiana was one the town's hot guitarists. They formed the Crackers, moved to New York and eventually broke up. Luckily they recorded this first.

Four songs, three are great. There are rave-ups, harmonies, ideas itching to jump up and fly. Mid-Western pop tends to be more innocent than its coastal counterparts. It breathes easier. These songs are full of naivete and wide-eyed excitement. Very American in sound and spirit, which is to say very sure of themselves. But they deserve to be.

DA: Dark Rooms (Autumn)
'DARK ROOMS' plods and goes on too long. But after a couple of hearings it starts to haunt. Eerie and suggestive. 'White Castles' is much better. It deals with urban racial segregation, but doesn't preach, just pricks the mind. The sound is built on insistent drums and plaintive, intertwining female voices. DA echo Slits and Au Pairs too much for comfort. But they definitely have something, and I can't wait to watch it grow. From Chicago, keep your ears open for them.

ANGRY SAMOANS: Inside My Brain (Bad Trip 12")
HARD-CORE punk rock from L.A. with a difference. The Angry Samoans rise above the dismal lot of Black Flag Circle Jerks Fear etc., by working intelligence and humour into the format. Of course not everyone in the world is going to find a song addressed to L.A. DJ Rodney Bingenheimer calling him a *"pathetic male groupie"* so hilarious. But you might.

VIVIEN GOLDMAN: Dirty Washing (99 12")
I WASN'T going to review this at first, wanting to avoid even the chance of an appearance of favouritism. But then I heard 'Private Armies' in a club, where the crashing percussion bits and chorale voices hit home. And then I found myself going around humming this line, *"really out of order, really out of order"*, all day long, totally hooked. So how could I keep quiet?

'Launderette' is a slight exercise and kind of silly, though the backing track does sprint along nicely. But 'Private Armies' has many beauties. Vivien's voice, full of little-girl sweetness and vulnerability, rubs up against a backdrop that crashes, booms and grates, properly dread to fit the subject — street violence and state violence.

My fantasy, as the heat builds, is to hear this booming loudly out of boxes everywhere, loud enough to melt all those private and public armies right down to the pavement.

RAMONES LP AND TOUR

THE RAMONES have their seventh Sire Records album issued on July 24, titled 'Pleasant Dreams'. Their previous set was produced by Phil Spector, but this time Graham Gouldman of 10cc was in charge of production, and Joey Ramone completed the vocal tracks at Gouldman's Strawberry Studios earlier this year. As a foretaste, one of the tracks 'We Want The Airwaves' is released as a single this week. Currently on the road in the States, the band are likely to tour Britain again in the late autumn.

VISAGE have a new single out on Polydor this weekend, 'Visage'/'Second Steps'. The A-side of the seven-inch is remixed from the album, while the 12-incher carries a dance mix of the A-side and an extended version of the coupling.

● Four-piece Los Angeles rock band **The Balls** have been acquired by Towerbell, the label set up by Darts and Chas & Dave manager, Bob England. Their debut single 'I Love The Balls' is out this week, with distribution by PRT.

● **Tom Petty**'s previously reported new single 'A Woman In Love (It's Not Me)' is now set for release this weekend by MCA.

THE PITS
GREENMAN, EUSTON ROAD, NW1
Licensed 8.30 till 1am — Opp Gt. Portland St. Tube

Thursday 2nd July £1.50
ROY SUNDHOLM BAND
+ Resistance

Friday 3rd July £1.50
BIDDIE & EVE
+ Martin Besserman Band

Saturday 4th July £1.50
CHUCK FARLEY
+ Bop Natives

Monday 6th July £1.50
JANE AIRE & THE BELVEDERS
+ Boys Will Be Boys

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RECORD NEWS

● **Charlie Harper**'s second solo project since forming UK Subs is a single titled 'Freaked', released by Ramkup Records (through Pinnacle) on July 10. Backing him are a band of "old cronies" comprising Tony Collins (guitar), Steve Slack (bass), Dave Dudley (keyboards) and Pete Davies (drums.)

● **Errol Dunkley** has a new single out on Natty Congo, the follow-up to 'Happiness Forgets' which reached No. 1 in the reggae charts — it is 'Jah Apple'/'Little Green Apples'. He's currently recording an album, and European appearances are being lined up for July and August.

● **Jane Kennaway**'s new single on Deram Records is 'Year 2,000' coupled with '5 On 84th Street'. It's released on July 10.

● The sixth Fresh Records single by **Family Fodder** is out this week. Titled 'Film Music', it features Dominique on vocals.

● Magnum Force Records have tied up an import deal with Holland's Dynamite Records, and the first release this weekend is the compilation album 'Light Up The Dynamite' featuring (among others) **Nick Lowe, Shakin' Stevens & The Sunsets** and **Ducks Deluxe**. A similar deal has been concluded with Big Beat Records of France, and released in July are the album **'Gene Summers** In Nashville' and a five-track ten-inch EP by **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers.**

● **Remipeds**' album 'The Tahiti Syndrome' is now officially released this weekend on Banana Records. Available at the band's gigs or by mail order (£3.99) from Stiff Records, 9/11 Woodfield Road, London W9.

DEXYS EMERGE

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS have scheduled their first single since they walked out of EMI three months ago. Produced by Tony Visconti, it couples 'Show Me' and 'Soon', and it's released this weekend on the Mercury label (part of the Phonogram group). A spokesman for the company commented: "Dexys haven't yet signed to Phonogram, though they are about to do so. And in the meantime, we're going ahead and releasing the single."

● **Kraftwerk** have a new single issued this week by EMI in both 7" and 12". The A-side is 'Computer Love' taken from their new 'Computerworld' album, and it's coupled with one of their classic numbers 'The Model'. The 12-incher features a special disco mix.

● HMV shops launch a special two-week campaign this Saturday (U.S. Independence Day) called "The HMV American Music Mart". Hundreds of albums by American artists will be on sale at only £2.99.

● **Yellow Dog** are back in business, after two albums for Virgin, with a single titled 'Escape' — which aptly is the first release on the new Escape label, formed by Dog's Kenny Young with Charles Negus-Fancey, and distributed by Spartan. Dog's new album 'Strangers In Paradox' will be out in August, and an autumn tour is being lined up.

● **The Art Bears** (Dagmar, Fred Frith and Chris Cutler) have their third and final LP out on Recommended Records — titled 'The World As It Is Today', it plays at 45-rpm and comes with an illustrated booklet. And on the same label, **Ivor Cutler** re-emerges with the single 'Good Morning'/'Archloch', with an album to follow later in the year. Recommended also put out a debut single called 'Do The Residue' by Dutch group **Kontakt Mikrofoon Orkest** (eh?) formed from the ashes of Red Balune, and are reissuing both the earlier **Red Balune** EPs.

● Australian band **Icehouse,** whose self-named album was issued by Chrysalis last week, have a special ten-inch single issued this week — 'We Can Get Together' coupled with 'Paradise Lost' and 'Send Somebody'.

● North London six-piece **The Lemons** have signed to Brad Special's Race Records label, and will be releasing their debut single within four weeks.

HALF-YEAR CHART POINTS

Adam's double top

ADAM & THE ANTS are streaking away from the rest of the field in the *NME* Chart Points Tables for 1981 — at the half-year mark, they are clear leaders in both the albums and singles sections, and are already looking unbeatable in the race for the annual honours. With only six months gone, they have now passed the totals amassed by the 1980 full-year winners — in both tables!

Their most comfortable lead is in the album section, where 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier' has so far chalked up 727 points, compared with last year's overall winner ('Off The Wall' by Michael Jackson) which scored 722 in 12 months. There's a gap of almost 300 points between Adam and his nearest challenger, and then comes a cluster of four albums: 2. 'Hotter Than July' (Stevie Wonder) 433 points; 3. 'Jazz Singer' (Neil Diamond) 431 points; 4. 'Manilow Magic (Barry Manilow) 429 points; 5. 'Double Fantasy' (John Lennon & Yoko Ono) 422 points.

The singles table shows Adam and the group with 676 points, while John Lennon has 621 — and both of those are ahead of the 1980 winning total of 556 by Madness. Then comes a huge gap down to Shakin' Stevens in third place (415 points), and another drop down to Madness at No. 4 (338) and Ultravox in fifth spot (307).

The only area in which Adam is not leading is in the individual singles table, currently topped by Ultavox's 'Vienna' with 237 points (and here again, this beats last year's winner 'Crying' by Don McLean which had 227), followed by 'This Ole House' by Shakin' Stevens with 224 and 'Imagine' by John Lennon with 217. But Adam still has the last laugh, with two singles in the Top Five — 'Antmusic' (215 points) and 'Stand And Deliver' (213.)

● John Lennon's 621-point singles total includes his duets with Yoko Ono (214) and Elton John (7). Normally these would be shown separately in our table, but since Lennon himself was the obvious sales factor, it seemed logical to lump them together in this instance.

● The Chart Points Tables are compiled from the Top Thirty charts published weekly by *NME*, with points awarded every week on the basis of 30 for a No. 1 placing, 29 for a No. 2 — and so on, down to one point for a No. 30 position.

RICHARD STRANGE has his second Virgin single released this weekend — it's the title track from his current album 'The Phenomenal Rise Of Richard Strange', coupled with 'On Top Of The World'. No doubt he'll be featuring it when he appears on BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* next Tuesday (7).

● **Fashion**, one of Birmingham's top new bands, have signed a long-term deal with Arista. They go into the studios later this month to record their debut single for the label.

● **Philip Rambow** has a new single out next week on Parlophone titled 'Star In Her Own Right', with a live version of 'Night Out' on the B-side. His album 'Jungle Law' follows on August 10.

● The second **Virgin Prunes** EP, announced several weeks ago but delayed by production difficulties, finally makes its appearance this weekend.

● 'If You Need Me' is the title of the new single by **The Equators**, taken from their album 'Hot' and released by Stiff this weekend.

ANY TROUBLE have rushed out a new single on the Stiff label titled 'Trouble With Love'. It's a preview of their new album, which they've been busy writing and recording since the end of the 60-date Son Of Stiff tour — the LP was produced by Mike Howlett, noted for his work with OMITD, and it's due out later this month. The band are lining up some dates to coincide.

Venus' Weltklang

HAUSFRAUEN

BLOOD

MALARIA

WE DROVE up from Austria (Paris, Amsterdam, London, Milan, Stockholm, New York City, Birmingham) for three days of radical Berliner chic. People from Venus — the *MEN* rom Mars; the boorish details in their own disorganised, disgruntled world, lispingly upset by the 'other half's' lives. A circus tent, caravans, trucks, buses — the only possible setting for an attempt to dispel the Women In Rock myth. And it's right next The Wall — two cold wars for the price of one. All that reasonable antagonism frustrated, and too often turning in on itself.

WOMEN'S

STRAIGHT! The womens organisation was excellent. The men involved — the largest Berlin agency — pitifully incapable of keeping up, the extent of sympathy being a liaison service by the promoter's girlfriend. Is that cool or. . .

THOUGHT! Two black women in three days? A Slit singer/dancer + Bloods rhythm + funk bass. Seemed seems strange. Still, white music — *even* The Slits' — only answers its own questions.

START! First day, day one, premier chaos. Bitch band first on. The only out-loud lesbian band. Political arguments on stage. Messy, messy — and *necessary*. Missed one. Malaria (from Berlin) — A Junoesque appearance. Controlled but not cautious. Apparently, one hears, they are the vanguard of German new music. The name is misleadingly coy-punk for such a cool band.

THEN! The Seductive, carnal, French Lilidrop — why? — I don't know.

NEXT! The Slits. The Supreme, supremely — but supremacist Slits. Ari shouting in German at a (by now) largely male, passive/confused/affronted

BORED AGAIN

BOB DYLAN
BY CHRIS BOHN

Bob Dylan

Earls Court

GOD KNOWS why I came. I don't. It certainly wasn't out of love for the born again Dylan, neither was it to witness a re-run of his '78 shows, which offered about as definitive a Dylan retrospective as you could ask for, even if his radical re-workings of familiar material for a rock orchestra weren't to everybody's tastes.

At least they showed that Dylan was, as always, looking ahead and not backwards; if he recognised the Europeans' eagerness to hear old songs live for the first time since the Isle of Wight fiasco, he was going to amuse himself with them, too.

Dylan has never held his work to be sacred, though he appeared to be a lot more at ease with it in '78 than before. Shorn of their topical relevance his more political stuff could be sung purely as songs as part of a showcase. But Dylan's greatness has always been his urge to move on, considering his own needs before those of his followers; the few new songs he performed then thus left those shows vaguely incomplete.

One can't level the same criticism at his present concerts, as practically half of it consists of relatively new material, attesting to Dylan's artistic restlessness. As a longtime Dylan fan it is my problem if I don't like his most recent steps, *not* his.

For all the aesthetic impoverishment of his new religious songs, Dylan's born again records proved to be his most radical break with his past yet. Once again he was prepared to lay himself on the line for his beliefs at risk of losing his audience. Especially at his first post-conversion American concerts, which consisted entirely of born again songs. Dylan's beliefs commanded respect, if not applause.

Out of perversity I hoped he would stick to that formula for these concerts, because in the light of his conversion anything else would be a compromise. Not that I'd want to be there if he did, but I'm sure Dylan's charisma and sheer curiosity would have drawn me to Earls Court in the end, just as it has done now.

The audience do not share this perversity and reserve their ecstatic applause for the predicatble and familiar, greeting the gospel songs with polite reserve. Their appetite is sadly unadventurous, as Dylan observes midway through during a preface to the little known folk song 'Barbara Allen'.

"A whole lotta people like to live in the past," he teases. "I know I do myself sometimes — here's a song I used to do before I wrote songs . . ."

Dylan is in good humour throughout, riding the isolated mini-storms that break out intermittently. The inane cries of "Judas!" learned from the audience reaction to his 1966 Albert Hall electric concert probably don't carry as far as the stage, but he must've felt the blank hostility reserved for his gospel material at times — especially when the solo spot of one of his four back-up singers prompts some people to leave the auditorium. By this time though the balance between religious and secular songs has been firmly established to the satisfaction of both parties. The atmosphere of unease at first created the tension of the evening, but Dylan adeptly deflates it with his engaging between song raps.

HIS PROGRAMMING is judicious, his picks from the past well chosen so as not to clash with the spirit of the new. Surprisingly, in the light of Dylan's conversion, songs that were once outrageously vitriolic and bitter fit in perfectly.

'Like A Rolling Stone' — brought in early on after 'You Gotta Serve Somebody' and 'I Believe In You' — is less a put down and more genuinely quizzical, when he sings the chorus *"How does it feel?"* He now feels more concern than cynicism for the object of the song's accumulating abuse. Similarly, the *"Something is happening, but you don't know what it is"* chorus of 'Ballad Of A Thin Man' takes on mystical overtones. He chooses not to make any of the political connotations of 'Maggie's Farm' pointed to in The Specials' version of the same. And 'Masters Of War' still speaks for itself.

Undoubtedly the best re-reading is 'Simple Twist Of Fate' which features Dylan's most playful vocal running the uneven lines into fabulous stacatto swoops of words against a backdrop of swelling acoustic guitars.

If Dylan's songwriting is going through a lull his singing is better than ever. He has

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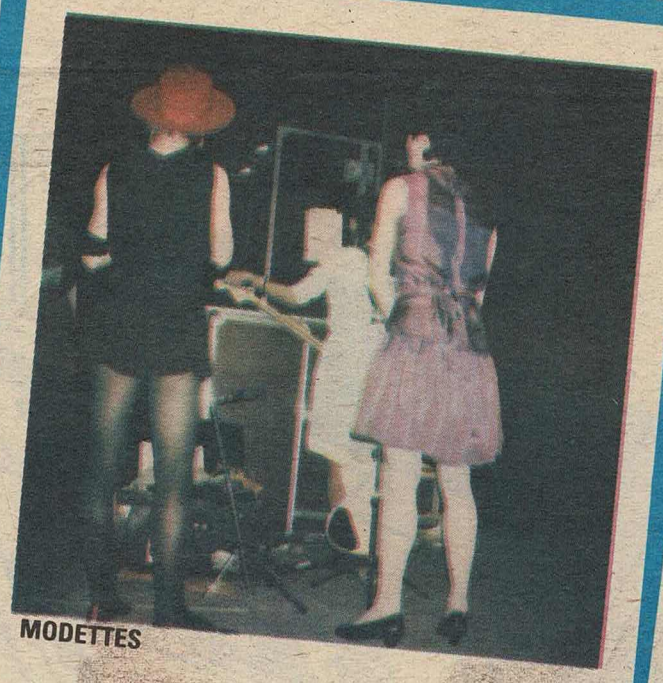
MONIKA



MODETTES

FESTIVAL SITE

ROCK FESTIVAL

REPORT: MINOU MYLING (dilettante)
POLAROIDS: YVETTE ANNA (debutante)

audience. *Ich Stehe night im ZOO.* I am not, this is not a Zoo. Unfortunately wrong I think.

THEN! Unknown Gender (from New York City) had to follow The Slits. It's impossible to know what they were like! An American trio, Lynne Messinger's vocals were good . . . But to follow The Slits?

END! Day one. On to the Harlequin Bar and the Jungle Club for flash dancing, fast drinking and more and more, till. . .

DAY TWO! Pink Plastic And Panties (from Holland). They had a huge rubber penis, memorable and tasteless proportion to its length, a strange, too flexible instrument. Liliput now — but not. They were missing, so Au Pairs were rushed on. A very concentrated set to — *at last* — a largely female audience. I hear that "they stimulated the body tissues". I belive they did.

STAR! Gianna Nannini from Italy (+ Band, oh yes). This *is* the women *in* rock myth. Everyone felt sorry for her. Raunch with paunch + femme. It felt old and anaemic.

TRANSFUSION! The Bloods. Adele Bertei is ex-Contortions and has one of *the* voices. Volatile *is* the word. 'Blue Chevrolet' *was* one of the songs. Everything worked.

Lady's Cup awarded without real contention.

AT LAST! Swiss Liliput — the victims of the piece. Too late, no time, so difficult for them — very upsetting. The remnants of the audience were responsive, but and BUT. The worst example of bad management by an overzealous crew.

AND! Day two. Then on and out, people everywhere — screams for sausage, cries of disgust. Bars, billiards and lights too bright. Then at last the totally necessary.

TROPICANA! Small Afro-caribbean club; cheap, normal with wild calypso, lots of slush and middle aged crazies. ZOOM.

SO! Day three opened with Wicked Lady, a Holland-based band. Very straight, very normal stainless heavy metal. Nice people.

Kollaps from Sweden — reminiscent of the Sadista Sisters with different hairstyles. They spoke of equal pay for women — it seemed superficial in the context of the total politik.

Insisters (a local group) were "diverse" or *"varied"* — or maybe the ratsoup was getting to everyone.

DRAG! It started to, at the gig. It did not matter so much. Lots of people were at the fleamarket over the road buying blinds, clothes, hats, ice cream, shoes, books, manager cases and. . .

PRIMETIME! Modettes looking bored, singing risque songs with a housewifely air.

ENDING! With Die Hausfrauern — American art school rock from NYC. PRESS . . . "ANGST ridden, blackhumorous, danz muzic filled with eccentric rhythms and intense revelations about the darker side of the human psyche". Or "She's my destruction, explores the motives of revenge, jealousy, sanity and mind fuck with clickety click precision". More domestic and vestal really, obviously self conscious. Yes, they thought about themselves a lot.

As a gig it was normal, some bands were exceptional others obeyed a mediocre norm — most you would be unlikely to go and see again. But it was the festival, the event that was important. Not just the people there, but happily the media at large. Papers, radio, and especially TV were present throughout, which seems to suggest that the message in this madness has established a credibility and that there is an interest in the broads of definitions. Thank you, Sonia.

JAZZ! As for Berlin, what a shame: ***ICH BINN KEIN BERLINER.***

BUTLINS FOR THE BROWN RICE BRIGADE

GAVIN MARTIN AND PETER ANDERSON (PIX) AT GLASTONBURY

SHEPTON MALLET is buried in the heart of Somerset, one of the last remaining outposts of rural England. Two years ago a firm of London architects discovered a disused railway tunnel there and realised it could easily be bought from a desperate British Rail about to be crippled by public spending cuts. They wanted to construct a complex of nuclear fallout shelters in the tunnel, one of the first of its kind in Western Europe.

Clearly if the shelters were built local people would be uprooted and the quaint folkways and communities in the area destroyed. The place would be invaded by a crowd of batty crackpots with both the desire *and* the money to buy preservation in a ravaged and dehumanised hell-on-earth.

Despite their traditional conservatism the locals reacted to this proposal swiftly and indignantly. Shortly after the project was made public the Mid-Somerset branch of CND held a meeting in Shepton's village hall and a crowd four times greater than the building could hold turned up. A subsequent series of protests and demonstrations have so far prevented the Whitehall-blessed sadists from swinging into their auto-destructive stride.

Shepton's dilemma shows the full implications of a government determined on nuclear war. But it also symbolises how successful the rebirth of CND has been, encouraging a groundswell of grassroots opposition to Trident missiles and the like. The real value of the movement being that it pools people's personal fears and disaffections and constructively focuses their anger and opinions.

Michael Eavis is CND's publicist in Mid-somerset. He also owns the 150 acre Worthy Farm which for the past five years has been the site of the Glastonbury Fayre, which last week celebrated its tenth anniversary. While it may not be crucial in terms of specific action or strategy, it is notable that this year the three day festival, with an attendance of over 18,000, was held under the CND banner less than fives miles from the proposed location of the fallout shelters. For the first time Eavis promoted it himself, choosing all the bands; after paying off various creditors he raised £20,000 for a CND movement that conclusively showed itself to be a powerful national body.

So those are the facts surrounding the three days of entertainment which included theatre, mime, circus acts, films, crafts, workshops, playparks . . . and fornification, vomiting and dope-smoking.

PETER ANDERSON and I arrive at the festival late on Friday night in the middle of Roy Harper's agreeable but dated set of rustic wailing, electrified English whimsy and personal angst, all of which strikes a curiously apt tuning fork for what are to be three hot and weird days.

All around us campfires are in full blaze, a smell of burning wood hanging over the tents stretched over the sloping field as far as the eye could see. To our left a mad medic gibbers on about the vitality and nourishment that can be attained from his store of vitamin tablets. Nearby there is a figure down on all fours; as if drawing a pattern with the shadows of his flailing arms and swaying trunk he hovers above the ground moaning and growling in a language halfway between Russian and Gaelic. Then, with an almighty yell of triumph he collapses on to a white plastic container and rapidly consumes its bounty of a cloudy urine-coloured liquid.

A scrumpy victim! The floodtide of a gallon of the stuff has crashed on the shores of his senses and he's been powerless to resist.

We descend the hill along with an influx of straggling campers and head towards the stage which is housed in a massive silver pyramid at the bottom of the field. Harper's reckless harangue is getting louder and there's a tingling excitement and expectancy in the air.

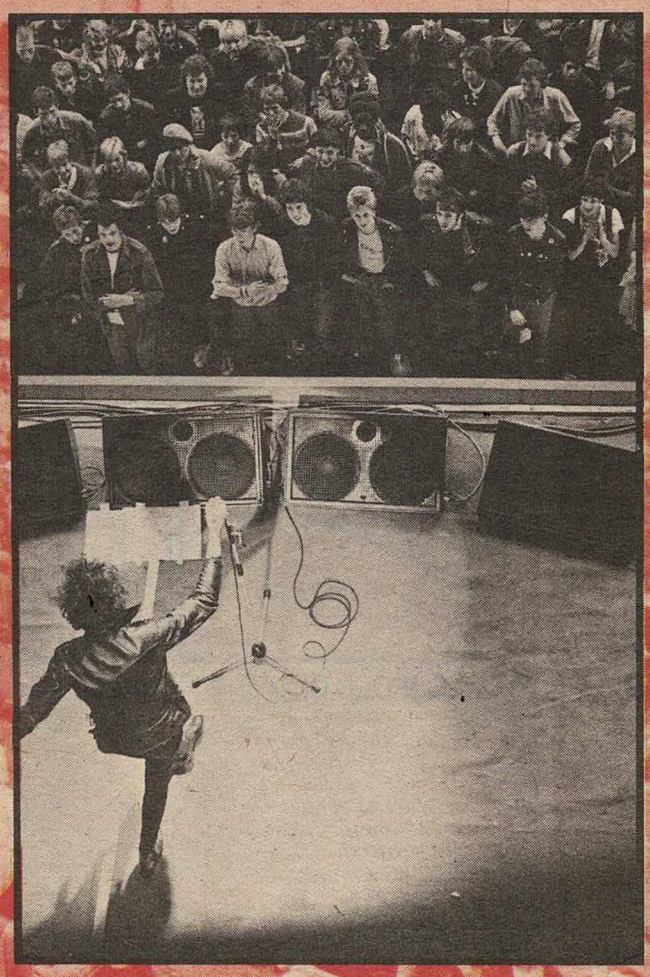
Chickens roast on spits, a jolly fat lady in clean white overalls sells boiled sweets and real liquorice from a boldly painted caravan, there are tarot tents, campfire singers, organ grinders, colourfully decorated flags, and outside one tent a big sign says "Come in and join us we are your *friends*" . . .

I guess most people enjoyed Friday night the best. It was like being plunged into a magical and illicit otherworld peopled with friendly freaks. Everyone was free of festival fatigue and fresh with anticipation. The darkness added to the mystery and the laser show was an awesome spectacle coming from the peak of the pyramid and making a rainbow-like arc from one side of the field to the other. The extended carnival seemed to hold endless possibilities.

The problem was going to be keeping the spirit and wonder alive — and here the groups did much to disappoint and dampen the ardour.

A disgusting display of puerile pseudo-superstar tantrums from Roy Harper and Ginger Baker — still living under the illusion that everyone wants to hear old Cream standards (hacked to pieces at that) and 20 minute drum solos — got things off to a bad start. Baker and his cronies muscled their way onstage as the crowd yelled for Harper to encore and embarked on a set which was like having a bedsheet dipped in sour-sip bound tightly around the head. His visit to Africa certainly failed to influence his ultilisation of rhythms, and what he delivered was merely hard rock cliches dragged out and reheated for the umpteenth time.

A fact: his last song was called 'Wheelchair Dance Festival' and dedicated to the International Year of The Disabled.



ON SATURDAY morning Matumbi open, having been squeezed out of the previous day's schedule. They do very well providing one of the best sets in the whole event. Their music is free of the blandness that marred their last album, with 'Running And Hiding' and 'Point Of View' being the songs with the fittest and fattest sound.

Having prowled around and poked at the festival situation and their own music Matumbi succeeded in stirring the crowd out of the early '70s festival narcosis (which looms

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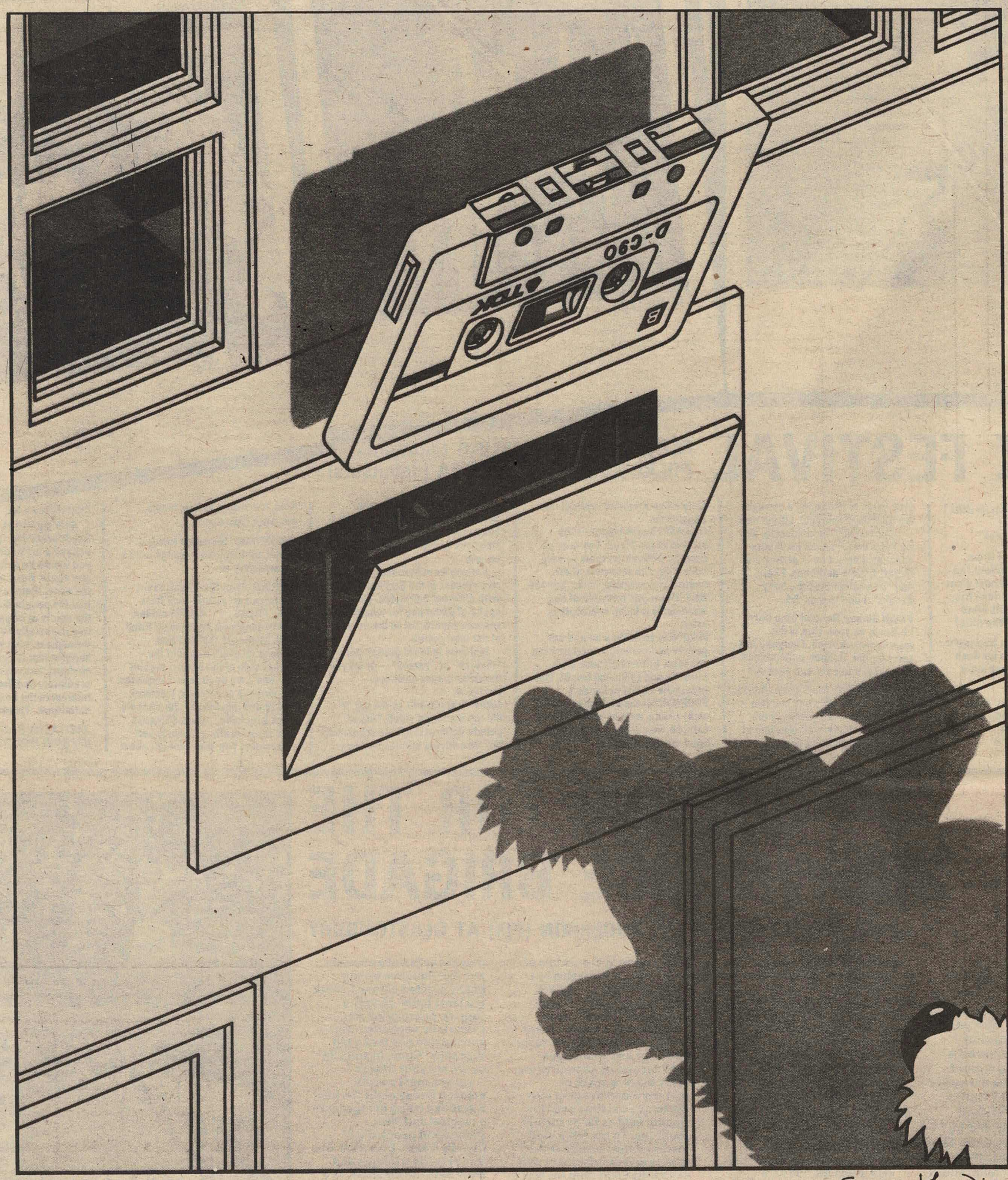

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GLASTONBURY CONT

large, ghost-like throughout the whole festival). No mean feat at that time of the day when everybody is trying to cure their hangover by blowing as much dope as possible.

So everyone has woken up and things are looking lively. Oops, here comes Steve Ashley of CND garageland tape fame; good intentions, terribly creaky songs and whining protest. Everyone falls asleep again.

At the end of his set, the white boiler-suited compere who's prone to tediously embarrassing peace and love platitudes, announces that the theatre company want anyone interested in becoming a tree to go to the marquee at the left of the stage. Not surprisingly, a lot of people here are not regular concert goers; many are young couples who see it as an opportunity to take the kids for a holiday in the country. Which is all well and good, though I'd prefer something more private than what resembles a Butlin's For The Brown Rice Set.

Glastonbury could have been a much more powerful and determined expression of goodwill and conviviality if a group like The Specials, The Beat or even Defunkt had played and attracted a much more catholic audience.

A plump guy wearing a summer shirt motions in despair at the shrill Stevie high onstage.

"This is bloody terrible this is, the end of the bleeding world. If I see one more freak with a painted face, well do us a favour, you know what I mean?"

Somewhere near the end of their oddly erratic set, The Sound's Adrian Boland sang a song called 'Missiles', arranged with a gleam and depth at odds with their usual blundering with cumbersome dynamics. It's a challenging and confused song, creating an eerie, fleeting confrontation with the audience as it glides into an estranged reprise splattered with firepower and snatches of, (of all things) the Stones' 'Gimme Shelter'.

As Boland explained 'Missiles' has special significance. "That song's the reason why we wanted to play this festival. It seems stupid to me that this festival is for CND but few of the groups involved are dealing with the relevant issues.

"The sad thing about it is that the question of whether or not these missiles get built is completely out of these people's hands. But you can't just give up completely, you *must* keep trying."

Rab Noakes came on with his apologetic valium haze and the atmosphere threatened to anneal into a turgid rut with the market stalls revealed as little more than pedestals for 'alternative' hippy capitalist paraphernalia. The whole thing curiously begins to look like a counter-culture church fete.

John Cooper Clarke adds a much needed splash of deprecation and black humour to the affair. His speed-beat tragi-comedies are delivered at ten times their normal pace with only the methedrine'd metre of the verses to act as accompaniment. But the irony and insight which gives his performance a cutting edge, still fails to beat the audience's ability to laugh at those societies and communities that purportedly provide an 'alternative' to the ones he explores and exposes so well.

THE SMALL groups of punks at the festival have found a solution to the creeping ennui. The prototype Pig Youth white rastaman in bondage looks out of place amidst all these . . . older folk.

"Well all the punks seem to have made friends with each other because there's not very many of us. The best time is at night when you can get really drunk and stumble around from tent to tent. Like last night we had a really good time because we got some glue, a gallon of cider and some good Leb. We didn't really see anything, though I think I'll stay to see if Killing Joke turn up, watch New Order tonight and then go home tomorrow."

The rest of the afternoon is on the slide. Decline And Fall play hideous heavy metal, dredging the remnants of a junk-sick nightmare called The Only Ones. The Jazz Sluts are aptly named — and *that's* the kindest thing anyone could say about them. Aswad are their usual playful, dubful selves but their songs are still written for a Sunday School to which I do not subscribe.

God and Tony Wilson alone know the reason behind (out of) Order's visit to Glastonbury though the filming of a Factory 'fun' video undoubtably had something to do with it.

As ever Bernie Albrect seemed nervous and deeply gratified to the organisers for providing a backstage bar — going as far as to fall on his knees mid-set to prove it. New Order's sound is overburdened with the weight of the inevitable Curtis myth, past expectations and Factory's marketing strategy. Perhaps the doom leaden preoccupations of their music can be traced back to the tragic suicide, but it is no less edifying for all that.

A lot of the music's imagery is flattered by the romantic glow given to it by the star-filled sky and the pyramid's laser show. I spent the last part of their set watching a shooting star slowly cross the sky, finally floating off to . . . nowhere.

Perhaps it was a means of cosmic transportation bringing us to Hawkwind. The group are the indisputable darlings of the crowd and veterans of many a free festival. I'm at the front of the stage and not relishing it one bit.

Somebody drops a postcard at my feet from which I now quote: "Sorry you couldn't make it down. We all got to Stonehenge at 10 pm on Thursday, we went to see the stones and Mel got some photos. Hawkwind appeared on Friday night and the concert was good (they played 'Magnu'!) and we met the band and got them to sign our lab coats . . ."

The Hawkwind crowd is very passive. I'm very drunk and I keep shouting as many wicked insults as I can at the lumbering Hawkwind beasts. Logically the owners of the hair and denim round about should turn into slop-jawed thugs, fuelled on gut churning drink, howling bad breathed obscenities with malice burning in their hollow, colourless eyes. But no, all that happens is I get a few impatient glares and uncertain grins. Perhaps they thought I was mentally ill — and at that stage in the game they could have well been right.

Away off we go to find our beds, but at the top of the dusty lane which leads to the site entrance gate there's a van blocking the way. The driver explains that his wife is giving birth to a baby and they're waiting for the ambulance to arrive. I must confess, I need some sleep.

Just hangin' around

A LIMITED but clearly stated and well designed set of solid rock 'n' boogie from Supercharge and an uplifting speech by Edward P. Thompson are the only things that even *suggest* qualities such as energy and directness on the last day of the festival. Sunday begins with a light breeze and Hank Wangford showering the audience with aural road grit. The day will end with a mass of dehydrated bodies suffering radiation-like sunburn.

E.P. Thompson is one of the most intelligent, comprehensive and convincingly humanist spokesmen for the world peace movement. His speech, an informal discourse, set out the facts about nuclear armaments clearly and unflinchingly. He highlighted the ridiculous facade of 'detente', and pointed out that Russia is now faced with missiles on her border far more lethal than anything Kruschev tried to bring to Cuba in 1962. He impressed upon the audience the moves towards world peace recently seen in Germany, Holland and Poland, and he emphasised the necessity for an active worldwide propagandist reply to the 'theatre of war' played out each year by the Russians and Americans over the German border.

"We're not talking aobut multilateral disarmament — oh-yes-maybe-in-a-couple-of-years-if-the-time-is-right. If we're going to disarm we have to do it now, that's what they're saying in Holland and that's what we're saying in Britain."

In comparison Meg Beresford sounds embarrassing and nervy, delivering her speech in a voice halfway between a sob and that of a distraught school mistress. As well as contradicting Thompson, claiming youth can only affect a small degree of change, her speech seems to have have more fear than hope. It is also littered with unfortunate ambiguities.

"We must take courage from Holland," she exhorts.

"Aye — Dutch courage!" roars back a small crowd.

". . . there's a spirit rising across Europe," proffers Beresford.

"Whisky," retorts a scotchman.

And then, best of all, "If you're going into a darkened room it's better to go in holding hands with a friend."

Well Meg, I'm sure you're well intentioned, but let's leave it for the WI coffee mornings and not 18,000 campers roasting in the afternoon heat of midsummer's day.

And it *is* sweltering now, hot for a party — but the only new record the DJ seems to have among his Beatles and god-knows-how-many-scrambled-'60s-guitar bands is 'Double Fantasy', and as he plays it I realise Sunday is going to turn into a nauseous nightmare. I float, sleep and struggle through a drugless hallucination.

I remember falling asleep as Cheech and Chong's incessant babbling drifted over the field, waking up to hear the girl beside blaming a boy on a recently contracted dose of STD. I go to the wholefood store and the nudists are out in force, with three skinny and unimpressive samples baring all.

"Eee-oh-aye, migod, look at those lads with their dingery doo dahs hanging out," exclaims an elderly village fruit-seller.

"Eat more fruit for Godsake mate," shouts a much blunter and drunker individual.

I buy 'a beanburger', the pacifist's lethal reply to nuclear power. Already the British Medical Association are recommending each one should come with a free oxygen tent.

The kiddies' playpark is great with all the seven year old Ants fans laying siege to the castle and occasionally straying outside to terrorise the audience. In the centre of the park there are three huge trampolines packed with screaming painted children, while two people continuously roll an inflatable log back and forth over their heads. It looks like the most there is today and I'd love to have had a go but I'm too old and shy; besides, that whole scene looks *dangerous*. If I climbed aboard one of those things I might never come back.

Look at Gong, f'rinstance. Their 'Radio Gnome' took a trip into a bizarre theatre of anarchism and post-acid gunk in the mid '70s now they've disappeared down that tunnel for good, forsaken and forgotten. They'd be like Jethro Tull — had Ian Anderson wanted to be a cosmonaut rather than a country squire.

There's a large mud patch, the only one on the festival, around the water tank dispensaries. A lone foolish creature lays down and rolls in it with all the relish of a sow on heat. Adulation is often hard to comprehend, in this case it's well-nigh incomprehensible. Slouched in a hunchback position, hair dripping with muck, the mud encrusted around his eyes and caked to his legs, the pitiful wretch goes to the front of the stage for the rest of Gong's transmission.

I wake up for the last time with third degree sunburn, a splitting headache and the blur of the muckman in a zombiefied away in front of me. I'm struck by a terrible thought: imagine having to share an unventilated bus ride home with this lot; unwashed, eating beanburgers and all in a dippy Gong-like nirvana.

It's all too much. Taj Mahal may be heading the bill but Judy Tzuke and Gordon Giltrap stand in the way. I see a steady trickle of folks struggling through the heat, the dust and the litter as they make their way to the exit gate far up on the top of the hill. And I know I must go to that place.

DYLAN CONTINUED

always been a great singer, but he is more obviously in control of that weirdly grating voice today. The performance of a new song 'Dead Man Dead Man When Will You Arise' is proof enough. The song's none too good, yet Dylan's singing invests it with an emotion difficult to discern from the words.

The two other new songs featured, while representing a move away from the gospel dogma of 'Slow Train Coming' and 'Saved', aren't much of an improvement: 'Lenny Bruce Is Dead' is appallingly funny though: *"He was an outlaw/That's for sure"* croons Bob.

"I wrote this one in about two minutes," he apologises, " . . . but we'll try it anyway."

Ha ha. Not as good as the one after 'Masters Of War': "Thank you. We're still working on our endings. We been working on them for the past two years."

Dylan's humour counters the sanctimonious evensong atmosphere the night threatens to fall into. Even so, he makes his position clear with the final build up of 'What Can I Do For You', 'Masters Of War', 'When You Gonna Wake Up' and 'In The Garden'. His largely anonymous group finally manage to whip up a sufficient degree of fervour to match Dylan's vocal and, for the first time since the thrill of recognition that greets Dylan's arrival, I am made to *feel* the conviction of his beliefs.

The songs themselves — excluding the beautiful, moving, 'In The Garden' — can't do that on the strengths of their words, as they too conveniently fit the language and format of the gospel lyric to convince.

Dylan's present London concerts are more than just a testament to his faith, if not the event we have come to expect from the man. That's our problem, too. I leave it liking Dylan the man more and his present art a whole lot less. Confused? Me too.

God knows why I went, but I guess I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Chris Bohn

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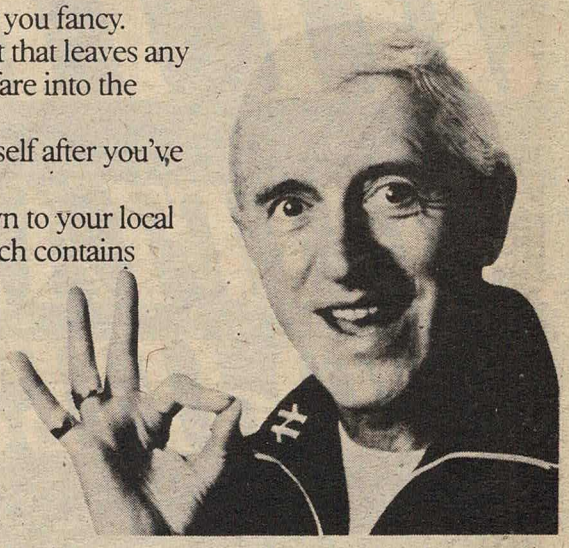


This is the age of the train

D'RONE D'RONE

DURAN/DURAN
Duran/Duran (EMI)

EVERYBODY'S ALREADY talked far too much about it, this modern dance, this new romance that has thrown out the old and ushered in the few. This fancifully-dressed elite has dazzled New York into thinking that London swings again. NY's all-embracing acceptance of the peacocks has endowed their vain strutting with an importance it previously lacked, possibly convincing them that London really could be overrun with pirates, highwaymen elizabethans and gringos. However, they better keep talking as not all of us are convinced.

Not that conviction is at all important — talking itself is what this new breed is best at: they entertain through the gossip columns, colour supplements and, when luck will have it, chat shows, selling the image first with the products to follow shortly. In such a media-preoccupied scene Duran/Duran thus begin at a disadvantage, being based so far away in Birmingham. They've also eschewed the elitist games of the Blitz crowd by quite honestly and accurately professing their homegrown scene to be rootsier and more fun-orientated in its pursuit of finery. Their less nonsensical utterings haven't hampered them so far, but their dourly earthy qualities undeniably dim their impact. Better a delicately embroidered white lie than the rather plain truth in this particular arena.

Spandau Ballet and Visage have understood this only too well. They and their gaggle of publicists and pariahs have bundled together a jumble of chic, theatrical wardrobe and delighted, self-satisfied squeals into a boldly appealing manifesto powerful enough to intimidate outsiders into believing they're missing out on something, whereas Duran/Duran can only conjure up about as much mystique as the early, hamfisted Japan. They make all the "right" moves, but they make them too tentatively. They're too tied to the accepted steps to surprise us and they're too knowing to pass as naive explorers. Worse, they refuse to acknowledge that to this new breed of tasteful consumers the appearance of disposability, of transience, is essential — even if, like Spandau Ballet, they want to make a career out of it. For their debut LP they've sought proper guidance by commissioning a Malcolm Garret/Assorted Images sleeve and a Colin Thurston (ex Bowie and Magazine) production.

The result is a sensibly-packaged, respectably safe and self-consciously worthy record that belies the promised glamour of their two earlier singles — both incidentally included here.

These two songs established their individuality, where most of the rest contentedly rearranges stock scenery — and then none too skilfully. Possessed with their own importance, Duran/Duran haven't got the wit or lightness to play around with the scene's key words and phrases, as do Depeche Mode. Instead, like Ultravox, they attempt to create magnificent artifices from swirls of synths and guitars over imposing disco rock foundations. Duran/Duran's collapse through their weighty lifelessness, though this is partly the fault of Colin Thurston's lacklustre production that reduces stridently colourful highlights to fit the densely homogenous whole.

Their songs roll gracelessly and inexorably forward with all the ponderousness and implied artfulness of a young Barclay James Harvest. The best, surprisingly, sounds most like those old hacks. Called 'Friends Of Mine', it twists and spins its mass of sounds into an engaging chorus with a witty panache lacking elsewhere — the two singles excepted.

Musically, the laborious Duran/Duran don't really conform to the new breed of self-described stylists' hedonistic ethics; that they crop up in their playlists alongside electrodisco, funk and jazz is less in recognition of Duran/Duran's class than the fact that they're one of the few groups to have been produced by the ranks. Duran/Duran only confirm that, for the moment, this breed makes better consumers than creators.

Chris Bohn

LIVERPUDLIAN NAHS AND WAH!S

WAH!
Nah Poo The Art Of Bluff (Eternal)

"IF ROCK is dead then we're not a rock band. If rock has the potential to be an exciting, inspirational thing, then we are." That quote from Pete Wylie, tucked away in my *NME* interview with him last January, has always seemed to me more significant than his famous — but strictly casual and widely distorted — cracks about "r***ism", made on the same occasion.

The line throws a lot of current babble into simple and welcome perspective. While so many people drone on about rock's restrictive-this and rock's reactionary-that, Wylie reminds us that the only thing that's bad about rock music (as distinct from all the obsolete nonsense that surrounds it) is bad rock music. Good rock music — yes, it's still around, just — doesn't need any excuses; it isn't even afraid to sound traditional. And Wah! and Wylie, unworried by definitions, get on with it. Wah!, to my mind, make pretty orthodox rock music — but that doesn't stop them from forging ahead.

After three good singles, including two great ones, Wah!s first LP is no disappointment. If the Heat's dropped off their name, it certainly hasn't gone out of their music. Even if two sides of 'Nah Poo The Art Of Bluff' can't sustain (quite) the same compressed-epic intensity of a three-minute outburst like 'Better Scream' (the debut 45), then at least they do demonstrate the range of Wah's mighty fire-power, as well as suggesting something of Wylie's inventive depth — a factor which points, encouragingly, to this group's promise for the long term. Oh 'Nah Poo's evidence, that spectacular 'edge' that Pete — so fond of celebrating could cut a lot further yet.

"Classic 1", to use the record's own modest catalogue number, is livelier than anything this side of The Beat, as grand as the Bunnymen, as powerful as peak Clash or Springsteen. A big, big sound, it burns bright and fierce, proud but not pompous. In the semi-demented Old Testament slang of writer Gaelic Dubwise: "The Wah! the Truth! and the Light! The attitude of fires, inferno armageddon, the colour of soul, a soul so dark (a chasm, a heart-wound that pounds like a galley-drum) and *Forceful!!!*" Like, phew, what a scorcher, sort of thing.

'The Wind-Up', aptly, gets things under way. An uncharacteristic track, it sets an eerie background atmosphere: jungley drums, synthesised whine and wailing *"Wahhhh"*. Add the crash-chord guitar and you've got the wall of noise on which Pete Wylie proceeds to spray-paint some heroic graffiti. 'Otherboys', 'Why D'You Imitate The Cutouts?', 'Mission Impossible' and 'Somesay' complete its first side. 'Somesay' is the greatest, the most stirring of them, but nowhere does the pressure drop or the concentration wander. Wylie's words aren't always easy to catch, but his themes scream out loud and clear. The songs hack and blast away at mediocrity, against whatever's stale and passive.

'The Seven Thousand Names Of Wah!', beginning side two, is different to the version on the *NME*/Rough Trade C81 tape, and better: more skip, less plod, equal tension — virtually an instrumental, its guitar lines skid and squeal in a way that's not to everyone's taste — but, face it, a piece that keeps Wylie quiet for so long has to be special.

'Sleeppp', the next track, and 'Seven Minutes To Midnight', a re-done version of the second 7", are more yer typical Wah! Which offers an opportunity to compliment the sound's other components — Washington, for his richly imaginative, bubbling bass; Joey Musker (on loan from Dead Or Alive, succeeded by John Maher) for some tough, rumbustious drumming, and King Bluff, for keyboard additives of impressive texture and consistent originality. Really! 'The Death Of Wah!', which finishes, is a dark melodrama, climaxing on murmured lines lifted from Harry Nilsson's sad *Midnight Cowboy* song 'Everybody's Talkin'.

Whereupon . . . i'll conclude by recommending this to you as one of the four or five best rock records this year, and I sincerely hope you'll check the fact for yourself. Thou art warned. Thou art not bluffed.

Paul Du Noyer

Wah!s Washington and Wylie watch both ways. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

Slicing through the funk fat

THE FATBACK BAND
Tasty Jam (Spring)
CAMEO
Knights Of The Sound Table (Chocolate City)
GENERAL CAINE II
Get Down Attack (Groove Time)
PRINCE CHARLES AND THE CITY BEAT BAND
Gang War (Solid Platinum)

THERE is an uprising going on in America's inner cities where, not unlike the youth culture shake-up that happened in this country four or five years ago, kids are making their own music again. These four albums, taken from the latest batch of U.S. imports to sneak through the Customs' dispute, are funk's manifestation of what has become horribly real to poor old Meg, that things change with the times.

In 1981, via the small labels springing up around the nation, talented and creative young players are increasingly cold-shouldering the facelessness of the "I-want-to-get- away-from-labels-in-music-and-do-something-for-everybody-to-relate-to" approach that means/owes more to corporate economics than it does to a post-Nixon, Vietnam-scarred generation light years away from the anaesthetic lush dominating soul music.

The rise of rappers was the first sign that perhaps what was being offered by Hype Records Inc. wasn't quite what the urban youth wanted. As the widespread use of oversize cassette/radios put music (literally) back on the streets uncompromising people naturally enough demanded uncompromising sounds.

Previous doyens are beginning to topple, most significant of which is The Fatback Band. They have laid back on their laurels for a little too long, recently just maintaining a hold on an area they rightfully claimed in 1974, with one or two worthwhile tracks per album issued in the face of precious little competition. 'Tasty Jam', when viewed alongside the new wave we're talking about, shows the band to have finally arrived in Outtatouch Town USA. Sure, the beat pounds and drives like it's supposed to, but the problem is that absolutely nothing else happens and listening to it immediately brings to mind the dinosaurs the Fatbacks have become. Even the hip-talk lyrics sound dated because the kids think and talk about different things now. It's a shame The Fatback Band had to come to this, as so many of us first went raving to things like 'Street Walk', 'Wicky Wacky' and 'Keep On Stepping'. They were tasty jams and this one wouldn't have had a chance even then.

The next stage is Cameo; a band that have always shown promise they never quite fulfilled as they became victims of 'boardroom funk' (the music achieved when the energy and creativity of street-inspired youngsters is harnessed and mixed with upbeat muzak in an attempt to reach a wider audience). 'Knights Of The Sound Table' is a prime example of this 'you can do one track for yourselves, but the rest are for us' syndrome.

'Freaky Dancing' is the one for the lads, and they appear to be enjoying what they're doing, but what's left is a spectrum of different expressions all done previously (and much more convincingly) by the Brothers White. Cameo still give it up on stage, away from the influence of the executive suite, but product like this isn't in keeping with the current mood. Soft funk is like soft porn . . . frustrating and leaving a taste for the real thing.

Now we arrive at what's currently being aired on 25 (yes, 25) watt portables on buses, school playgrounds, housing project steps and outside Winchell's Do Nut houses everywhere. The advent of these mammoth boxes has played a starring role in this style of music, as the bands and their followings are mostly regional ('Chicago's Own', 'The Sound Of Young Boston', 'Cincinatti's Choice') so units shifted won't matter a damn. The hipper stations play the local hero and the listeners tape.

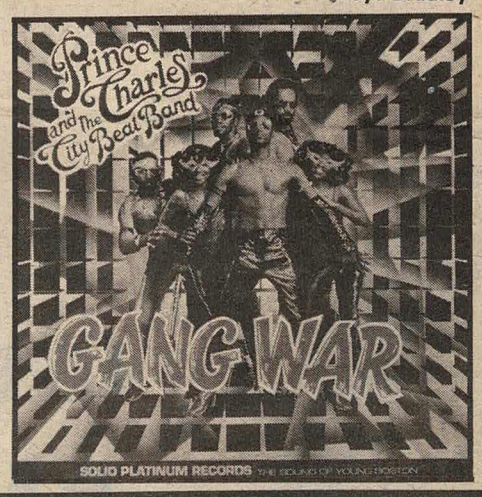
Fundamentally, it's spawned from the Clintonic nether-world of coke/acid fantasies meeting the realities of everyday life, where a bassline twists and turns off the floor to slam home like a knee in the groin. On top of that, by way of instrumentation that's both simple and intricate at the same time, is the personality of the artist involved. General Caine II is a dedicated druggist, and talks of taking *"a fun vacation, riding two white horses to the groove"*. The opening cut 'Shake' epitomises what's come to be known as 'dust music'. Rhythmic like a hundred dollar whore, laced with bass slides to mess your head up, horns that make Fred Wesley's men look sloppy, and lyrics about as far over the top as anything outside of Colny Hatch, it rocks. The instrumental 'LRJ Pop' is in the same vein, but with the accent on playing and arrangement so tight it sucks, rather than acid inspired vocal lunacy.

The remainder is split between the self explanatory 'Snake and Worm', 'Get Down Attack' and 'Jungle Music' and some of the oddest love songs ever. The set's so intensely freaky that it takes a good few plays to get right into, and over here we're not quite so perpetually stoned as his projected audience, who've hitched firmly on to this one. 'Get Down Attack' is a must to look out for, as if we do have a summer over here it's perfect sweaty party or just general hanging about stuff.

Prince Charles And The City Beat Band are warriors, and provide another cause for identification because being in a gang or a crypt is probably only second to staying high on a shortlist of priorities (a lot of kids feel more loyalty to their gang than they do to their family!). Prince Charles has dedicated this album to someone who died in a *"ghettospheric struggle over nothingness"*, and is clearly not content to let matters rest. The track listing includes 'In The Streets', 'Gang War' and 'Rise' and the rhythms (more frantic than those used by General Caine) are supplemented by synth tracks that conjure up the confusion and sirens of the scene just after Cyrus got shot in *The Warriors*. 'Gang War' is some powerful funk, so much so that even the enigmatic ballad 'Passion' can't detract from the not so latent violence being communicated.

Though drugs and violence seem pretty tasteless subjects to glorify, that's what this ghetto generation's all about. Therefore, as soul music by definition involves total commitment from the artist, these tunes have a definite edge to raise them out of the 'I'm so happy' mire. Caine and Charles are far from alone in sticking two fingers up at L.A.'s untouchables. Captain Sky, who was really the first one outside of the P. Funk stable to cut some *serious* funk in his superb 'Concerned Party No. 1' album, is one to look out for, but like so much of this music it's very hard to get over here. Perhaps that's for the best, though, because like punk, it'll only stay believable as long as it stays at grass roots.

Lloyd Bradley



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CABARET VOLTAIRE
Live At The Lyceum (Rough Trade cassette)

CABARET VOLTAIRE have an almost obscenely keen sense of their own history, documenting each step themselves with the irreligious fervour of a bootlegger. Only recently, Industrial released two CV cassette packages, one being the notoriously great and early recordings from '74 to '76 and the other an inspired collection of guitarist Richard Kirk's more wayward experiments/irritants.

Such a prodigious output might be construed as a presumptuous conceit if Cabaret Voltaire weren't moving fast enough to warrant it. Each release has represented a valuable addition and this one is no exception. The spirit of Cabaret Voltaire in concert isn't easy to capture on record, what with their visual prods covering for the inevitable loss of sound control outside the studio. However the cassette format is ideal for conveying the immediacy of the event, especially when played back on headphones. That way the listener is enveloped by the claustrophobic closeness and exotic intensity of the CV noise.

It's a fabulous dense mist of taped voices, primal rhythms and guitar treatments seemingly geared to confusing and disorientating the listener, but in effect, CV intend (and succeed) in making things a whole lot clearer. They focus reality sharply by isolating moods, nagging away at them and juxtaposing them with key words and phrases.

Placed outside their usual context, these words are thus allowed their original impact — something normally denied them by familiarity, misuse and repetition.

Merging pop and the darkly experimental comes easy to them; they can conjure up an atmosphere of introspective gloom (on 'Seconds Too Late') or even resigned defeatism ('Kneel To The Boss') without succumbing to either themselves. From a series of shrill whistles, electronic noises and a percussive rhythm track they recreate a frighteningly naked city in which the smell of fear is overpowering (the previously unrecorded 'Taxi Music').

Cabaret Voltaire don't conform to the accepted ideal of realism in art or pop, they jumble and rearrange parts with glee, but the pieces and clues are all there for those willing to put them together.

Chris Bohn

CHROME
Blood On The Moon (Don't Fall Off The Mountain)

CHROME'S chaotic SF vision, like their name, epitomises flash from trash. Imagine the more bizarre episodes of *Outer Limits* being re-made nowadays, with all those ragged edges, budget beasties and loose-screw logic dragged into the '80s. Just for fun, imagine it scripted by a Grade A, five-star weirdo who's had more than his fair share of altered states and paranoia — say, Philip Dick — and then consider the sort of soundtrack required for such a tasteless undertaking. That's Chrome.

Or rather, that *was* Chrome. This year's Chrome is a smoother, classier, Hi-tech Hollywood space opera, a trim, tamed beast which roars but never really threatens. Gone is the sheer cacophonous magic of 'Half Machine Lip Moves', with its searing, fragmented sound-collages and ruthless FX overdose; instead, we get a high gloss, high-gear, hard rock psychedelia — fine on its day, but that's not tomorrow, if you see what I mean.

The lyrics are still little more than scattered associative images, nudges in a variety of atmospheric directions, and they're still distorted beyond reasonable recognition, but the music is nothing more or less than an exercise in Applied Rifferama. John and Hilary Stench drafted in from Pearl Harbour's Explosions to hold down a firm, functional and fairly colourless beat whilst founder Chromians Damon Edge and Helios Creed go positively space-shit over everything on moog and guitar respectively.

A slim, unvarying selection of neo-HM dayglo tonalities buzz back and forth between the speakers in time-honoured cosmic fashion. The occasional perfunctory dub attack rears its tired head here and there, but with little rhythm or reason in its placement. It's druggery become drudgery, a stimulant drained of shock or significance.

'Blood On The Moon' was recorded 'mostly live', which might account for its largely lacklustre nature; presumably intended as an aid to immediacy, this ploy has, in effect, merely smoothed out Chrome's peculiarities and completely removed the unpredictability which gave those earlier records their edge. In short, they've dropped their clangour and gained nothing in return.

Andy Gill

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY
Funland (Arista)

ROLL UP, roll up, for a ride on Funland's new pop-powered big dipper. And it's up and up to the strains of the jangle-jingle 'Stand And Deliver' (thankfully not the recent termite toon) then, whoops! — straight down to the bottom in the company of a ham-fisted and hurried 'Breaking Down The Walls Of Heartache', leaving all those who remember the original version heading for the nearest throw-up receptacle.

Over at the freak show, 'Why Does My Mother Phone Me?' claims attention — yokel vocal intro, sound effects, maracas, mariachi horn while the honey-harmonied 'Together My Love' later eases us gently through the softly lit Passage of Passion.

Next a brief visit to the olde-tyme rock'n'roll sideshow of 'Miracle Cure' then, following a squint at the lumbering 'Egyptian Mummies', it's time to head for the exit where we perceive one Nick Garvey sporting the title 'co-producer' on his kiss-me-quick hat.

"What once were Motors are now bumper-cars," wittily observes Aunt Hilda, who's always good for a laugh.

"Ay," agrees wise old Uncle Bert, "But I wouldn't want to drive one of them things all day long."

Fred Dellar

SNIPS
La Rocca! (MAM/EMI)

THERE'S so much talent assembled on this album it's hard to see how 'La Rocca!' could possibly flop. Snips' bright, sparkling little pop songs, including the recent single 'Nine O'Clock', are performed by such able and respected musicians as Chris Spedding, Bill Nelson and even dear old Clem Cattini, drummer of the original space-rockers of the '60s The Tornados.

It's unfortunate that it's this very conglomerate of talent that leads to the downfall of the album — sessionmen's droop strikes again, turning every track into a bland and dismal travesty of what must have been in their creator's mind when they were written, and negating the quirky charm of Snips' considerable repertoire of voices.

You can hear the Feargal Sharkey whine, the Bryan Ferry tremelo and he even out-croons fellow Rocca Bill Nelson but all to no avail. The snappy synth-beats, the air of lively rock & roll trashiness can't hide the basic listlessness and lack of drive inherent in the actual performance of the music. Evidence of technical ability is there in abundance but committment isn't and it shows. Only Snips himself seems to be really trying.

Julian Wilde

NICO
Drama Of Exile (Aura)

"SOME people have a good life and some people have a good story, and Nico has a good story". This story is cryptically told on 'Drama of Exile', Nico's first album in seven years, and probably the most accessible of her romantic tales of gloom.

Here, she sings with greater force and rhythmic sense than before, and expresses a survivor's courage in replacing her customary quiet accompaniment with the more lively pace of a punchy rock band. They surround her voice with suitably sharded guitar riffs, strange, moody keyboards and a harsh, unrelenting beat.

The songs, as ever, are about a kind of tragic individual splendour, failure coupled with fame, or the romantic self-destruction of the drug addict. 'Ghengis Khan' is about a gloomy attraction to a shadowy historical figure invisible beneath chainmail and padding. On 'Purple Lips' the heroine pines sadly but gently for a marooned lover, with *"my heart falling silently into the driving evening sound"*.

Such and other images of despair appear grimly beautiful, like ruins garbed in ivy.

'60-40' looks back on a life of *"Focussing on running down the drain"*, *"Those tears carved inside your brain"*, and *"New York Lower East Side fame"*, and wonders whether it was worth it. Which is more important, the life or the story? she asks. Presumably the story: the drama earns the 60, the life the 40.

Just as Warhol would ask other people to produce his pictures for him, so Nico does not cover a song and make it her own, but allows it to take her over, and assumes its ready-made identity. Her version of "I'm Waiting For The Man' not only reveals an insider's understanding of the Velvet Underground evergreen, but shows Nico disappearing into the song's stronger atmosphere.

In Bowie's 'Heroes' she finds a perfect medium for this purple individualism. Despite the images of death and thunder, *"We can be heroes, just for one day"*, and it seems to make sense.

'Drama of Exile' is music for a rainy day, and is best taken as a fragmented autobiography, a long groan from the perpetual twilight of stardom.

Edward L. Fox

RICK JAMES
Street Songs (Motown)

!N pop-rock trappings Prince came fast and young out of nowhere to the showy-off funk show, whereas Rick James paid his dues before he donned dodgy leathers and thigh-length boots, even trying his luck in bands in Canada and Britain in the early '70s.

He never really arrived till '78 with 'Bustin' Out' — against the grain of disco. This man didn't go submissively with a number: he disturbed and challenged the guitar loops and delayed bass drum. The funk resided in his throat, at times approaching Brown's tense hesitation-stutter. You could almost hear the veins standing out on his temple.

There are moments like this on 'Street Songs', but much of the material works against the very concept of the album. 'Make Love To Me' and 'Fire And Desire' are really apartment songs in finest '70s Motown tradition. Any pinches of irony are absorbed into the big smooth production, into those horns and strings, even into the drums — more primary than primal.

It's wholesome stuff, just like 'Call Me Up' and 'Give It To Me'. These numbers may be raunchier, even kinkier, but we still aren't at street level, more like in the boudoir where the bullstud tells his true-life confessions. James is most effective when he's being tongue-in-cheek and mock-macho and when there's a fantasy element to his meat memoirs: hear him talk about the subject of 'Super Freak', the kind of girl you read about *"in new wave magazines"!*

And so out of bed and finally onto the streets with 'Ghetto Life', 'Mr Policeman' and 'Below The Funk'. These cuts are autobiographical, too, but the memories are dream-free, instant and hard. Sometimes James talk-hollers, a reminder of his '60s days in R&B outfits. Liberating as these street scenes are — a million miles away from all that get-down dance-floor self-referential crap — the collage of voices and traffic noises over a majestic beat is very much in the wake of 'Living For The City' from 'Innervisions'. It comes as no surprise but only increases the sense of *deja vu* when Stevie Wonder contributes some harmonica.

It's nice to hear all this again, but from Rick James, self-advertised "punk funk" person, you expect something more innovative and punchy.

Paul Tickell

LIGHTNING STRIKES

SPARKS: Whomp That Sucker (RCA)
Fizzy pop gone flat from the once witty Mael brothers. Not even Russell's baby face or Ron's baleful glare can disguise the fact that their frothy confections have dissolved into sweet nothings. Distinctly un-Sparkling, in fact.

Lynn Hanna

DEKE LEONARD: Before Your Very Eyes (United Artists)
'Before Your Very Eyes' gleams with the trimmings of authentic blues archaeology. It is real music played on real instruments by real musicians. The tracks creep along heavily at times: they are densely packed with instrumental parts and heavily produced. Leonard sings in a gravelly voice but breaks out of it for the Rundgrenesque 'When Am I Coming Back', with its Beach Boys harmonies. Doo wop as a vocal part is still a part of Deke Leonard's rather heavy blues message. The songs all have a macho bravado about them, especially 'Fools Like Me', reminiscent of Muddy Waters' 'I'm a Man'. LP features guest appearances from members of the Ike & Tina Turner band.

Edward L. Fox

SADANE: One Way Love Affair (Warner Bros)
So you can't judge a book by its cover eh? Well prove the pundits wrong by first checking out the sleeve and then listening to the album.

Lloyd Bradley

CARPENTERS: Made In America (A&M)
And hopefully, staying there.

Adrian Thrills

EQUATOR: Hot (Stiff)
Cold.

Paul Morley

SHAKATAK: Drivin' Hard (Polydor)
These boys obviously buy a lot of records, y'know, H. Hancock, J. Sample, G. Benson and stuff, but why do they only nick the boring bits?

Lloyd Bradley

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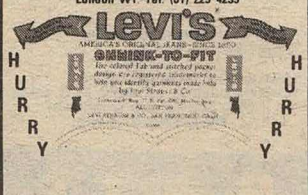

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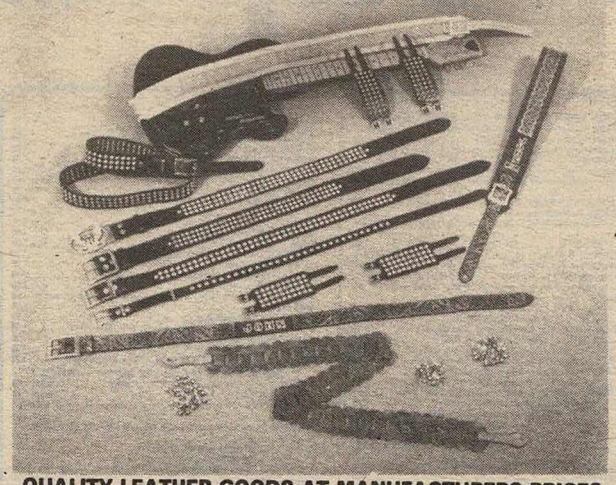

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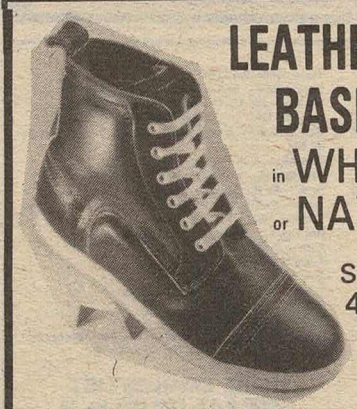

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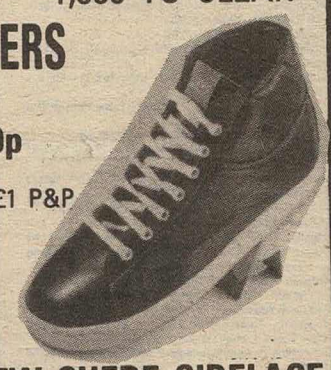

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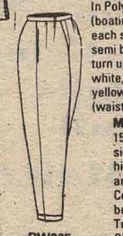

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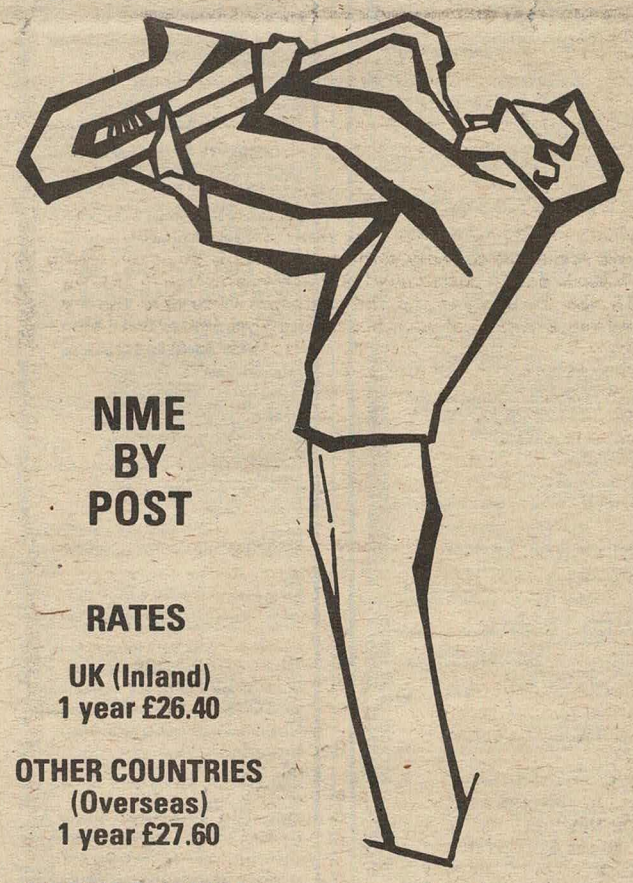
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The Kinks

Rainbow

STROLLING into the Rainbow to the sounds of 'Lola', that old Raincoats' classic, I find the place empty. Where the hell is everybody? Inside the auditorium, natch. This is reunion night and no one dares miss a beat. These are The Good Old Days, a soiree of nostalgia dedicated to the spectre of Rock and Roll.

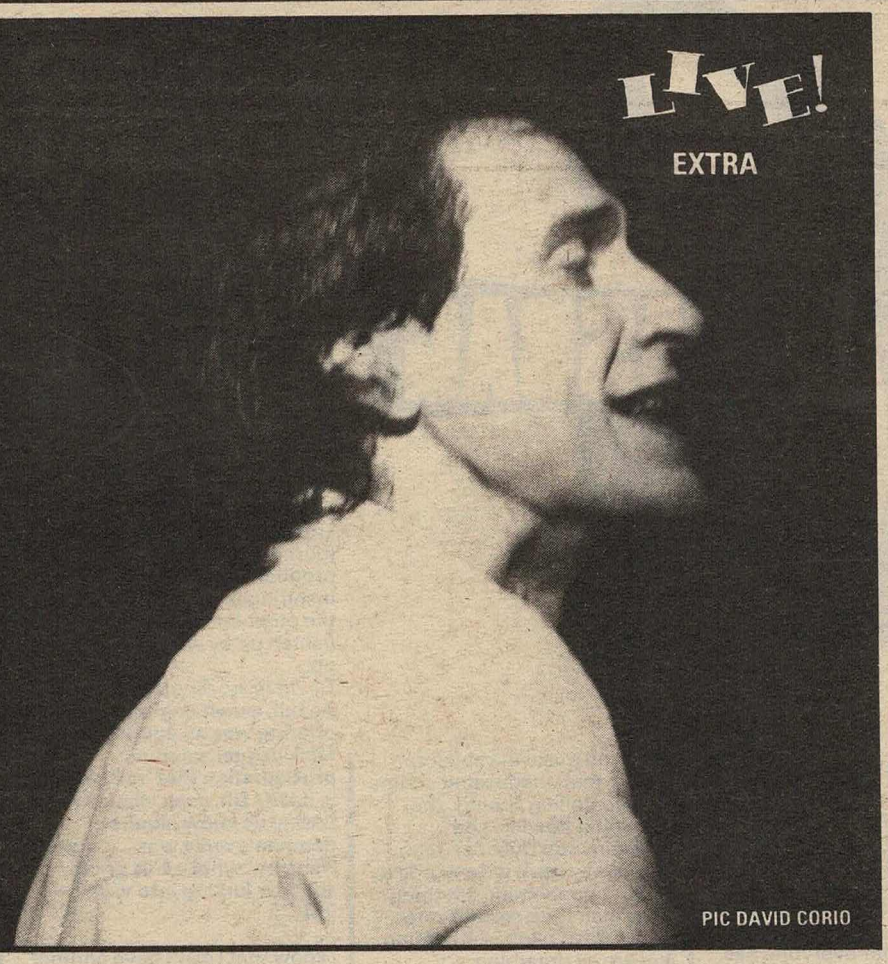
At the centre of it all is ring-master Ray Davies, resplendent in red coat: a true Brit, sexless and honest, he is the man of a hundred jackets and faces to match. While his songs now lack the classic 20th century imagery of Springsteen or the social poignancy and wit of Costello, they have a solid, unpretentious charm enhanced no end by Davies' personality.

Say what you like but you cannot fault his genuine commitment and energy, shown by his sheer enthusiasm for the event and his personable and overt contact with the audience.

At times, the music bombed into extremely dirgeful R&B thrashes that would have embarrassed Quo, such as Dave Davies' sub-Thunders 'Come On Now!' Alternatively one suffered epic numbers that seemed to last an eternity without any development, musically or lyrically ('Celluloid Heroes'). But the joy and ensuing rush on hearing 'You Really Got Me' and 'All Day And All Of The Night' blasted out at breakneck speed coupled with the observation of Pavlovian pandemonium almost compensated.

However, that's all history now, something The Kinks and their fans seem reluctant to admit. As the band careered into their final offering, aptly named 'Give the People What They Want', I was tempted to consider the hoary old discussion on the conservative negativity of this attitude but on reflection I don't think the Rainbow audience would give a shit.

Simon Fellowes



PIC DAVID CORIO

HARDLY CLASSIC
CERTAINLY NOT NOUVEAUX

Classix Nouveaux
Wasted Youth

Hammersmith Palais

Wasted Youth were full of excuses for a tired and tiring set, whining on and on about how they "always get jinxed" in London. But the malaise goes a little deeper than *that* — Wasted Youth are simply the worst group I've seen since their blood brothers The Psychedelic Fnurgs.

Wasted Youth are a five-piece — guitar, bass, drums, synth and singer — but their five real components are as follows: one part Dolls, one part Joy Division, one part Iggy, one part Reed and one part Bowie, all dressed up with plenty of pomp and black leather but precious little real glam. They strive for mystery and romance — their 'French Boys', say, is an uptempo re-write of Adam's 'Young Parisians' — but wind up a conventional rock quintet with a terribly contrived sense of 'decadence'.

Wasted Youth have no looks, style, sex appeal, colour, contrast, soul, moral fibre or originality. . .no hope basically. That they can play a venue the size of the Palais is symptomatic of the capital's current dismal dearth of bright new rock groups. If they do have a place, it is surely (im)proving themselves in the clubs.

Classix Nouveaux could only be better and they were — marginally. Whereas Youth are plainly just a bad clubrock band, regardless of what wardrobe they wear, Classix at least contrive some sort of show, although they only do so by relying over-heavily on the customary fakerist presentation — the big rig of bulbs, the beefy sound, the gladiatorial entrance, the dry ice and some hysterical vocal histrionics from singer Sal Solo.

Classix Nouveaux have moved on slightly from the dry android pop of their 'Robots Dance' debut single to a sub-Spandau, though no more substantial, groove as represented on their 'Guilty' mini-hit of last month.

Classix Nouveaux come across, however, like a *Breaking Glass* stereotype of what a 'modern' rock group should look and sound like. For all their sweat and showmanship, they left me completely cold.

Adrian Thrills

A Bigger Splash

Hope and Anchor

"DO we need another classy pub band?" someone remarked at this gig, taking the review right out of my mouth.

A Bigger Splash are a thoroughly professional, thoroughly ordinary pop rock trio, whose self-penned material is so low on new ideas that catchphrases have to be continually lifted from other people's lyrics: *"strangers in the night . . . don't believe a word . . .* and so on.

There's an uninspiring Police influence, and one number carries a few obligatory banana boat "Deos" and allows guitarist Paul Baverstock to shine. He has this trick: remarkably he can get his instrument to sound like a West Indian steel band. Honest! But the novelty soon wears off, grating — and in a way letting down James Honeywood on competent drums and Ray Edwards on bass and powerful but faceless vocals.

'Comancheros' is a miscalculated novelty too. Sorry, lads, but we've had Quantum Jump's one-off hit about Tonto, and Adam has ensured that there's no more room in the market place for Red Indians.

There's nothing else to say about ABS apart from dragging out more adjectives of faint praise (workaday etc) and noting that, like Straight 8, the band are truly timeless, ie they're directing well-crafted nothings at nobodies.

Do we need another classy . . . yawn . . .

Paul Tickell

Soft Cell
Ronny

Nottingham

DESPITE the good intentions behind this benefit for No Nukes Music, the best part of the evening's entertainment was the disco. Although Rusty Egan and Stevo slaved over the turntables trying to turn the event into an occasion, the festive spirit gave up the ghost as soon as the group appeared onstage, and it turned out like one of those disappointing parties which never quite hit the planned peak.

It started with a show of ponderous Futurist fashions displayed in near darkness with flashing calculators strapped to the models' midriffs, and ended with a short blast of clattering metallic cacophony from The The.

Strongly reminiscent of a white Grace Jones, Ronny seemed to be miming to her accomplished night club cover of Sly Stone's 'If You Want Me To Stay'; in the event this didn't much matter. Visually stunning with stretched feline features, long eyes and a practised snarl, Ronny stalked the stage as if daring the audience to expose her pretence.

Her brutal, groomed glamour, her air of hard-won worldly experience and the model's projected magnetism carried off the charade, although when she quick-changed into uniform halfway through the song it made an evil chemistry which for a few frightening seconds was a vivid flash-back to the decadence of an earlier European age.

After Ronny's icy elegance, Soft Cell look a shambles. A group with a few good whiplashing discotronics in their repertoire, they approach their set full of an endearing enthusiasm. Unfortunately the spectacle they present is faintly ridiculous and not helped by scenery composed of half a padded cell.

As one half of a synthesizer duo, singer Marc Almond is stranded alone at the front of the stage, a position which D.A.F.'s Gabi has recently been using with style and skill. To put it politely, Marc doesn't project the necessary personal charisma and whether it was tacit acknowledgement of this, or an understandable desire to create a carnival atmosphere, he's soon surrounded by a variety of extras whose effect is tacky shading down to atrocious.

Phoebe and Robert in swimsuits, satin shorts and rollerskates are first up supplying extra vocals and syndrum, but Marc further extends a warm welcome to a selection of stooges in the audience who are soon to be seen jiving onstage in what now resembles a gruesome electronic *mardi-gras*.

Like I said, a good cause, laudable intentions and interesting ideas, but Soft Cell really should stick to the studio.

Lynn Hanna

RECOMMENDED SYSTEM PACKAGE FOR UNDER £300. FROM BARTLETT'S

Specially selected by Bernard Futter former Hi-fi Columnist NME

Bartletts have bravely let me loose amongst their equipment on a mission to put together the best possible basic hi-fi system that money can buy in the popular £300 slot. Starting out with the speakers, as they invariably have the biggest single influence on the overall sound quality of a system, the new compact 2-way B & W DM 22's immediately impressed from the wide range available. They are based on the DM 11, which I reported favourably on a short while ago. B & W have improved the innards and the cosmetics and reproduction from the DM 22's is never less than open and uncoloured with a very natural and thoroughly unfatiguing sound balance. Power comes from the good sounding and highly acclaimed NAD. 3020 amp. Rated at 20 + 20 Wrms it can certainly drive the efficient DM 22's to realistic sound levels. Unique feature is a "soft clipping" mode which means you can drive the 3020 well beyond its rated output without inflicting damage on your speakers or your ears!

Matching the moody black representation of the NAD, I've gone for the superb Dual CS.505 turntable. It's a two speed, semi auto model that utilizes the proven belt driven system. Breaking with the Dual tradition, the CS.505 doesn't come with its own cartridge and I've plumped for the Ortonfon FF15E MK2 which is a good sonic performer and a secure tracker. There we are then, a system of hand picked components that are compatible from a sound as well as a visual point of view. I won't say that this is the definitive system in this price range as requirements and tastes do differ but, for under £300, it will certainly take some beating for outright value for money.

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GASBAG

WHY DON'T YOU DROP ME A LINE, BIG BOY!

THE GREAT DEBATE?

Who and what is Ray Lowry and how did he manage to get a job as a writer for a nationally distributed music paper? His article 'Titanic Reloated' is reminiscent of the drunk who wakes up to propose the final toast long after everyone has gone home. He was certaintly correct in asserting that the *NME* is not a 'hot bed of political extremists.' However he ommitted to say that all these pop orientated publications are staffed by cliques of mock-sensitive drop outs, cardboard revolutionaries and disgruntled have-nots who, having rebelled against their upbringing, are easy prey for the well organised political left to install with detrimental and subversive ideology with which to brainwash our children. It amzes me how any of you scruffy, uneducated kids have the arrogance to publish your own half-witted drivel purporting to be ideas and criticism of governmental policy. You do not know or understand anything about it!

Why is someone called Ray Lowry given national exposure to try and make the children believe that uneducated cretins like The Rolling Stones, the remaining Beatles, Led Zeppelin, Bob Dylan or John Lydon may have wise words to disclose concerning anything other than their second-rate music. Ray Lowry is dreaming. You are all dreaming.
Keith, Birmingham.

Is Ray Lowry trying to tell us something new? Or is he just proving his naivete?
Paul French, Bromley, Kent.
I think it might have been the rent needed paying. — PM

It is rare that I am excited by articles in the music press, since they usually revolve around the egos of their subjects or the authors. This is why Ray Lowry's article 'The Titanic Refloated' was a piece that truly deserved attention and hopefully provoked some thought from readers. The readers who generally read articles for confirmation of their own star worship.
Paul Morgan, London SW 12.

Ian Penman's review of Ray Lowry's article about 'Sinking Ships' is just fantastic. It's possibly the best piece of creative journalism that I've ever seen. It attacks the weak points, and also praises any parts that weren't full of ideological crap (not many of those)- Please Penman, keep up this standard. It may inspire Lowry and the other amateur journalists on the *NME* to produce some intelligent, inspiring prose in the future. On the other hand you may get beaten up by showing them all up.
David Bray, Bingley, W. Yorks.
Aaaah, sweet cogitation. Ray's offering was an equivalent of Mick Jagger's annual proclamation that 'rock and roll is dead.' Oh, yeah, cheers for letting us know, squire. Penman's reply was . . . classic. Hang on, what's this great shadow lurking into view? — PM

I know that I can't have another soapbox for a reply to Ian's reply (etc.) but the intention *was* to provoke such a heartfelt reply from somebody.

When I said that we ought to start some serious talking, I meant within the pages of the *NME*. Ian obviously recognises this (his concluding paragraphs) or he wouldn't have replied in kind. 'We all ought to start some serious writing' sounded a bit silly, I thought.

Ian says that he and Paul have been doing this already. When?

Yes, of course, Elvis Presley was an ignoramus and the '50s rock and rollers said nothing about the political or economic crises of the day. They were enjoying (mindlessly) the fruits of the postwar economic upswing and devoting their engeries to creating a new kind of music; building some planks for the platform we're occupying a small corner of now. I've been trying to say, learn from that fact, not excuse it. Sure, I'm old and dote on them; you're young and dote on your current favourites. So what?

Why can't we deal with the grim things I mentioned in the passage Ian found ridculous, AT THE SAME TIME as pop? Ian seems to be proposing the kind of compartmentasing that hoary old rockists are accused of. Of course you must ENJOY yourself but a lot of *NME* pieces lately have seemed written in a mental vacuum, totally ignoring everything but the latest '40s style big band. Of course I'm for style and humour but it's been preciousness and obscurity of late.

The cartoon in the Sunday Supp was for a travel agent. No, it wasn't idealogically pure but it paid the rent.

My album reviews were meant to be funny. I see I've not made that clear enough. I'll label things 'meant to be funny' in future.

Oddly enough I like Ian's writing. Particularly his current piece. Keep up the good work!
Ray, Worry on Madly (Anag).
Decent of you, chum. But it's no use — you've been hell and back truly crushed by the capricious little runt. If I were you I'd get back behind the cartoons — it's hot out here, and it ain't easy being funny writing about pop records. That's why I never bother. So, the end of the great debate. Nice while it lasted, I think. — PM

SEX

Now when I was a lass the *NME* was a bloody good music paper. Then as I progressed through my teenage years it decided to champion the causes of left wing politics often, though admitedly not always, at the expense of the music that mattered. But then the pseudo-intellectual socialist capitalists that scrawl for this neo-political rag-mag got pretty racked off with the condemnation of all things right wing, and turned to the only reasonable alternative. Blatant pornography. At last something worth some serious thought. I mean, the cartoon on the letters page three weeks ago would not have looked out of place in *Screw* — as it was, the phallic caricature was majestic in it's masculine erectness (cont. Page 63 *Men Only).* So forget your female staff's cries of 'sexism!' and you listen to your female readers cries of 'more sex!' We just lap it up.
Love and kisses, Goldie Horny.
We boys will do our best to keep it up for you, Goldie. — PM

I have never been so disgusted in my life as I was watching The Modettes on *Rockstage* last week. To think I played in a band for three years knocking hell out of myself, and you see the likes of them getting televised. So I've hung up my guitar in disgust. Was the bass guitar meant to be in tune with the lead guitar? And if so, then the singer (?) was in a different key. This letter is not from a male chauvinist. Christ sake, she didn't even show her knickers.
Steve Samson (Direct Descendant), Forfar, Scotland.
Pitiful, wasn't it? — PM

GARAGELAND

You're absolutely right. No one ever sends away for those rotten cassettes — therefore can I have all of those C8's you couldn't get rid of?
Glum tapes Goldhanger, Essex.
Don't get fresh. — PM

We are depending on you as Britain's number one music paper to re-instate *Garageland.* The country needs it.
S. Mullarky, Topside Tapes, Stafford.

If 1982 is the year of the cassette — hence C 81 — how come you now refuse to give to independent releases via *Garageland? Sounds* stopped 'DIY Corner' due to pressure from Spotlight Publications (DIY wasn't after all funded by big record labels). Could it be that you bowed to the same pressure from IPC? I thought you were made of sturdier stuff.
Davey Anthrax.
Don't be so bloody stupid. *Fantasyland* folded up because the quality of the cassettes was dreadful and the independent single (as in Pork Pie And Worms from Clacton) has reached the ultimate in states. We've heen teaching you a lesson, you plodding folkies; it's hurt, hasn't it! I suppose we'll have to bow to all this great demand. If meetings were still allowed up here we could have one and maybe bring the dopey old column back. — PM

JOKES?

It's Danny Baker doing the singles page again and what's this — he says he'll never listen to the new Wah! single again. AAAAAAARghhh! I've only got one thing to say to Danny: Nah Poo! Well, two thing actually — was he recommending this record? Well, there's three or four things actually, and then

ERROL'S PIN-UP OF THE WEEK . . . GORGEOUS GEORGE AT PLAY

ERROL HERE, propping up the bar. The man with the million dollar face and the shiniest trousers YOU've ever seen, watching the world go by. I'll have a Campari and soda. Make that a double Southern Comfort. It's been that kind of week, I'm telling you. Started off mild enough — flopped down to Heaven on Monday for the wild **Positive Noise** and the tedious **Tom Robinson.** Pos Noise's new saxist, a curved lady who wears the most peculiar eye make up, appears to be flinging with the group's dishy keyboard player, and nice Robinson himself played the kind of set that you just could not dance to. He got four encoures, but this was Heaven, duckie, know what I seem to mean . . .

Earlier this week Tom was no doubt over in San Francisco for the 'Gay Freedom Day Parade', amongst 250,000 homosexuals led by fifty lesbian motorcyclists if not **Van Halen's Dave Lee Roth.** Sounds like my kind of fun, but the Americans won't give me a visa . . . Oh, this reminds me, when will A ROCK STAR appear on LWT's rivetting *Gay Life* — and will it be the delectable **George,** one time **Bow Wow Wow** guest artiste, love about town, now forming a combo (another one?) with ex **Nip John Moss** . . . George's favourite man in the cosmos **Kirk Brandon,** singer in the much overrated **Theatre Of Hate,** appears to have a secret fear of Mark Chapman impersonators. George is so incensed at seeing Kirk accompanied by a certain lady around the nightclubs of London that he's thinking of turning up to a Theatre Of Hate show complete with gun . . . George is very possessive . . . He tells me that **Shock** have split up, but wishes he hadn't, because it's such a boring item of news. What are Shock to do next? No one cares, least of all me and George . . . It's a day! says **Basement 5,** who've split up as well . . .

Final Solution are making a brave attempt at livening up Heaven on a Monday night. Meanwhile Apparent comedian **Keith Allen** has moved into Cabaret Futura's old place in Wardour Street. **Hermine Demoriane** thought that she'd inherited the place from **Richard Strange,** but there seemed to be some fuss over unpaid rent. Her revue has moved over to Islington's Screen On The Green, and as certain as certain can be she'll be there with assorted show off's on the 22nd and 29th of July . . . Monday's getting very busy . . . Whichever way it is, wherever I end up, I'll be drunk and lost come 4 am Tuesday morning . . .

TUESDAY . . . got up late, breakfast of champagne and chocolate, a phone call from LA told me of the riots after naughty Chrysalis Records announced a **'Spandau Ballet'** night at a local club. Spangled fans were not impressed by what they got: an evening of videos and not the lads in person . . . They don't know when they're well off . . . Some obscure American critic **Iman Labadeli** got it right when he said that he found **'Gary Kemp** rather simple.' . . .

Jordan got married to ex **Adam Kevin Mooney.** She wasn't in white and I wasn't invited . . . Rumour has it that **Marvin Gaye** gave the drop to Motown, and rumour has it that **Nash The Slash** is none other than **Syd Barrett,** the man who was once **Pink Floyd** . . . I didn't bother to ring Dindisc cos they'd just give the ratbag 'no comment' . . .

A spokeswoman for **The Beat** rang me up and, among

PAUL MORLEY SWINGS THE BAG ALONG

Flaunt yourself to: GASBAG, NME, 5–7 Carnaby St., London W1V 1PG. Pix: David Cario.

there's . . . um there's six things I'd like to say to Danny, but I don't want to take up too much space. So I'll leave it at that.
Andyfoster John, Nottingham
Dick! — PM

SOAP

How do they know Benny Hawkins is in a coma?
Paul Frankl, Shipley, W. Yorks.
Bastard! — PM

Although difficult to believe, Noel Gordon has been the innocent victim of a shrewd and calculated takeover in the internal politics of *Crossroads.* The sinister figure who is the prime mover in this dastardly affair is none other than the seemingly mild-mannered Miss Doris Luke, plotting with her evil mentor Benny to dethrone the acknowledged Queen of Crossroads and usurp her rightful place.
Meg Mortimer, Chalet 69.
Doris! — PM

Don't print my letter. I feel guilty already.
Paul Frankl, Shipley, W. Yorks.
Too late. — PM

STUFF AND NONSENSE

I don't understand half the sodding stuff these plebs write to you. Is it just me or is it the decline of the grammar school?
Jaki.

Thrills — it's a 'fun tour' you petty little twat.
A more than delighted with the recent tours and last two albums Jam fan, Yeovil.
You sound like you'd be happy if Weller was the Rossi of the '80s. (Or is that the Springsteen of the '90s? The Betjeman of the 21st century?) — PM

Was I imagining the Pink Floyd at Wembley review (*NME* June 20)? Could you possibly tell Chris Shit Face Bohn from us to get fucked.
Bernie and Garry, Holyhead.
One of the hundreds of identical letters from the 'thick Pink Floyd fans' that Anne 'Grenfell' Nightingale is always muttering on about. How must the Floyd FEEL to have such an audience? Rich, I suppose. — PM

What happened to the brilliant singer / songwriter Clifford T. Ward? Has he released any records after 'New England Days' four years ago?
Roland Hagvarn, Poppelvagen, Sweden.
Roland tells me that he's been a subscriber to *NME* for twenty years. For this reason alone I'm happy to tell him that Clifford in fact changed his name to August Darnell and got laid. — PM

Being a Port Vale supporter may I protest!
Angry, Kidsgrove.
Ask the promoters to take you to Blackpool, like they are all the old ladies who live nearby. — PM

Is it really true that Ian Penman is only NINETEEN! (Cor, srike me darn wiv a feather guv cont page 94 *Sounds*) Can *NME* be sued for using child labour?
Simon, Cheshire.
Penman would like to think he's not only a clever dick but a child genius. In fact, he's 22 (in August). *Monty Smith* is 19. — PM

MEAN

Why don't you even have the bottle to admit that you were chuffed to little mintballs at the assassination attempt on R. Reagan? Only Parsons and possibly Lowry would have the bottle to admit this. And Heaven 17 did so. All you can do is go on about Jean Paul Satre and Naked Civil Servants and Corrie (you do call etc — very amusing, you pricks) and Bob Marley (over the top per John Lennon usual). Why can't you just for once call IPC 'pricks' or print a giant cock on your front cover or say what you think about these ridiculous ads you print or give the address of IRA organisations or encourage people to assassinate Margaret Thatcher? All you do is go on about sexism (laudable but your ground is so safe) and racism (as before). Interview Dali; he'd show your readers how establishment you are.
Steve, Stretford.
Everything you ask for we do by implication or in code. This may be 'safe' but it works wonders. For instance, we've been putting giant cocks on the cover for years. — PM

ART

This is my fifth letter to the *NME.* Does Paul Morley have this kind of trouble getting his articles printed?
Smuggist, Banstead.
Too bloody right I do. — PM

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other things, informed me 'do not pay more for the Beat 12" than you would for the regular 7".' How kind . . . Went down to **Strange** and **Egan's** club 'For Heroes.' Let me give you some advice — on Tuesdays it's a dead loss, deserted and devoid of stars. **Cameron** out of **Bim** was there (how long before he splits up) giving me shifty looks . . . Cad! . . . Strange and Egan seduced **Dancing Dick** the DJ down to Heroes from Planets at the suggestion of more money, but so bad has it been that Steve and Busty had to offer the Dick half the stated fee . . . Tough times . . . But, would you believe it, and it won't be easy, but DJ's in America — worst species known to man — are to be the lucky-ish recipients of promo only copies of **The Clash's** 'Sandinista' (have you ever tried to pronounce that?) cut down from the stupid triple set into a single LP. Why couldn't they have done it in the first place!?

Oh, and **Lady Diana,** I know you'll be reading this — happy birthday! 20! Older than I will ever be . . . **Sweet Diana,** why won't you forget the dirty **Dr Feelgood** and annoy **Charlie** with some **Darnell** . . . Coming soon, an August Darnell solo LP of R&B-ish tunes, an extended mix of 'Latin Music' and just for Diana's birthday a **Coati Mundi** video made for *TOTP* . . . This is if 'Me No Pop I' crashes into the top thirty . . . by now you'll know . . . the suspense is killing me . . . Another drink . . .

Another rumour suggests that next month is to be named after Mr **Darnell** himself . . . Another drink . . . Another day . . .

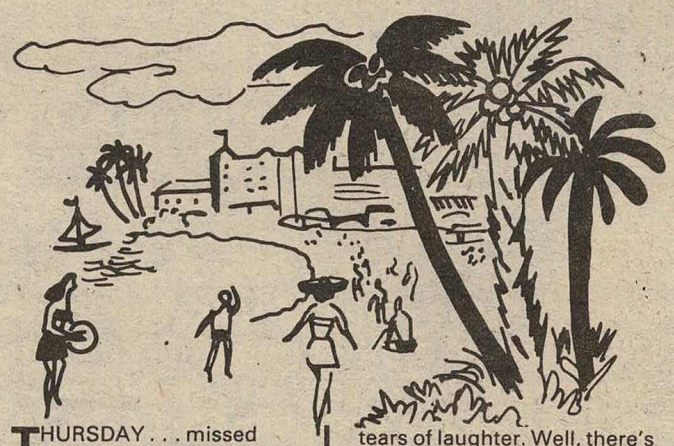
WEDNESDAY . . . wake up to find that in New Zealand **Joy Division** are number one in the LP and single charts. 'Unknown Pleasures' has gone straight in at the one and 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' took just two weeks to rise to the top. This is what's known as the power of the *NME* . . . **Fee Waybill** went to court to answer his charges after last week's puerile promotional stunt. The magistrate Mr **Eric Crowther** called him an arrogant nuisance and **God** knows he was right. *NME* agrees with the establishment, but just this once. Waybill is 32 and his real name is **John Waldo.** Waybill also agreed that he was an arrogant nuisance, Waybill was fined £50. I would have fined him £100,000 . . . I'll have a rum and black this time . . .

A helicopter up to Sheffield to drop in on Penny's, one of the best clubs in the country at the moment . . . **Heaven 17** were there, promising me (after I'd bought them half a dozen drinks) that the **King Boy** who played bass on 'Fascist Groove Thang' is appearing on their next single . . . now this is something to look forward to . . . The girls from **The Human League** fawned all over me, but I resisted . . . **Joanne** and **Phil Oakey** are finally ascloseasthis, and the future is oh so rosy . . . Oakey told me that the Mills and Boon publishers will be printing The Human League Story in 1982 . . .

The new **Clock DVA** look sharper and slimmer than **Blue Rondo A La Turk** will ever look . . . A La Turk themselves, after playing parties for friends under assumed names, are beginning to realise that they aren't actually that good . . . Went to the Moonlight to catch **Haircut 100** (the value of a helicopter). Every record company in Europe there to see them . . .

There's a sequel going to be made to the twenty year old **James Dean** film *Giant.* **Rock Hudson** and **Liz Taylor** have apparently agreed to recreate their original roles, but the reclusive Dean is proving less co-operative and there may have to be a substitute bought in . . . **Tony Parsons? Steve Strange? George . . . ?**

The great **Marianne Faithful** has recorded a cover of **Kent's** 'My Flamingo' for the long awaited LP follow up to 'Broken English' — titled 'Intrigue.' . . .



THURSDAY . . . missed breakfast, lost my ticket to the Centre Court, stayed in bed until *Top Of The Pops* and was staggered to see that the BBC had put the abysmal 'Wikka Rap' on and not the darling 'Rappinghood'. What is wrong with the BBC (stupid question)? . . .

Dressed myself as divinely as possible and went out to the Thursday shift of Club For Heroes. It's much better on a Thursday. **Willy Brown** (Modern Classics) was there, and **Strange** itself, and designer **Jasper Conrad** fitfully ripping the skirt of some poor sucker, and **Spizz** and the **Petrol** who are getting back together, and **Adrian** of **The Human League,** and the appalling **Egan** protege **Ronnie,** and everyone's fave tubby **Marco** — who if truth be known doesn't seem to be too loved down the Heroes. Mutter mutter . . . Drank fifteen whisky and sodas and got incredibly pissed . . .

MISSED Friday, but **Steve Ovett** got me up Saturday morning, phoning from Oslo, apologising to all his *NME* fans for the 1500 metres botch up. 'How's **The Specials** getting on?' he asked, amidst tears of laughter. Well, there's a new single out soon. Terry Hall and **Lynal Golding** — unhappy with the versions of their songs 'Why' and 'Friday Night' on the b-side of the 'Ghost Town' hit — have re-done the two numbers *their* way as a new double a-side 2-Tone arty-fact . . .

ABC have signed a massive ('between a quarter of a million and 600,000') deal with Phonogram, or £100,000 plus **10cc** in part exchange . . . There's a race to sign the solo **Peter Shelley,** Island are winning (which would consign them to hell.) . . . I think I'll have a Buck's Fizz this time, freshly squeezed orange please . . .

AND NOW is the time to say goodbye? Well, not quite. It's a tarraaa, a welcome and a hello to our new contributing editor **Charles Shaar Murray** (a familiar name). CSM, the man who's done more for the art of English rock writing than it's ever done for him, hangs up his Associates Editor's hat this week (only to have it snatched from the stand by **Paul Du Noyer,** the poseur) to spread his fertile talents over pastures new. God, am I really writing this crap? Fear not, though, it says on this here memo, for in between cultivating his own group **The Signs,** and generally mucking about, Charlie (as he's known, we're quite friendly up here) will still be wielding that elegant pen in our direction. Okay? Well . . . Can I be a contributing editor please?

Talking about love, as we really have to — get me a Hong Kong Gin Sling ta — the gorgeous Adam has found a true (for now) love. Her name: **Tessa Hewitt** who is at the **Yvonne Paul** model agency. Hang on. Yvonne Paul?! Page 3 jobs! Yvonne is not really a model, more a show off! Being at Yvonne Paul's agency means that you're somewhere between **Jerry Hall** and the girl who sticks a card up in your local newsagent. Adam and Yvonne may well be this year's **Bob And Paula** — but Adam could have done so much better . . . That's a bloody mary, thanks . . . throw in a Bacardi and coke . . . Five pounds to get in and three pounds a drink? Sounds like my kind of club . . .

Errol here, falling over . . .

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SPRINGSTEEN
FORGED PASSPORTS TO A PROMISED LAND
By Nick Kent

"What my band and I are about is a sense of responsibility. If you accept it, that makes you responsible for everything that happens. People tend to blame circumstances but in the end it's always your choice."
— Bruce Springsteen — 28.5.81

HAVING EMPLOYED a lethal combustion of tenacity, arch-theatrics and gut-level emotional rapport, Bruce Springsteen left Britain a hero of demi-god proportions. He grabbed hold of the country as if it was a drenched towel and systematically squeezed every drop of sweat out of its frayed fibres. Somewhere in the region of a 100,000 people harkened to the phrase "Bruce Saves".

And it was in the national press coverage that you were able to judge the fervour in which he was greeted and the impact he made.

"Springsteen — Rock's Reluctant Millionaire!" blared a headline on the front of the *Daily Mirror*, and inside they gladly devoted a whole superlative-strafed page to *"the king of American rock, whose shows send his fans into a frenzy"*. This was a day before Bruce opened at the Wembley Arena with a stunning act that lasted three hours and caused the hall to shake so much because everybody was dancing that the lighting rig above the band was loosened from its moorings and threatened to crash down on Springsteen and saxophonist Clarence Clemons.

Meanwhile *The Sunday Times* even dropped their habitually austere, condescending front to print not merely Derek Jewell's drooling rave review, but a substantial profile. This article headlined *"A Responsible Rocker"*, was easily the most articulate study of Springsteen to appear.

Photo by Anton Corbijn